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25 Jan 1943

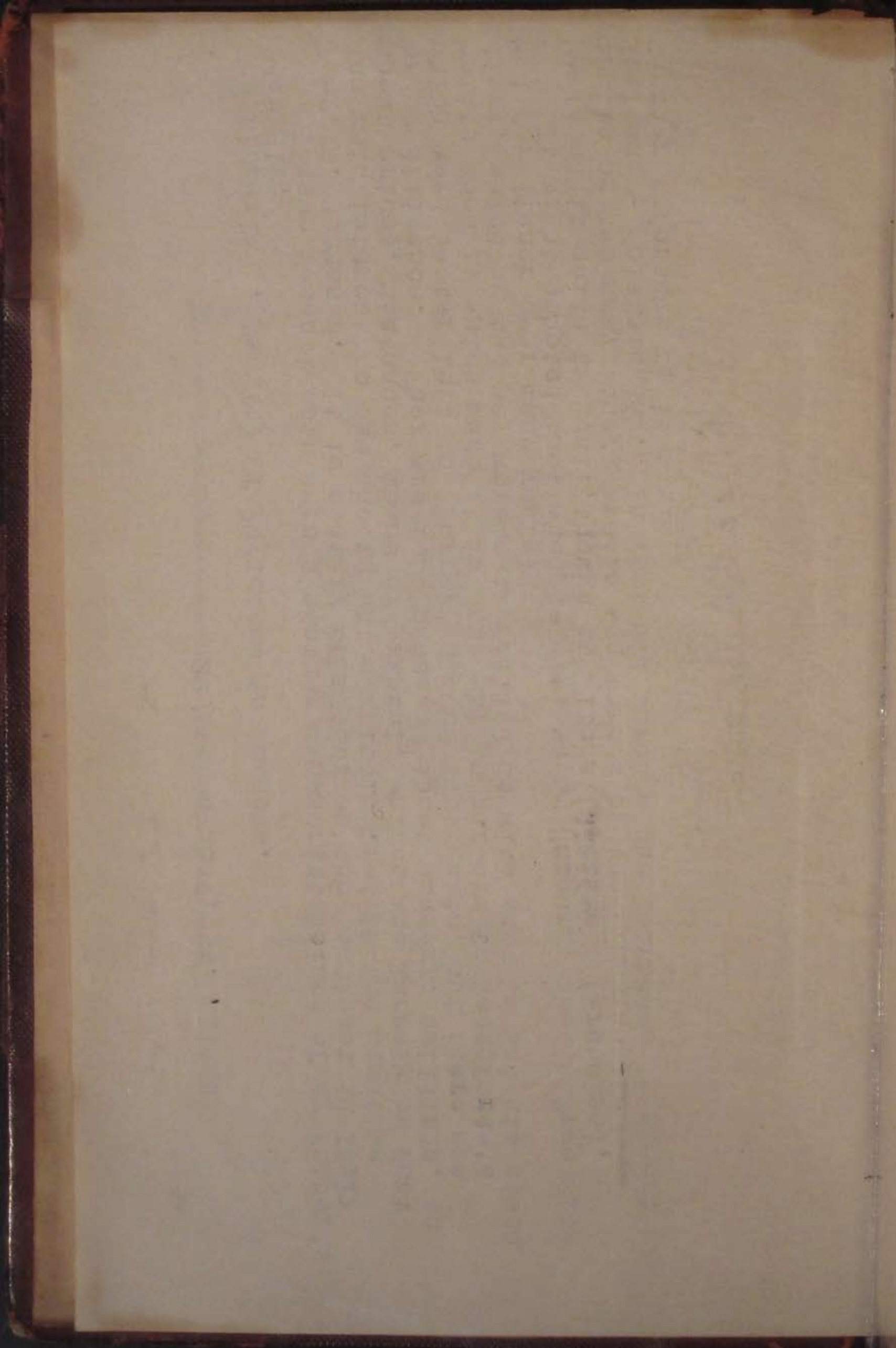
22 Avenue Road, St. Aloans

The Librarian, Faculty Of Physicians and Surgeons.  
Dear Sir,

I have recently come across another manuscript volume of my father's, Prof. G. Buchanan. It is a diary of a tour on the Continent in 1850. The main interest to one who is not a relation lies in the minutiae about prices, distances, means of travel, which was largely on foot or by diligence. There are long passages about scenery, buildings, &c which were better left to "Murray" his constant guide, but there are points about it which make it in some way comparable to Woodford's diary, (which by the way were mostly filled up with what he and his niece had for dinner over many years)

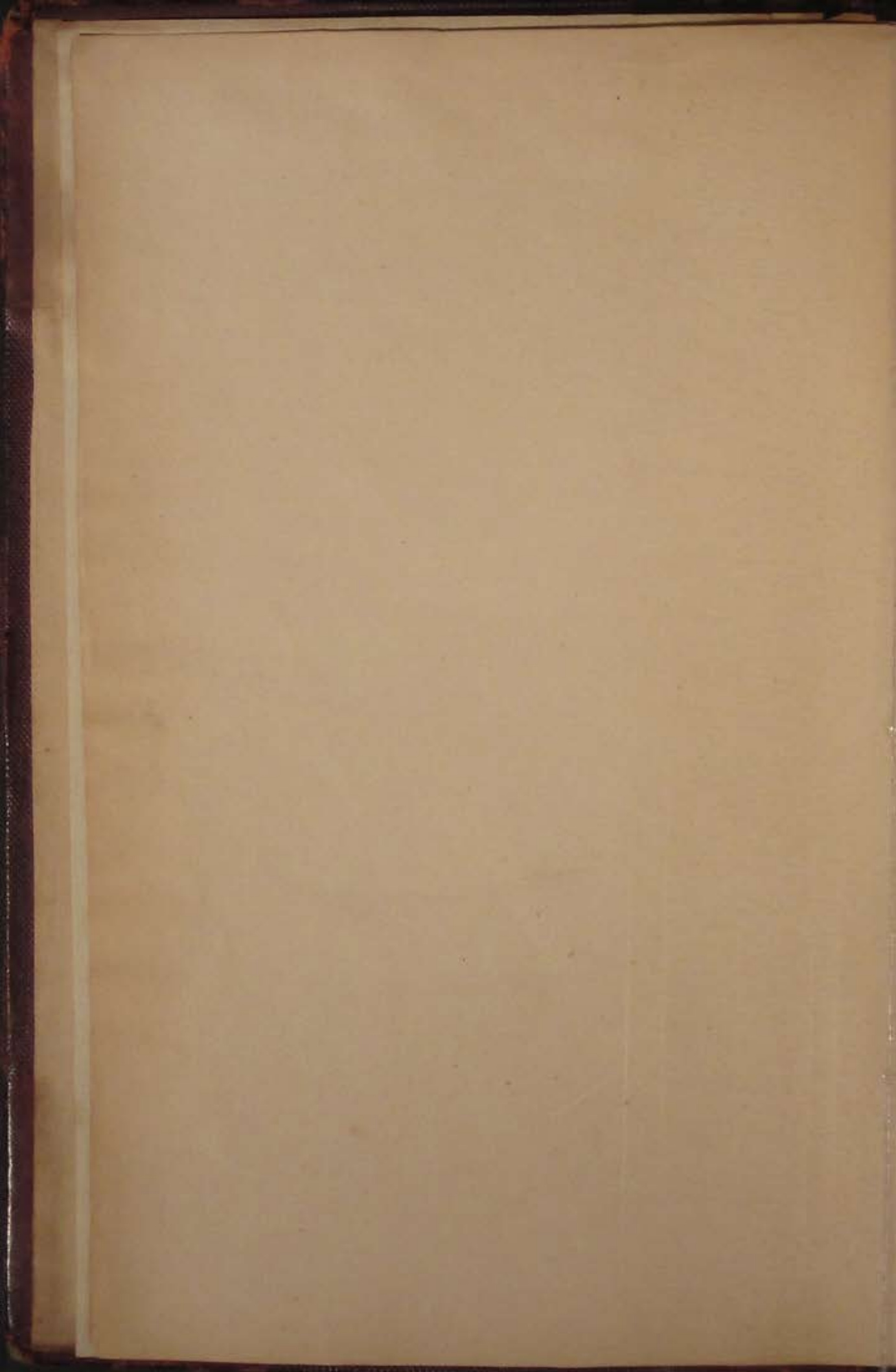
It might be noted that when he arrived at Hamburg, then a Free City he found it quite tranquil, though at Altona (~~Prussian~~) (Prussian), a mile or two away, they were in the throes of the Prussian ~~Scenes~~ Schleswig-Holstein War. In fact all through the Tour there is almost no further reference to it again

George Buchanan

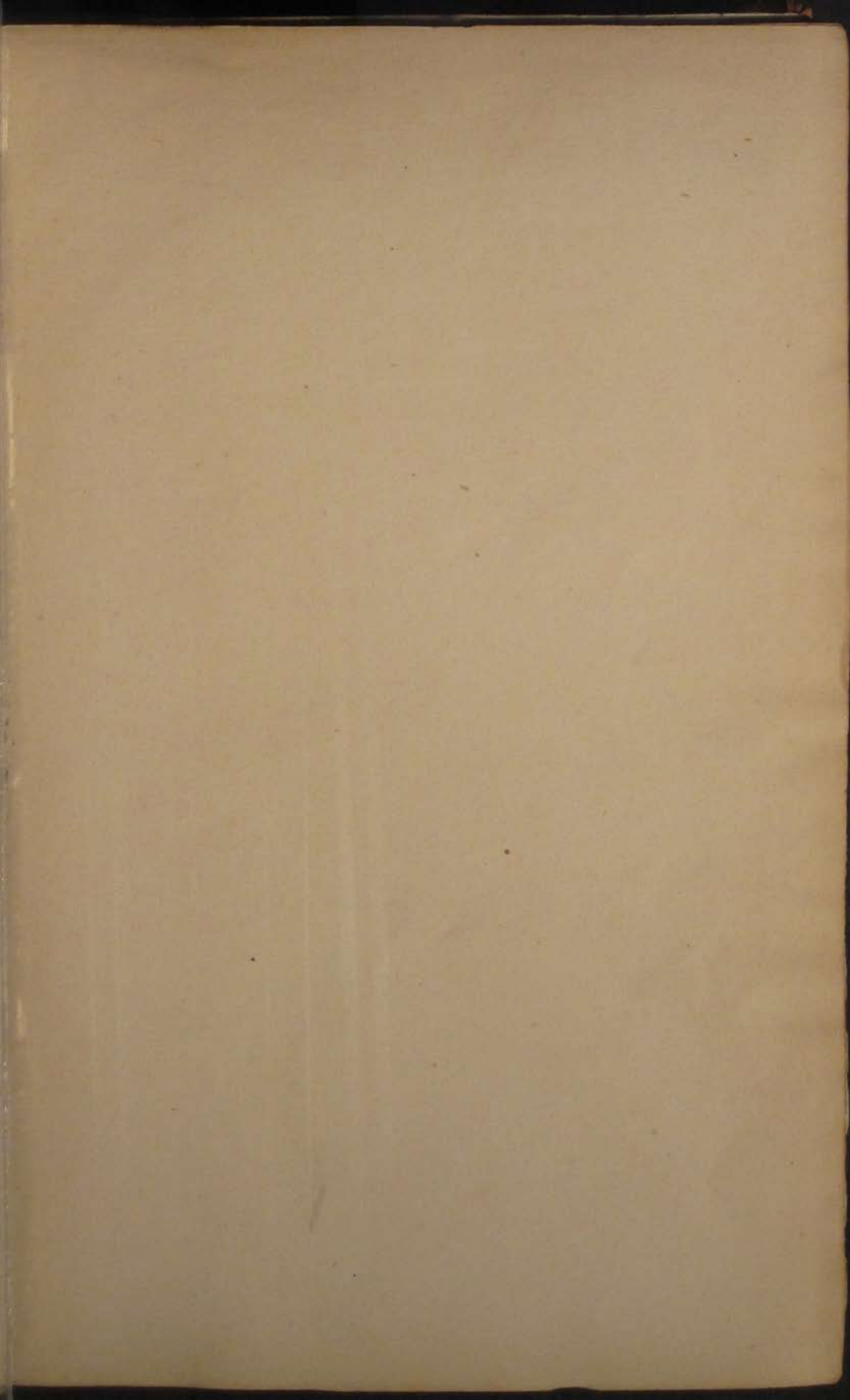




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J<sup>r</sup> Buchanan  
48<sup>th</sup> Cambridge Street

Beginning

Town  
on the  
Continent  
—  
1850



Place de la Concorde - Paris





Map of the Route  
DRESDEN to COLOGNE  
Distance of the circuit





E.  
780 miles

DRESDEN  
Saxon Switzerland.  
SAXONY.

Pirna  
Lobositz  
PRAGUE  
Böhm Trübau  
AUSTRIA.

Wasserburg  
SALTZBURGH  
Berchtesgaden  
Königssee L.  
Hallein  
Ischl  
Ischlausee L.  
Hallerstadt L.  
Gmunden L.  
Graz  
Leoben  
BRUCK  
STYRIA.  
Glognitz  
Murtzschlag  
R. DANUBE  
VIENNA  
Buden  
Laserburg  
R. MUR



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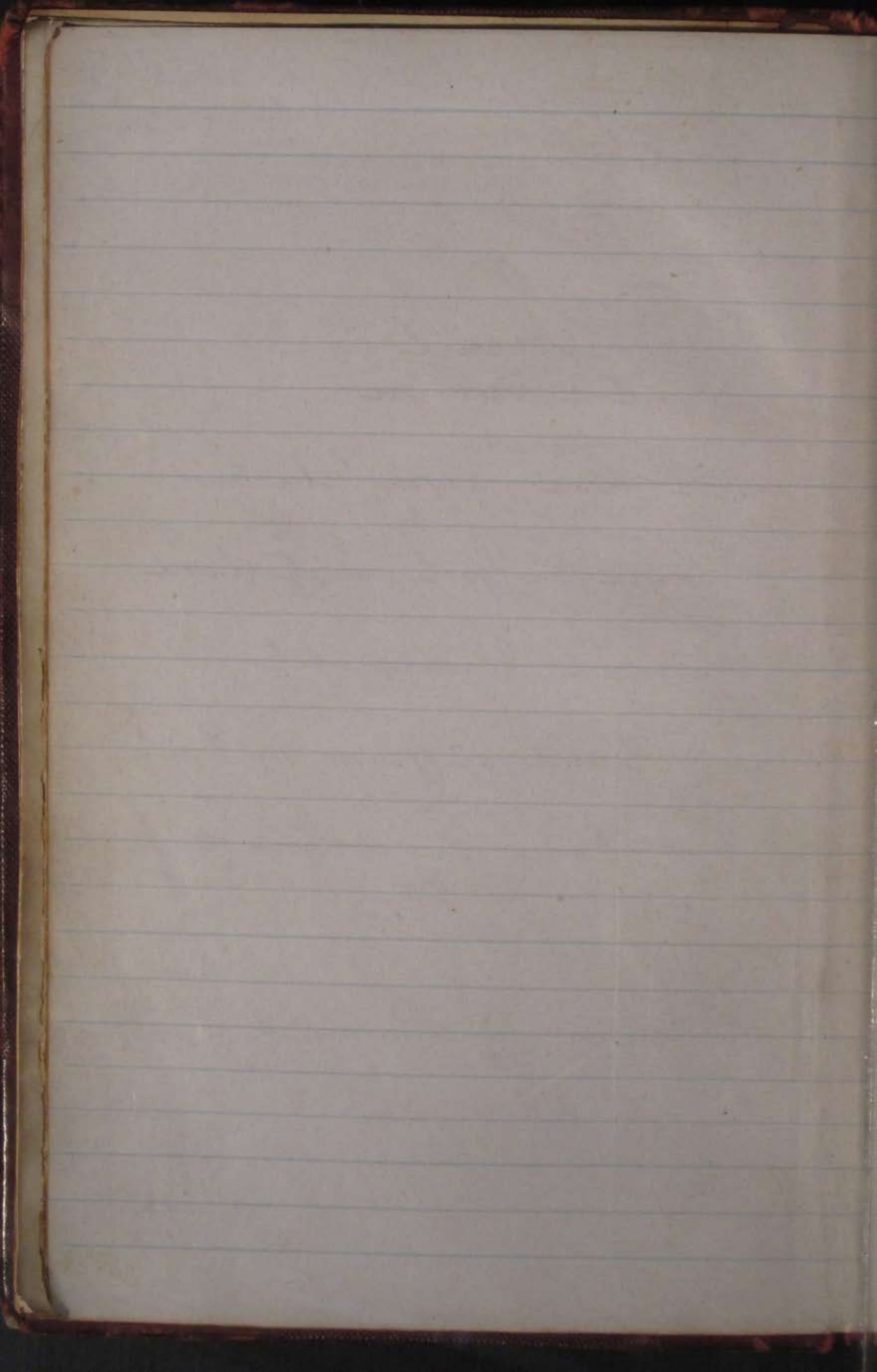
Journal  
of a Tour in  
Prussia, Saxony, Austria,  
Styria, the Tyrol, Switzerland,  
the German States,  
Holland, Belgium and France.

During the Autumn of  
1855.

By

George Buchanan M.D.

Glasgow.





## Preface.

The following pages are an expansion of a Journal in which I entered everything of curiosity or interest as it occurred during my travels. As it is written for my own amusement, many things are introduced which would fail to interest any other person.

The illustrations are added to recall to my mind scenes and costumes, of a striking character. Most of the grand and sublime scenes are beyond my powers and I have therefore not attempted them. Those introduced are either from memory, as costumes, more frequently from hasty sketches taken on the spot. Some woodcuts have been added.

The travelling expenses are quite exact and may be useful for future reference.





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## Journal.

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On Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> July 1850  
I left Glasgow by the 2 pm train for  
Edinburgh "en route" to Hamburg.  
After much consultation at home I had  
come to the conclusion what accoutrement  
to take, as on the amount of these in  
great part depended my comfort in travelling.  
As I afterwards found I had very nearly hit  
the mark I may here put down my ward-  
robe and costume. I wore a hat un-  
der passei, and had a cap in pocket to  
wear on appropriate occasions. A shooting  
coat with plenty of pockets, and a thin top  
coat were all I had in that line. I had a  
pair of strong shoes ditto of boots. My  
luggage consisted of a carpet bag which



on being filled I could carry without difficulty so I was quite independent of porters in case I should get into any bustle - This bag contained a travelling dressing case a pair of shoes. 6 shirts 2 night do. socks &c. A portfolio with paper pens ink and Munnays Guide 3 vols & a New Testament.

Thus equipped I arrived at Edinburgh at 4 met A. Ferguson dined & had a glass of old port with him and he accompanied me to Leith whence after a short delay I set off at 10pm per Martello. I got the under berth of a two berthed room having above me a Mr Cowan of Edinburgh.

Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> was a fine day but there was a swell in the sea which made all the passengers more or less sick - We all lay in a melancholic kind of state rolling about the deck. I don't know how the day passed but pass it did and on the approach of evening, it being somewhat smoother I tried a sandwich and glass of cherry which agreeing well, I repeated. My example was followed by several others - I made the acquaintance of a young German a Mr Spielbey who was returning from



Scotland to Hanover. He was of great service to me at Hamburg. There was a Germanised Scotchman who amused me much and a regular Scotchman whom he was taking to Hanover to put up engines of a flax mill. He was horribly afraid that he would fall among the warriors who were fighting for Schleswig Holstein -

Monday 22<sup>d</sup>. was a beautiful day and we were all in spirits again and had a pleasant day's sail - In the evening we came in sight of Heligoland. After dark we had toddy and cigars on deck and the Germans struck up "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland".

July 23<sup>d</sup> - I awake this morning by the noise of steam and found out that we were now in the channel of the Elbe and had cast anchor as the fog endangered our running on one of the numerous sand banks. The thick mist gave the place a curious appearance - Not far from the vessel I saw what I took to be a tower looming through the dulness. In a few minutes the wind blew the fog away from that part & my tower became a basket lying on the sand bank.



When it got clearer the vessel moved along  
 up - We took a pilot on board, a queer  
 short, broad, stout built man - with ear-  
 rings. He said there was a good deal of excite-  
 ment about the Holstein matter. The banks  
 of the Elbe for a long way are just little  
 elevated mounds and are very sterile & flat.  
 As we got up towards Hamburg they  
 became better - on one side a hill of white  
 sand which however was well clothed with  
 trees, and all along were placed very  
 handsome villas - villages &c. It was  
 now mid-day and the sun was scorching  
 I felt my face perceptibly peeling and  
 everything I touched seemed to be on fire.  
 I never experienced heat like it. How  
 I longed for a bath! I shuddered at what  
 I might expect further south when it  
 was so hot already - We got up to Hamburg  
 at about 1 and along with Spielbey and two others  
 took a boat to take us ashore. (The steamer  
 did not touch the quay but anchored in  
 the middle of the stream) We also gallantly  
 took ashore a lady who had come aboard  
 during the night at some town down  
 the river. I would have been in a horrid



mess had I not been with Germans who could speak English for such a Babel I never heard, on getting to the shore. I was spared any inconvenience for my friends did all the speaking & paying so I found myself in less than no time driving to the town in a draschkie and soon I was ensconced in Streits Hotel in the Jungfernstieg. We did precious little before dinner.

The Salle à manger is a superb and lofty salloon lighted from the roof and beautifully decorated - the table was set for, I should say, not fewer than 100. It was the most gigantic dinner I ever was at. The waiters were trained like soldiers. And the whole was conducted with perfect regularity. After dinner coffee and cigars were brought in and the ladies remained for some time a practice which I found was quite common. In the evening we went to a Caffé on the Alster a large basin of water fed by a river flowing into it - on this sheet of water are numerous pleasure boats and round its edge floating Cafés and swimming baths - a row of trees surrounds it and a broad street called the Jungfernstieg




adjoins it. It is the fashionable promenade and presents a cheerful and gay appearance.

The Coffers are provided with bands which enliven the frequenters. The costume of the people is a mixture of English & French.

The servant girls have a curious costume they have either bare heads or neat little lace caps. Short sleeves to their frocks and occasionally long white gloves. Under their arm they carry a small basket shaped like a coffin and conceal it by throwing over it a handsome shawl which flows behind it like a scarf. The Vierland flower girls are very picturesque.

They have a curious flat straw bonnet to support a basket of nosegays. A neat bodice of black or blue and a white or scarlet front. Large loose sleeves. and a particolor skirt coming down to a little below the knees, blue stockings & good looking shoes.

The soldiers also arrested my attention they are dressed like other Prussian regiments with difference of color. Their dress is a short tunic of dark green, trousers the same. And a light brass helmet with a spike at the top. 





at Harburg





7?

We retired rather early as we had had a  
fatiguing day of it.

July 24. As soon as I was dressed<sup>if</sup>  
I went down to the Salon to see if I could  
find out my friends. This I found, does not  
answer the place of a Commercial Room  
but is only used for table d'hôte. A smaller  
salon adjoining it is set with tables where  
you can have coffee and cigars. Not-  
finding my friends I went up and made<sup>con</sup>  
for their bedroom where I found Spielberg<sup>t</sup>  
half dressed enjoying his cigar. He told<sup>ce</sup>  
me it was usual to take coffee in the<sup>oo</sup>  
morning in the bedroom. After breakfast<sup>d</sup>  
he offered to accompany me and assist<sup>e</sup>  
me in my business. We engaged a carriage<sup>i</sup>  
and went to the money changer's where  
at his recommendation I got a quantity  
of Prussian dollars (Thalers) in bank notes<sup>d</sup>  
as the silver would have been very heavy.  
As for Hamburg Marks & Schillings - he told me<sup>b.</sup>  
dollars were easily taken - I then went<sup>t</sup>  
to the English consul who after some  
demurring about having no letter of credit<sup>ent</sup>  
or some such thing he gave me a<sup>an</sup>  
passport - for 2 Thalers = 6/.



8  
I afterwards got it vice by the Police when they were very civil to me. And this commenced a business which I afterwards got so expert in that it generally was all over in half an hour - the police vice.

When I had got my passport we drove through a good part of the town - the greater part of it seemed to be very poor. Some wretched looking parts and persons. We passed through one very remarkable street I forget the name of it. The only part of the town which is the least handsome is that adjoining the Jungfernstieg where is the Bank & the Exchange & Hotels, Arcade & palaces of the Consuls &c.

Beyond this is the gate of the town. There are no fortifications but there are gates on the principal entries into the town when a toll is paid after 11 pm. The gate by which I now passed out alone, led into a garden or park on the banks of the sheet of water called the Alster and along it were a series of very nice houses almost in the country. All the windows and doors were open for the heat - the people living all fresco. sewing and sipping coffee.



After walking along for some time I came  
 to the Hospital whither I was directing  
 my steps - I went up to the porter in chief  
 made an obeisance and after a little  
 to do got him to comprehend the scope  
 of my visit. He took me to a visitor's  
 room where I was left about  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour. I  
 inscribed my name in a book for the  
 purpose and found my Father's a few  
 pages back. By and by the House Surgeon  
 came and told me the visit was just  
 over but offered to show me the house.  
 It is a very large establishment with 1700  
 patients and capable of containing 2000.  
 Many of these were soldiers - But none  
 of those wounded were brought there  
~~Hamburg~~ being taken to the hospital  
 at Altona a town quite close to Hamburg  
 almost forming a part of it. The wards  
 are rather close and ill aired but I  
 dare say the heat and closeness of the  
 weather would make any room feel op-  
 pressive. They have a magnificent  
 kitchen and cellarage - truly they seem  
 to feed the patients well. The gentleman  
 who took me through could not speak



either French or English so we had a great  
 making of signs and hammering away  
 at one or two sentences. it was very a-  
 musing. He was very obliging. I then  
 returned to Hamburg met Spilberg &  
 we went and had a refreshing bath.  
 After dinner we went to one of these  
 pavilions on the Alster where there  
 was a grand concert for the benefit of  
 Schleswig Holsteiners. We sat in the  
 open air at our Jenny Lind punch  
 till they came to the finale a grand  
 chorus to the glory of Schleswig Holstein  
 when there was a perfect burst of ap-  
 plause "encores" & shouts plainly shew-  
 ing which side of the contest the  
 Hamburgers espoused. The music  
 was very fine and there was a full  
 band of choristers. After this the whole  
 pavillions and seemingly the whole  
 inhabitants poured out to walk on  
 the Jungfernstieg or banks of the Al-  
 ster and continue promenading till  
 10 or 11 o'clock it being far too scorching  
 to walk about in the forenoon. It was  
 a gay sight lit up with lamps



11

and the illumination of the Café Pavillon  
and also by blue light. Rockets from  
boats on the water. I parted from my  
first German friend Spillberg as he was  
going to Hanover. He and two of his Ham-  
burg friends were very anxious that I  
should stay and see a ball or assembly  
the next night "L'union du beau monde"  
but I have commenced a system of keeping  
as much as possible to a previously ar-  
ranged plan knowing that if I di-  
verted from it on a few occasions I  
should soon lose reckoning and fall  
short of time and money. So I deter-  
mined to set off next day -

25- At half past 7 left for Berlin.  
When I got into the railway carriage 2<sup>d</sup> class.  
I found 7 gentlemen smoking cigars. A pretty  
thick atmosphere it made for that time in  
the morning. However I was alone and I  
knew if I was to make myself comfortable  
I must do as my neighbours so after  
one or two gasps and a moderate sneezing  
(the fumes were irritating to my nostrils which  
were so dry I could have whistled by them)  
I put on my cap lighted a cigar and began



to puff like the best of them. I heard them surmising in German what I was. One said I was a Hanoverian (they had not heard me speak) when one to cut the matter short said. you are an Englishman. I said I am and am glad to find you know English. so we soon got all right. He left the carriage in a while so I was left without any one to speak to. If it had not been for the novelty of seeing the people at the stations and hearing them speak it would have been a tiresome journey not the least rise in the ground. for miles I didn't see a tree. The soil of sand as dry as snuff, a sirocco when you put your head out at the window. the atmosphere inside as if you had shaken fine sand from a pepper dish - your nose like a whistle - your lips like to parch. your ears filled with sand, and a coating of dust on everything. But even with all this the novelty of the carriage & the travellers for the greater part of the way amused me much. For the most of the day we were 4. three strongly bearded men and myself. We divided our time



between smoking, drinking beer at stations  
 sleeping and listening to one of the three  
 who was the most extraordinary talker  
 I ever heard. he finished two cigars  
 while reciting or telling about some  
 battle or repeating a play (I don't know  
 which) while the other two coolly listened  
 now and then giving a grunt of satis-  
 faction and once or twice loudly applaud-  
 ing - to my great amusement. This man  
 I took to be a Hungarian indeed he told me  
 he was. He was a pleasant sort of man  
 and could speak a little french. He had  
 a fearful display of hair on his face.  
 And a cigar holder was positively neces-  
 sary in his case else his moustache  
 would have been singed ere the cigar  
 was smoked half done. They all smoked  
 with cigar holders. The carriage was the  
 nicest 2<sup>d</sup> class I ever was in. When we  
 4 were alone it was particularly com-  
 fortable. For the seats were broad spring  
 cushions and the carriage so broad that  
 two coats lie across feet to feet and in  
 the corners were little cushions to lean the  
 head against - as good as a sofa.



We got to Berlin at 4 pm and after getting  
 my passport seen I drove to the Hotel de  
 Petersburg in the main street called  
 Unter den Linden. The hotel is a large  
 and fine house with waiters that can  
 speak both French and English. This  
 was the first that I had come to alone  
 and I made an introductory oration  
 at the door concerning my desires for  
 a bedroom. I thought my German rather  
 fluent on the whole and was slightly  
 snubbed when a waiter came and said  
 in English "Come this way". Table d'hôte  
 being over I went to a Restauration near  
 the hotel and had a moderate repast.  
 And the exhibitions being closed for the  
 day I strolled about for the purpose  
 of mastering the localities. The street  
 called Unter den Linden - from the  
 rows of lime trees in it is one of the  
 finest I ever saw. It is nearly a mile  
 in length and is perfectly straight; at  
 one end is the Brandenburg Thor  
 a splendid entrance to the city composed  
 of lofty columns on the top of which is  
 a magnificent car of victory with four



horses. It is of immense height and has a most imposing appearance. Custom house officers are stationed at all the gates and examine every carriage that enters even though it has gone out a few minutes before, but the people are so accustomed to it that they seem not to heed it. The street is very broad and is divided into a centre which is used only as a promenade the carriages driving on each side. It is shaded by a double avenue of tall trees. The finest shops are in this street. It is for the most part lined with public buildings hotels &c and at the end opposite the great gate are the Palace the Museum - Opera house.

~~Grand~~ house Arsenal. University & Dome with their gardens & acacia plantings. All these can be seen at one glance and form a splendid termination to the street.

I walked up and down among the crowds of loungers till dark when it became rather dull and needed all the brightness of the confectioners shops to throw the light among the thick



foliage of the trees. Into one of these  
 Conditorei I now went with the  
 stream from the theatres and had an  
 ice - these Confectioners Shops are  
 the lounge and news rooms of Berlin  
 and answer the purpose of the Cafés  
 of Paris. There are also Cafés and  
 Billiard rooms at Berlin but the Con-  
 ditorei were always filled. German  
 French and English papers are generally to  
 be found there.

28. This was a complete day of sight  
 seeing - I first went to the University. Being  
 the vacation I did not see the classes and  
 rooms. A few students were going about.  
 But the Museums I got into on presenting  
 my card. The Anatomical department is very  
 good but I saw no wax preparations. It is  
 very rich in abnormal & diseased specimens.  
 The comparative Anatomy is very extensive.  
 The Zoological collection to which the public  
 are admitted twice a week is the most ex-  
 tensive in Europe and the department of  
 Birds is unrivalled. The numbers of visitors  
 to it made it amusing as well as inter-  
 esting.



67

The new Museum was the next place -  
It is a very handsome building a considerable way back from the line of the street the space left, being occupied by flower gardens. A large fountain in the centre and the gigantic basin of polished purple granite in front of the building the whole is surrounded by acacia trees and forms a pleasant promenade. The front of the Museum is a noble colonnade and a flight of steps the whole breadth of the building - The walls were being adorned with frescoes by Cornelius after the manner of Munich. The Museum contains Vases Bronzes Sculpture & Paintings the latter attracts me most. The gallery is capitally arranged so that you can see at once to what school & age a picture belongs. It contains specimens of every school and almost every master - I was much delighted with it and spent most of the day there - I dined at table d'hôte which was very good but not so large as I expected. They all dine at from 1 till 3 - And as the exhibitions are mostly shut then it makes a long evening.



In walking about I came to a shop where they sold iron ornaments, from the celebrated iron foundry, which were brought into such repute during the revolutionary war. When the prussian ladies & others gave their jewels to the treasury and in return received an iron trinket with the motto "Neh gab Geld um Eisen". Some of these trinkets are very delicately made. In the evening I went to the Theatre (Schauspielhaus) which was well filled where I saw two pieces which I could not make much of but was delighted with the music. I was struck with the quiet. No noise nor hurry in changing the scenes and the applause was of the mildest kind. The theatre commences at 7 and comes out at 9 punctually so you get a reasonable amusement without being tired and fatigued. After which you have plenty of time to go to the Conditoreis for your ice or cup of chocolate.

27. This morning by aid of my plan and a vague notion of some directions I got, I went to the Bethanien Krankenhaus a private hospital out of the city. It took an hour to walk to it and a weary walk



it was. The streets have no proper pavements. The pot-paths consist of paths at the side of the streets raised above the causeway at the side of which are little pools or ditches of house water by way of gutters. As there is no declivity the water stays where it is till compelled to move by some extrinsic force which while it rid the place of the water perfumes the air with the fumes it contains, so it is much pleasanter to walk in a street with the gutters full of this stuff than in one which has just been swept. For often they are covered with boards to prevent the smell. Independent of the olfactory gratification most of the pavements consist of a causeway of perfectly round stones which are excessively painful to walk on, or if you prefer a path paved with polished whin about 1 foot broad it is at the risk of your knees and neck. I came down 3 times in 10 minutes and was compelled to walk on the boards over the gutters. It's wonderful what one gets accustomed to for I soon got on pretty well. though



sweating like a horse - and after finding my  
 level several times, I found it like learning  
 to skate - you get over it. The only in-  
 convenience I felt was the excessive pain  
 in my feet and a slight tendency to twist  
 my ankles & hip out of joint on the side  
 next the street owing to the manner in  
 which my feet had to cling to the stones  
 on that side to keep me up. This I attempt-  
 ed to obviate by crossing the street every  
 now and then and so changing the affected  
 leg - This is no exaggeration. I had to adopt  
 this method of tacking in reaching the end  
 of the <sup>Friedrichs</sup> ~~Jacob~~ Strasse. On arriving at  
 the hospital about half a mile from town  
 I found that students were not admitted  
 only the dressed. I found the House  
 Surgeon Dr. H. Wald a very pleasant man  
 he spoke English fluently and gave me  
 all information on the medical education  
 I wanted - I had an opportunity of seeing  
 an operation - They used ice water to ar-  
 rest the oozing of blood which followed.  
 The hospital is beautifully laid out with  
 nice grounds. Capital accommodation and  
 a capital cuisine - It is supported by the King.



(I would not see the King)

He gave me a note of introduction to a friend in the Charité or general hospital. As I was anxious to have the signature of the Austrian Ambassador I took my passport to Lord Westmoreland's Charge d'affaires got his visa and then left it at the Austrian Embassy - a handsome palace to get ~~this~~ signature - The street in which he lives is quite filled with Ambassadors and public offices - In the afternoon I went to the other hospital but I was requested to come next day at 9 to see the visit - During the day I made application to see the Arsenal & the Palace for the latter of which I obtained a ticket but the number of strangers in Berlin was so great that (only 12 tickets being given out per day) my ticket was for the middle of next week and was consequently useless. The Arsenal was only open on Saturday and Wednesday. So I missed it too. Being now thrown on my own resources for the evening, I proceeded to translate several bills and programmes relative to public amusements and came to the conclusion that some of these were situated in the



Thiergarten. Consulting my map I found it  
 was just outside the Brandenburg Thor  
 so thither I strolled. This Thiergarten  
 is a dark plantation with ponds Statue  
 Cafes & something like the Champs  
 Elysees. It was sprinkled with Soldiers  
 morning maids and cigar peripatetic mer-  
 chants, who can sell their wares cheaper  
 than tobacconists in the city from not  
 paying toll at the door. Besides these  
 there were considerable numbers of people  
 setting out in one direction and as I heard  
 occasionally the sound of a drum in the  
 distance I pointed and went towards it.  
 I found this was Krolls Garten & having  
 paid my 5 groschen: I went in. This  
 I found to be a place something like Vaux-  
 hall a concert al fresco. Tables & chairs  
 where you drink beer or coffee and have  
 your cigar while you listen to the music.  
 It was well filled with people of all  
 kinds & was very amusing. After the con-  
 cert when it became a little dark we  
 were run into a theatre in the open  
 air where there was an operetta &  
 very good it was. One girl sang in



German most beautifully - "The last song  
 of Summer" and was Encored & cheered  
 most enthusiastically - The air seemed  
 might popular and many a time I have  
 heard it hummed by Officers & others. Being  
 these attractions there is a splendid  
 Café where dinner & supper can be  
 got away from the bustle of town  
 and a grand ball room for Sundays  
 and wet weather - After the theatre and  
 an illumination the crowd soon shewed me  
 the road home -

28. At 9 went to the Charité. All  
 the house Surgeons are military - I gave  
 Dr Muller's card to one who introduced me to  
 one of the Assistant Surgeons who was  
 going round. He was very attentive to me  
 and by aid of a little French which he could  
 slightly understand but not speak we got on  
 very well - The hospital has 1200 beds  
 which were mostly occupied with Chronic  
 cases - A case of Elephantiasis - Rhinoplasty  
 operation cured - Necrosis Phosphorica was  
 the curiosity - The latter occurring in a  
 girl devoted to the manufacture of gunpowder  
 It affected the upper alveolus & jaw but was



unconnected with any constitutional taint. According to my usual custom I asked if they used Iutta percha and Chloroform the latter sparingly the former never but on my description procured to try it. The Hospital is roomy and well aired.

On my return from the hospital I went to see some of the Churches - Not knowing any English Church I went into a Catholic. Some it is a handsome edifice but in general the churches are finer in external <sup>than</sup> internal.

Sunday being the great day for Charlottenberg I walked away out to see it. The road lies through the Thiergarten and is 3 or 4 miles long. The crowds were scarcely beginning to come out and it was on my return I found them thronging from town. Charlottenberg is a village made up of Summer villas and dining rooms & Cafes. In Summer on Sunday afternoons the bourgeoisie with their families - Ladies & Maids all go to Charlottenberg for a dinner a walk and the Summer theatre at night. There are some very stylish houses for the high classes of visitors & Sunday drivers. You can get any kind of entertainment



from a glass of beer to a sumptuous dinner.

The great attraction to Charlottenberg is the Schloss or Palace the residence of the King the gardens of which are beautifully laid out and form delightful walks by the banks of the river Spree. The public are freely admitted and groups of strollers are constantly to be seen on Sunday afternoons. I was rather early for the crowds and enjoyed a quiet walk among the beautiful flowers and under the shade of the trees which was very grateful on that broiling day. At the end of an avenue and somewhat concealed by trees is a little Doric temple - the tomb of Louise, Queen of Prussia - It is a retired and almost melancholy spot and as you enter you are struck with <sup>the</sup> stillness. On a marble sarcophagus lies a marble statue of the Queen - The likeness is said to be perfect - It is one of great beauty.

Not having any companion I did not feel inclined to spend the rest of the day here so I returned to Berlin dined in a Restaurant and after went out to the Kreuzberg. This is a low sand hill with a monument surmounted by a cross, on its summit - There was no doubt it was sand for my feet



sank more than a foot into the dry road & the carriage wheels literally ploughed it up.

The monument is of bronze and is adorned with bas-reliefs of Prussian victories.

From the hill a tolerable view of Berlin is obtained. Having seen this I stepped into Hooli a famed resort on the side of the hill which was only open on Sunday night. Here was a band of music like Kroll's partens and on a platform were tables & chairs with parties sitting at their beer the females all at *Zucrewasser* and knitting or sewing the while.

Moreover there were gardens with bowers & and crowds of people were pouring into the resort to spend the evening. ~~and~~ there was also a contrivance called a Russian Mountain a railway in the form of a circle the first part of which is a declivity the second an ascent so that the ~~centrifugal~~ force of the descent brings the carriage up the ascent.

There is a double line of rails and parties were trying each other races. So they go on.

There was a grand illumination of the statue of Frederick der gross or Modell of it - This statue the real one is in course of erection in the Unter den Linden and will be a



fine object. I did not wait for the fireworks

29. One often remarks in Continental towns the want of vegetable and fish shops. The fact is that in Berlin all kinds of market produce are exposed for sale in the Market place in the morning and then swept off in the forenoon. The market is held in a large square adjoining the theatre and two churches. In this large space are innumerable stands stalls &c. arranged in rows so as to form little lanes. Here are Butchers with their meat fresh & dried. Gardners with beautiful pots of flowers. And such vegetables. Cucumbers and jerkins in heaps and sold not by one and two but actually lifted in shovels. There the vegetables & fruit were all very nice but the smell of cheese was rather powerful for me. But what amused me most of all was the fish stalls. Not a dead fish can be sold. Here were tubs and vats of live ~~eels~~ eels carp &c. whisking & jumping about like fun. When sold they are lifted out of the bath with a landing net. And it takes some little adroitness to keep them in the scales while being weighed.



And it really made me laugh to see servants walking about with little net bags of living fish which sometimes got their tails out and made a terrible rumpus. — These little peculiarities of places often amused me as much as the regular sights of the guide books.

At 4 I started for Potsdam taking a return ticket. The country was of course perfectly flat and tame. On arriving at Potsdam I hired a man who could speak French to guide me to the Pfauen Insel (Peacock Island) He agreed for a small sum. We passed through the town and soon got into a perfectly straight road with trees on each side. Here my guide told me we must take a Droschke as we could not walk it going and coming. I said I knew I could walk it but he positively affirmed no. So I let him bargain with the coachman as he liked telling him I was going to dismount the carriage at Pfauen Insel to take my leisure there and walk back for the last train. In a little while we passed the house of the Prince of Prussia and took off our hats to him. The driver went pretty smoothly along & I had hardly time to know what a place was when it was hidden



the road soon left the straight line and wound through rather a pretty wooded part on the banks of the river Havel, on which numerous boats were sailing and ~~the~~ a miniature frigate presented to the Russian King By William II. We soon came to a part of the river where it expanded into a lake in the centre of which was the peacock island - When we came to the place where a boat ferried over the visitors the coachman said he would wait as he intended to drive me back another way to the station. This did not suit my plan as I intended to see the Palace at Potsdam. And I only got quit of him by demonstrating to him that the contents of my pocket could not pay the hire of his carriage the whole day - The fact is I foolishly came away without replenishing my purse I had only 3 thalers of. The guide seeing the state of matters agreed to go back with the coachman so I visited the Pfauen Insel. alone.

This little island about 3 miles round is a pet residence of the Kings. It contains a little palace. more like a Dutch cottage. It is furnished with great simplicity.



The grounds are laid out with great taste. There are gardens - conservatories & very fine palm houses - there is a model farm and dairy - there are menageries &c &c and every kind of ornament. And there the King lives quite retired. But when not there visitors are freely admitted to every part of it - What a contrast it is to the flat sandy plain all round!

I returned to Potsdam at my leisure and passed about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile off the Palace of Sanssouci but the King living there at the time strangers were not admitted - Potsdam is a very singular town - built in a very grand style, containing several palaces and splendid mansions and handsome churches and yet the streets as dull and lifeless as a necropolis. Every second person you see is a soldier or a guide.

I now went to see the tenantless apartments of Frederick the Great - in the Royal palace. They are looked on with great veneration. Here was his sitting room, the sofas and chairs scratched & gnawed by his favorite dogs - his little bedroom - and off it a small cabinet where he



used to dine with a friend and to prevent the servant hearing conversation - there is a trap in the centre of the floor through which the table ascends and descends to have the course changed. But the most sacred of all is his study. with the desk notched with his knife, spattered with his ink and a little part of the velvet worn bare with his elbow - In returning to Berlin I was slightly annoyed by my not understanding the Guard who told me to get my return ticket stamped. At last it occurred to me to go to the ~~ticket~~ office. I shouted out Zurück and all was put right in a minute. I got it stamped twice just in time for the train - In the afternoon I walked out to Schönberg about 2 miles. had a good view of the Kreuzberg and visited the Botanic Gardens. They are nicely laid out but by far the most striking of the plants are the lofty palms and cactuses. the Palm houses are 40 or 50 ft high. Schönberg is a village like Charlottenberg & boasts of a Summer theatre as well as beer houses. In the evening I went to the Opera house where the music was very good.



I took a ticket for the pantone but found I had to stand as all the seats were occupied. The same ~~gilt~~ and decorum as at the other.

Berlin as a whole is a very handsome town; being nearly altogether modern and built for a capital it is laid out into fine broad streets with houses often of two flats as the space is large for the population. And as it has been built rapidly there are very few old parts containing those elements of ugliness that are to be found in the capitals of France & England. There are 3 handsome statues of Blucher Buelow and Scharnhorst. And the statue of Friedrich der Gross is now erected and will be inaugurated next winter. In another square are 6 heroes of the 7 years war but these are inferior. The police seem to have a thorough supervision of all that goes on for every thing is reported as he arrives and by Police order. My bill of the day's expenses was presented to me every evening at the hotel.

Altogether a stranger after passing the flat plain of sand in which it lies could never expect to see such a city in its midst. Living & is also moderate in Berlin.



July 30. At 8 am started per rail for Halle. The country was flat as before. Arrived at 1 1/2 pm. Left my bag at station and walked into the town. It is a dull old town with narrow streets. There is a quaint Market place one side of which is formed by the Chinese union old structure. Halle is principally famed for its School. The university or school devoted to the study of Arts & Divinity is a handsome new building of the Doric style. It was vacation time and I could only see the halls and staircases. I saw a student who was very anxious to speak English and made a very poor attempt - worse than my German. He took me to the hospital. I got the house surgeon who took me through the hospital. It is a small affair 70 beds. He showed me to the Anatomical school where I saw Dr Hunter who had previously made the acquaintance of my Father. This gentleman spoke English very well & was very polite in showing me all the museums &c. They have an extensive collection but it is a dark musty hole. Dr Hunter was rather egotistical and wanted me very much to buy two of his works



which seemed not to have had a good sale. There was nothing to tempt me to stay long so I left Halle at 5 & got to Leipzig at 6 pm. It went to the Hotel de Russie and got a room projecting into the street on the second floor and overhanging the pave. The houses on both sides are very high & peaked in the most antique fashion.

As is usual in all German houses. the windows are two folding doors. and the window sole is very broad. Little cushions are placed on this either to lean on or when there are railings outside to sit on and so see all that is going on. The Hotel was moderately good but a shade dirty. I went out to pass the evening as I best could. The old market place is a quaint specimen of architecture tall peaked gables and oval windows. The town hall is the most remarkable building. One of the cellars devoted to tipping, is the place where Dr Faustus used to shine & is famed for the coronals of Goethe. Passing along the queer old streets I soon emerged from the houses on to what had once been walls but now Gardens & boulevards. Near there I came to a place where ruin



which one hopes it would lead to the Market  
place. I was



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scheint die Wiederanknüpfung der Beziehungen zwischen den Coalitionstaaten, was zur Folge bildet, erheblichen Schwierigkeiten wol die angemessene Form dazu be- glückliche und schleunigste Erledigung handelsfrage dürfte hiernach wol sich Was sollte, die Darmstädter Ver- preussisch-österreichischen Handels- und ind Großen anzunehmen? Es liegt was ihrem Interesse entgegenlaufen für die Zukunft alle ihre Interessen Norddeutschland in der Richtung des entwickeln sollte, in der von Des- erischen Tendenz ein entsprechendes Ge- r Anstoß also, welcher für die Coali- rage lag, ist beseitigt, die finanziellen theile, welche aus der Bollziehung des südlichen Zollvereinsstaaten entspringen alles Das endlich, was überhaupt eine ren konnte, ist glücklich umschifft, und zu Preußen außerdem eine Gewähr ten auf Herbeiführung der allgemeinen weitert werden, wie dies in dem Art. 3

and the wind  
Der 18. Februar in Wien.

Wenn es Momente gibt, „wo Gott,“ wie der Geschichtschreiber mit tiefem Ernste bemerkt, „die Großen prüft,“ so gibt es auch andererseits Er- ewige Lenker der Weltgeschichte die prüfende Sonne der Völker senkt. Er läßt dann geschehen, daß für himmlischen Heerscharen mit flammenden Schwär- Abgründen finstere Mächte entringen und zum Lichte rufen. Da geschieht es denn auch wol, daß res und unheimlich drohendes Gewölke der SS Himmelschild umzieht, ein düsteres Grauen über die Erde hinfliegt und ein zermalmender Wetterstrahl niederzuckt, die über den Dunstkreis der Tiefe er- geheiligten Gipfel in den Aether ragt, und zu wie in schlimmen Tagen alle Besseren und Ed- und Vertrauen wie zu dem Berge der Verklärung Der flammende Strahl hat das Auge geblendet, vernimmt auch den weithin rollenden Donner und Schreckens entfährt der geängstigten Brust. der zerschmetternde Schlag getroffen wenn

One of the cellars, devoted to toying, is the place where Dr Faustus used to shine & is famed for the coronals of Goethe. Passing along the queer old streets I soon emerged from the houses on to what had once been walls but now Gardens & boulevards. Near there I came to a place where music



was going so I went into the garden had my beer & a band was playing all the time. It was a poor affair and a shower of rain coming on damped us so completely that the music was stopped and the company drank their beer in a large room. It soon got dark and I prepared to go to my hotel. In entering the town I found I had not got the same street but hoped it would lead to the Market Place. I was rather dismayed to find it led to the opposite side of the town so I had to turn away back. I asked a soldier for the market place and having found it was soon in the hotel. I found my bed & room much more decidedly German than that at Berlin. The bed was a box and the clothes were a sheet & a huge feather bed which well nigh smothered me.

31. The University of Leipzig is one of the oldest in Germany. There are three old buildings devoted to it, the Paulinum - the Augusteum & the Collegium Fursten. The Library is a good collection. At the Hospital I met a young man <sup>an</sup> who spoke English well Mr Laxson brother to the Missionary to Cochinchina. He took me to the Hospital



Physician.

Lageron who was just about to make his visit. They follow rather an odd plan. They give no medicine in any disease. Not even globulistic doses. The only medicine I saw was a draught of Morphia. yet there was Dropsy pneumonia &c in the ward. The Physician after the visit gave a clinical lecture in the ward in German. It is purely a Hygienic Hospital! Some of the Medical class rooms are attached to it and in one I saw a number of students waiting for a lecture the majority with cigars lit. The hospital is a well arranged and good one containing about 500 beds. A few cases of Cholera were still coming in tho the epidemic was some time past.

After the hospital I went with Mr Lageron and we dined at a table d'hôte where he was accustomed to dine daily. He then took me to his lodgings a comfortable room & bed room. without Carpets of course. We here rubbed ourselves up a little & I began to wonder the cause of his washing & changing shirt &c. He then confided to me that he was going to the theatre to hear Der Freischütz which was to be performed



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by a celebrated company that night. I had intended going on to Dresden but at his entreaty put it off till next morning. I was slightly staggered in my determination when he told me he was going with two young ladies and he expected me to be cavalier to one. However I thought I'd have some fun. Well we went to the house below where he staid and called on Dr Hartman and old paralytic homoeopath whose daughters we were to accompany. Of course I uttered not a word nor understood what they said but kept smiling and bowing like a mandarin. We found the young ladies out in the Boulevard and after a little giggling and giggling at German I got fairly introduced - One of them rather a nice looking girl could speak about as much English as I could German so we got on capitally. When we did not understand each other we looked as knowing as if we did. We got a capital place in a box with chairs. The theatre was crammed to the roof and the opera was magnificent. What between the music and singing - and the company of Lasearon and his two



companions I enjoyed myself amazingly. I had been beginning to get a little dull at having no one to speak to since Hamburg. We went home with the young ladies and then went to a garden concert where we met a D.... who had been in Flagon. We took a glass of beer and then went off.

August 1<sup>st</sup> Rose this morning at 4 o'clock to make up for last night's delay. In the train the passengers though previously unknown began to compare Hotel bills and I among others shewed mine. On comparing it with a young man's a German beside me we found it considerably larger. He told me that all the German students go to second rate houses in travelling and offered to show me a good and moderate house in Dresden. Now though I have no great idea of being led into a net or taking advice gratis of every person I thought I could get no harm in going to see the place as I kept all my money on my person so when we got to Dresden at 9 we went to the Stadt Naumburg a house of no prepossessing appearance. However I entered and engaged



a room. My conductor being a commercial traveller now left me. The place was not particularly clean but a shade dirtier than the H. de Russie at Leipzig. Without losing time went off to the Picture gallery which I knew was open today. The picture gallery at Dresden is so well known that words would be wasted on it. The building in which it is placed stands in the Market place and from its exterior looks no great thing. It is well arranged and the light pretty good. I have been in many picture galleries but never was I so enchanted. I stared at the pictures till I was jiddy: but when you come to one of the many gems it contains an undefined feeling of admiration and almost awe comes over you. Whenever I think of the Dresden Gallery two pictures occur to my mind "Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto" & Correggio's "La Notte". When I look over the catalogue and read the names and description of others by Correggio. Titian. Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci & as well as many of the Flemish school I can easily recall them. But the other two are indelibly fixed in my thoughts. I sat a long time before each



contemplating them. After seeing the gallery I popped into a restaurant in the Marktplatz for dinner. I found I had got into a second rate affair as the people dining seemed rather seedy. On ordering something from the carte I heard a general titter and ill concealed laughter and even the young woman in attendance could not restrain her laughter. On thinking what could be the cause I suddenly recollected that I had asked for a slice of roast Child!! reading the German R. as K. this

Kindes braten - Kindes braten }  
 Child roasted - beef roasted }

After dinner I went to the Zwinger a part of a projected palace now used as a museum of curiosities. found it was only open one day a week except on payment of 2 dollars which was rather too sale. I understand that by taking a valet de place who knows others: you can arrange parties so as to divide the expense and thus see all the curiosities in the course of one day at an expense considerably less than if alone. But I have very little taste for being dragged from one wonder to another. and prefer to see liberally



what I can get at myself except in the case  
 of some extra show. This building contains  
 an armoury, historical museum - nat. history  
 and prints and drawings. While loitering  
 about I saw a young man with a map in  
 his hand who seemed to be bound on the same  
 errand as myself. We soon became friends.  
 I found him Mr J. Lynch from Dublin.  
 He was an adept at German having lived  
 a month at Hanover. We came to the con-  
 clusion not to waste more time at the Zwinger  
 and I went with him to take his traps from  
 the hotel ~~in~~<sup>Leads</sup> London to lodgings as he intended  
 staying a week or more. His lodgings were  
 in a square beside the post office. He  
 had a large room furnished after the German  
 fashion at 6/- per week. It was cheap for  
 the situation and size of the room. In  
 walking about the streets we found the  
 truth of what I had often seen in guide books  
 which I have seen again & again. When the  
 inhabitants are getting in firewood especially  
 in a considerable thoroughfare it is a matter  
 of some destiny to get along unscathed. for  
 the logs are thrown in a pile on the street  
 thus narrowing the already narrow passage



and the wood cutter no sooner gets his order to begin than up flies the axe splitting the logs and scattering the pieces with a reckless disregard of the skins of the by-passer. I wonder there is not murder often. We happened to be in Dresden at a good time for seeing the natives as there was a grand shooting at the Pöpping (Vogelschieß) about two miles out. We went out to see the fun. It was a regular fair. Here were booths of fat women & small men. Circuses and puppet shows. Performing monkeys and dogs. This we went into and were much amused. Here were merry-go-rounds in the form of a railway, which we patronised.

But the greater part of a wide space contained large marquees for drinking beer coffee &c and still another range contained a large number of tents where at the door were fires and frying pans cooking real German sausages. One of the great attractions was the ball room a large canvassed covered wooden building decorated with evergreens. Of course we went in. Entrance P. There was a Master of the Ceremonies. The utmost decorum pre.



dilled. Soldiers were tramp, the midday  
 were dancing sportively with their thick ~~shoes~~  
 and leather gaiters. They made a terribly  
 chuffling not unlike charging at a gallop  
 and when two with their partners were  
 at full speed they came into collision  
 and such a row ensued. I verily believe  
 if they had not had laid aside the small  
ham knives they carry at their side, there  
 would have been slaughter. At last they  
 were separated and they went away and  
 sullenly drank beer with their partners.  
 In general the company seemed very  
 taciturn and there was none of the gaiety  
 of the Paris saloons - except during the dance.  
 During the fair season these places are frequented  
 by respectable bourgeois & their families.

The shooting was going on all day. It was  
 with the cross bow and is patronised by the  
 King. Some of the Royal family or their attend-  
 ants are usually there. This is done with a  
 view to increase the popularity of the reigning  
 family and might almost be considered  
 a tempting of providence after the scene  
 that took place not long ago at the  
 Royal Palace in Dresden. A tall pole



is set up to the top of which gay feather balls are attached and each time one is brought down a trumpet sounds. Every time a shot is fired a soldier performs a fantasia on a drum to warn people to look out for the falling bolt. There was an immense crowd of people and above all the Margrees were full.

To make the performance complete we went & had supper in one of the tents about 40 people sitting at a table - Soldiers & their lasses - bourgeois & bourgeoises all happy and intent on the Sausage. We had a fried Sausage, bread coarse but clean and a little pickled cucumber for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  & we eat it with right good gusto - After this we went into one of the larger & higher class Margrees and had a glass of splendid beer and a cigar. On our return to Dresden the crowds completely blocked up the roads.

Aug. 2<sup>d</sup>. By appointment Lynch & I started in the steamer at 6 am. to see the country a little way up the Elbe - generally known by the name of the Saxon Switzerland. The magnificent bridge over the Elbe is seen



to great advantage from the steamer. It is of great strength to resist the force of the current which is sometimes very strong from the melting of snow, rain &c. It is a curious but useful rule that in crossing this bridge you must always walk on the right hand pathway by an order of the police. Soon after leaving Dresden on ascending the Elbe the banks begin to rise into gentle undulations and from these they gradually increase in height & ruggedness into precipitous crags. However low the hills immediately above Dresden they are hailed with joy by the traveller, and admired by one who has come over that stale flat plains between Hamburg & Dresden. On the opposite side of the river are the picturesque suburbs, the Baths of Linné & Finkelters Vineyard; they are the summer lounge & resort of Dresden - and almost a continuation of the town. Vines grow here on the slopes but as yet they are more for ornament and private use than for wine. Several small villages or rather groups of houses make the banks very interesting the houses are colored bright white or brown



with peaked roofs and projecting eaves of clear red tiles and ~~open~~ with small spikes of zinc or copper which sparkle in the sun.

Pilnitz about 3 or 4 miles from Dresden is the summer residence of the King. He almost lives with the people to obtain popularity, and he dines at Table-d'hôte with the public. Sunday is the great day for the people in Dresden to dine with the King for 5/. The palace of Pilnitz is what one would call a very desirable residence with nothing Royal about it.

It is built in the same style as the many villas which crown the rising banks & which are planned in what I would call a Chinese fashion.



Higher up we pass Pirna which is a small town and is the station on the high road to Teplitz the celebrated baths. A high rock behind it bears a castle now like others converted into a Lunatic Asylum.

But now the stream gets narrow and the current rapid and of the steamer's prow moves from the straight line she immediately wheels to the side taking a few moments to recover her steadiness and



set into the centre of the stream, and whenever she touches at the little wharf it requires a man with a pole on each side to guide her out. And what causes this change in the river? It is the channel which wide & flat at Dresden has now changed its character. The banks are steep the channel narrow and if you look up further into you narrow space between two precipitous crags you can hear the roar of the disturbed river and see the steersman of the raft or flat boat exerting all his strength to keep her steady.

We disembarked at a small village named Wehlen at Pockau. It is just a cluster of cottages with little gardens at the foot of the hill. It has an inn for the accommodation of strangers. At the pier we found a number of guides waiting. We took a boy to show us the way to the Bastei. As this manuscript does not boast to be a guide chart but a record of my exploits, I proceed in the order of events. I should state that this tract of country is often made the scene of a 2 or 3 days tour by water or land but the tour we took disclosed all its leading features and



most of its beauties - The whole country here is of a most peculiar character. The Elbe seems almost to have cut for itself a way through the high sandstone cliffs and has left large masses, sometimes isolated piles to mark where its course has been. Many of these prominent rocks get names as the Bastei "Königsstein" Littenstein & each of them forms a good spot from which to get a prospect. But the view from each is so similar that we considered one a sufficient sample. Our way from Mühlengut lay through a valley about 4 miles long called the Otterwälder Grund. The valleys of the Saxon Schweiz are as remarkable as its mountains.

The entrance of the Otterwälder Grund is wide and open and copiously planted with natural fir which indeed clothes every spot capable of holding a root. Trees are to be seen on spots that could scarcely hold a cat. Our path led a part of the way along a stream and was over the most beautiful carpet of green. But by and by the valley began to close and the sides grew steeper and before long we were walking in a kind of lane not many feet broad with bare rocks towering on each side and even



overhanging the path. The air felt quite moist and the sun can never shine in that spot—except where a crack in the rock lets in a little tunnel of rays. Sometimes the cleft between the crags is so narrow that the path is roofed in by a mass of rock from above having been jammed & wedged in. There are also some very peculiar places where you have to walk on stepping stone in the little stream as the valley only admits of its passage. For a long time these scenes are produced in endless variety and caves are hollowed out, many of which have historical associations. At length the path leaves this remarkable gorge which is a gentle ascent all the while and it now enters a plantation or rather forest of pines through which we ascended for some time when we got to the extremity of this we found ourselves on the Basten. This remarkable rock is 800 ft high. On the side which we ascended the rise is gradual but when we went to the edge of the rock we saw the Olbe flowing at the base so immediately perpendicular it is that a stone could easily be dropped into the river. A large pillar of rock seems disjoined from the



main way and is somewhat higher - a small bridge leads to this jiggly pinnacle and when there you feel as if in the air with no support. A railing enables you to lean over so that your body positively projects several feet beyond the foot of the precipice. The view of the surrounding country is most remarkable and is seen better from the Bastei than any other point. Here you are lifted up on a precipitous peak and command the whole. Below you sweep the swift flowing Elbe seeming as if it would crumble away the foundation of your view tower. Up the river the banks rise as suddenly as that on which you stand and beyond, the whole country especially on the other side of the river, rises into a regular plateau bounded in the distance by a circle of hills - this raised plain is a scene of the richest verdure and is rendered still more remarkable by the isolated masses of almost chiselled rock which rise from its bosom and stand sentinels over the lowlands. Such are Königstein & Lilienstein which tower 1200 feet perfectly perpendicular from a low pedestal of crumbled rock. In the immediate vicinity of the Bastei are





Banks of the Elbe above Dresden.







whole ranges of these masses of rock only  
 separated by deep narrow clefts like the Otto-  
 walden ground and studded with masses  
 of dark fir. The rock is cut or at least  
 is formed into strange columnar looking  
 strata almost as if built and the line  
 between the stones sucked out by water.  
 When you gaze on the whole of this  
 strange panorama and see the Elbe creeping  
 round the bases and between these hills  
 you cannot but think that it has been  
 the mighty agent which has carved them  
 out. You could spend hours among these  
 pinnacles getting a new peep from each...  
 While admiring the scene we saw a lady  
 and gentleman under a shed and knew them  
 to be English by the way they were studying  
 Murray. We had not long time for our view  
 for by this time the day had overcast and  
 it was now beginning to rain. There was a  
 good inn on the hill where we could  
 have lunched but as there was little pros-  
 pect of it clearing and as the descent be-  
 came very slippery after the rain we  
 got directions from our boy, sent him  
 home to Wahlen and our selves commenced



the descent to Rathau. The path down to this village is ~~down~~ the opposite side from the Otto walden ground and is ~~crossed~~ by windings along nearly the face of a precipice and as it was composed of softish sand & clay it soon got very slippery under the influence of the heavy rain. We ran down at a good pace occasionally resting & taking shelter the while in caverns which existed in the face of the rock. We got to Rathau at the foot of the Bastei at 12 but not before getting thoroughly wet. The inn at Rathau is a plain decent country inn. We went into the public room down stairs where a number of peasants men and women were sitting at their beer and smoking. Feeling rather moist we went in search of the kitchen and after a little talking (my friend did the talking) we took off our coats and got them hung up near the stove used for cooking. We then had a glass of cognac to keep out the damps and ordered luncheon. When this was ready we were requested to go to the Salle à manger which we found a nice room looking to the Elbe. Here we had a capiton



Luncheon of fresh trout potatoes chops &c cooked in a simple fashion without sauces. Several other parties arrived in a drenched condition from the Bastee this being one of the resting places on the tour. As I was not a steamer which took us to Dresden in an hour. The rain having abated we dried our coats by hanging them on the funnel. The English lady and gentleman we had seen "en haut" were in the boat and we arranged to go with them to the Green vaults next day so as to make a larger party and lessen the expense. The rain came on again when we got to Dresden so we sat in a Caffee overlooking the Bridge River at our beer & cigars till theatre time. The theatre is a handsome building in a large square "Theater's Platz" the interior is large and finely decorated but the playing was rather poor. It was a French company. They played Moliere's comedy L'Avare -

August 3<sup>d</sup>. So much for coming to a second class inn. The windows were so insecure that yesterday's rain had completely drenched my bed & shirt & I had to move



to another very inferior room and this morning I am informed it was the head-walters! Today we saw the remaining sight that we could afford to see - the Sculpture below the painting gallery - the picture gallery again - the Japanese palace & its gardens beautifully laid out on the other side of the river and commanding a fine view of the town and bridge. We dined and then met our English friends and went to the Grüne Gewölbe or Green vaults.

Of all museums or collections in the world I don't think there can be any to equal the Green vaults of Dresden. These rooms are on the ground floor of the palace and are filled with a collection of the most quaint & choice jewels and carvings in ivory and the precious woods & metals. They are the collections of Saxon princes for I don't know how long and here they are stored as in a misers closet. To describe what I saw would be as impossible as to remember them but there was enough to dazzle the eyes of the wealthiest potentates of the east. Not only were these jewels - diamonds pearls, emeralds &c



arranged to form Crowns - bracelets necklaces  
 mittens & with robes & such like - but they  
 were disposed to form pictures & groups  
 of figures of the quaintest shape. One  
 of the most remarkable of these is a  
 model of the Court of the Great Mogul  
 & I believe the reality could not exceed in rich-  
 ness the model. To specify more would be  
 to make a regular Catalogue which one  
 can always find made to hand in Murray.  
 After this we went through the Royal  
 apartments in the palace. rendered prin-  
 cipally interesting by the insurrection which  
 swept through Europe so lately. Here were  
 the marks of bullets in the wall of the  
 Queens sitting room and in another the  
 handle of a jar on the mantelpiece was  
 chipped off. The rooms are handsomely  
 furnished but though the windows com-  
 mand a fine view of the river the build-  
 ing is too open to inspection and assault  
 forming a part of the public street.  
 Having exhausted the available sights  
 of Dresden we devoted the evening to  
 a stroll on the terrace of Broun. This  
 is a nice walk on the banks of the



river planted with trees - there are also  
cafes on it where there are occasional  
concerts. It forms a pleasant & well fre-  
quented promenade. As this was the last  
night of the Vogel Schies we paid another  
visit to that living scene - The crowds  
were even larger than before - The same  
amusements were going on & the whole  
concluded with fireworks after which  
Sausages & beer were in great repute.

Mr Lynch and I now parted having spent  
3 pleasant days together - he intended coming  
to Vienna in a few days so that we might  
meet again -

August 4<sup>th</sup> My next destination  
being Prag, I left Dresden this morning  
at 6 am. by the steamer. The lady and  
gentleman I had met in Dresden were going  
the same route - I found them to be a Mr  
& Mrs Richards from London, relations to  
Mr Ronaldson who lives next door to  
me in Lynedoch Crescent. They are very  
agreeable people and we enjoyed the  
sail together. Having their company I did  
not care to make friends of any of the  
other passengers though there were a



number of German travellers and I  
 generally made it a rule to attempt some  
 German conversation whenever I had an  
 opportunity. There was one passenger  
 however who soon attracted my attention.  
 This was a young lady travelling with an  
 older lady apparently her mother - She  
 was one of the prettiest girls I ever  
 saw. Independent of being exceedingly  
 handsome she had a lovely face and most  
 brilliant eyes, most perfect teeth and black  
 hair, in fact I could hardly resist staring  
 at her. but as it would have been an act  
 of barefaced impertinence, under the cir-  
 cumstances, in me to have addressed her  
 I contented myself with a side glimpse  
 as I admired the scenery. The banks of  
 the Elbe are far finer than I was led to ex-  
 pect. During the first part of the way we  
 passed by these perpendicular cliffs which  
 we had just been visiting two days ago,  
 and sailed through the heart of the Lusatian  
 Switzerland. After this the banks are more  
 gradually sloped with many a fine vine-  
 yard and green field but also most agreeably  
 varied with fine clumps of wooding. The



tops of many of the hills are crowned with  
 curious looking castles and the little valleys  
 are occupied with most beautifully situated  
 villages whose cottages sparkle in the sun  
 with their white walls and clear red roofs.  
 It was Sunday and in several places we  
 saw the ferry boats filled with peasants in  
 their holiday dress crossing to the village  
 church. Tetschen is the only remarkable  
 town we passed; its huge castle on an inaccessible  
 rock rendering it worthy of note. We soon  
 came to the frontier of Bohemia where having  
 shown our passports we submitted our bags  
 to the scrutiny of the Douane. On returning  
 from this business I found Mrs. Richards in  
 conversation with the young lady - As the sun  
 was now scorching the former went into the  
 cabin and in passing told me the lady could  
 speak English. As she was standing in  
 the sun's rays I thought this a favorable  
 opportunity for displaying my gallantry  
 and offered her a seat in the shade. She  
 thanked me in English and made room for  
 me by her side and we soon became quite  
 friendly. She spoke English quite correctly  
 with just as much foreign accent as to



make it charming. She had been taught it at Vienna to which town she was at present travelling with her mother. She seemed well pleased at having the opportunity to speak English and we chatted away pleasantly most of the afternoon. What between the fine day, the gorgeous banks of the river, and the agreeable company, not forgetting a capital dinner, the day slipped away very fast and we arrived at Lobositz at 5. Here our Gepäcke (a word which gave us many a laugh that day - baggage) was removed to the railway station and as we had an hour to wait, as there was no proper waiting room we got into a carriage & got coffee brought out to us. The carriages on the Austrian railways are of a peculiar construction. In all the classes there is a passage two feet wide running from back to front with a door at each end. between this passage and the windows on each side are short seats, capable of holding 3 abreast on each side but only occupied by 2 in the 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>d</sup> class in which also they are stuffed. the former divided into two, the latter leather cushions and undivided - the 1<sup>st</sup> rarely occupied.



In each carriage there are either 8 or 10 of these short seats so that a 2<sup>d</sup> class quite full could contain about 72 passengers.

In taking our tickets we first came in contact with the famous Austrian money. In return for two good silver dollars (Saxon coins with which I was well acquainted) I got back for change some nasty bits of paper indicating something I didn't know. and what was worse, one of these was ~~too~~ much & the clerk coolly cut it in two and gave me the half. Not being very clear of the value of these torn papers - by all the words like a lady's card papers a week need - I tried their effect in paying for the coffee - being totally ignorant of the currency I gave them to the kellner (waiter) he gave me back some still more perplexing bits and actually halved my half! Fancy cutting a pound note into bits to make the change. They seem not to be aware of metal money at all. This was the beginning, I soon learned the value of mental arithmetic. The young Viennese was kind enough to give Mr Richards & me a lesson on the Austrian currency, much to the annoyance of Mrs Richards who thought we should just hold out a handfull.



As yet having no Austrian money I paid in Thalers - reducing them to Florins & losing a little each time: but as I saw I should have no opportunity of using them for a month at least I wanted to get most of them paid away as they are rather heavy. - We started about 6. What of the country we could see from a railway carriage was of no great interest. We seemed to be going through a hill country. In a while the rail ran along the banks of the Moldau and on that side there were many pretty glimpses of landscape. Between 8 and 9 it got dark and the moon shone out beautifully. About this time a gentleman came into the carriage and as it was full he stood at the door beside our party. He was rather a handsome, tall man with a dark bushy moustache. He soon seemed smitten with the young lady and after a little commenced speaking to the mother (who by the way had been rather solitary not speaking English - and Mr Richard was not so bold as to attempt German confab. I had made one or two German speeches to her, but they seemed such an irresistible cause of laughter to their daughter, which was always followed by an apology, that I gave it



up rather scrubbed on the whole as I thought I had been getting on famously in Dresden.

Well this said young man attached himself to our party and devoted his whole attention to the old lady. This lady was slightly corpulent and by no means had the features of ~~her~~ daughter.

At length we got to Prag about 10 o'clock. Here we found the advantage of our newly acquired companion. In the first place my passport was taken from me and in the hubbub I separated from Mr Richards.

We had agreed to go to the Schwartz Ross.

My next motion was to look out for the bag. I offered to get the ladies luggage taken to the hotel. we were all going to the same.

Rash offer! I could no more understand the people than I could fly. They spoke a kind of compound of German & Bohemian a language of which I know no more than that it is totally unintelligible to any christian looking person.

Here I could have managed by myself as usual, but I had two ladies in tow. But the young man was the thing. He did a power of service. Got the luggage to a porter & fairly escorted the mother to the Schwartz Ross the daughter & I following behind. On



arriving at the hotel we found it full & so was the one next it. The fact is it was a Jewish festival and as no small part of the population are Jews & many others were flocking to the town they had crowded it. Mr Richards & spouse had arrived before I had got rooms. Well our benevolent conductor led us through I don't know how many streets. at last we found room in the Englische Hof. Here our friends left us. He made an appropriate speech to the maiden shook her hand. Kissed the mother's hand with great devotion & took himself off. As in duty bound I of course felt desperately jealous of him.

The ladies having informed me they would not be visible till the next day we said "gute nacht" and retired. Albeit my room was not the most comfortable I have been in I slept soundly after the fatigues of the day.

Aug. 5. I was awakened in the morning by a well dressed man coming in to my room with my boots in his hand. He told me they required mending and offered to mend them. I was rather surprised to



see this cobbler with my boots. but I after-  
 wards was told that the function of Boots  
 in many Austrian Hotels was performed by a  
 man not paid by the hotel but by gratuities  
 and odd jobs. I first set out for the police  
 office (Polizei Direction) to get my passport  
 & in going to it passed along some nice  
 streets planted with trees. I had no dif-  
 ficulty in finding it out and having got  
 possession of my passport proceeded to  
 make the most of the day in seeing  
 the town. Prag is a curious combination of  
 old and new and an odd mixture of inhabitants  
 Germans, Jews, Czechs. It might well de-  
 tain a traveller several days but having only  
 one to devote to it I fetched a compass  
 and saw the principal points worth notice.  
 I crossed the river, which divides the old from  
 the newer part, by a handsome suspension  
 bridge. The view from this as well as from  
 the old bridge is truly grand. The finest  
 object in the view is the Radschin or castle  
 rising up on one side and crowned with  
 palaces and churches. The town itself, on the  
 opposite side built on the rising bank, with  
 its pear-shaped spires is very imposing



ITALS.—London and Greenwich, 12½.  
 Counties New Six per Cent Stock, 12½ ex  
 dec, Four per Cent, 63; Great Northern Five  
 a-Half per Cent, 103; North Staffordshire,  
 rhampton Six per Cent, 109½ ex div.

32½; East India Five per Cent, 21½; Great  
 ons, 2½; Great Western of Canada Shares,

On Thursday, Agua Fria were done at ½;  
 and Silver Lead, 15½; Weller, ½.

## MARKETS.

any wheat was on sale to-day from Essex, but se-  
 sent. The former sold slowly, at about stationary  
 to 2s. per quarter, with a very dull inquiry. All  
 on former terms. The show of barley was small;  
 sluggish state, on former terms. In malt no actual  
 voured buyers. Oats were dull, but not cheaper.  
 at last week's currency.

business was transacted in all grain to-day. Prices

62s. to 70s.; ditto, white, 68s. to 84s.; Norfolk and  
 s. to 75s.; rye, 42s. to 44s.; grinding barley, 29s. to  
 s. to 36s.; Lincoln and Norfolk malt, 68s. to 68s.;  
 Ware, 68s. to 70s.; Chevalier, 71s. to 72s.; York-  
 28s.; potato, 29s. to 31s.; Youghal and Cork, black,  
 ck beans, 40s. to 42s.; grey peas, 33s. to 37s.; maple,  
 42s. to 44s. per quarter. Town-made flour, 65s. to  
 Yorkshire, 52s. to 57s. per 280lbs. American 33s. to

eed is in a very inactive state. In prices no change

s, crushing, —s. to —s.; Mediterranean and  
 quarter. Coriander, 17s. to 18s. per cwt.  
 8s. to 10s. Tares, 11s. to 12s. per bushel.  
 ers. Linseed Cakes, English, £12 to £13;  
 lkes, £6 5s. to £6 10s. per ton. Canary, 44s.

ropolis are from 9½d. to 10½d.; of household

have no actual decline to notice in prices.

experienced for all kinds of raw sugar this week,  
 ulti maintained. Barbadoes has realised 32s. to 38s.;  
 d. to 39s.; Madras, 25s. 6d. to 28s.; and Havannah,  
 uly any business is doing. Refined goods move off  
 rt. The total clearances up to the 24th inst. were  
 e same period in 1854.

he sale, the demand for all kinds has been in a  
 ordinary native Ceylon has changed hands at 45s. 6d.

most descriptions, and in some instances prices have

have mostly changed hands at full prices; but low  
 ed. In bacon very few sales have been made, at  
 er kinds of provisions continue dull in sale.

d, and the quotations are rather easier. P.Y.C., on the  
 d, 55s.; April and May, 55s. to 55s. 3d. per cwt. Town  
 er 8lbs.

l. per cwt. on the spot. Pale rape is dull, at 55s. 6d.;  
 s, as well as turpentine, are a slow inquiry.

and most kinds may be purchased on easier terms.  
 India, 2s. 2d. to 2s. 3d. per gallon. Brandy is dull  
 gallon.

swell, 23s. 6d.; Hilton, 23s. 6d.; Stewart's, 23s. 6d.;  
 er ton.

15s. to 14 15s.; clover ditto, £3 to £5; and straw,

nds of hops is heavy, yet last week's prices are sup-  
 ave arrived this week.

ff steadily, though at a decline, compared with the  
 s. The private market is excessively dull.

erate, but fully equal to the demand. Prices rule from

l brisk, at an advance of 2d. per 8 lbs. Otherwise, the  
 er terms:—

n, 3s. 4d. to 5s.; veal, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.; pork, 3s. to

ness doing in these markets is very moderate, as follows:

3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.; pork,  
 ROBERT HERBERT.

alan Howard (Miss Talbot) gave birth  
 st, at Arundel Castle.

On the 20th ult., W. Curre, Esq., of Itton-court, for many years Deputy-I  
 and Magistrate for the county of Monmouth, aged 82.

On the 21st ult., the Rev. E. B. Webster, B.A., Incumbent of Bassenthwaite, Cum  
 universally loved and respected, aged 39.

On the 24th ult., at Hastings, J. Benbow, Esq., of 26, Mecklenburgh-square, Lon  
 for Dudley, aged 87.

On the 13th ult., at Knockbane, Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Archer, son of the late Maje  
 Archer, of the Guards.

On the 24th ult., at Whilton Rectory, the Rev. H. Rose, Rector of Brington and  
 the county of Northampton, aged 64.

On the 23rd ult., at the Grange, Haverstock-hill, near Hampstead, W. & Becl  
 aged 78.

On the 23rd ult., the Rev. J. Peers, A.M., Perpetual Curate of Lane-end, Bucks, a

## ROYAL COMMISSION OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND

THE meetings of this "generous band," associated for the pur  
 mitigating the sufferings from the present war, are held in  
 the apartments of the New Palace at Westminster. The room  
 is the Guard-chamber; and the Illustration at page 208 was s  
 during a meeting of the Royal Commission, held on Monday we  
 Prince Albert presiding.

His Royal Highness, attended by his Equerry in Waiting, ar  
 three o'clock. The other Commissioners present were Earl Gr  
 Earl of Derby, the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Seymour, Lord C  
 ter, Lord Seaton, Lord St. Leonards, the Right Hon. H. Lowry  
 the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, the Right Hon. Sir J. J  
 ton, Sir Hew D. Ross, Mr. J. Ball, M.P.; Mr. T. Baring, M.E  
 Hubbard, and Mr. Boyle Roche. Captain E. G. Fishbourne, R.  
 Captain J. H. Lefroy; R.A., secretaries, attended. The meeting b  
 at twenty minutes before six o'clock.

The offices of the Commission are at 16A, Great George-street  
 minster; and in Circular No. 1, recently issued, it is stated that  
 tribution of the fund is expressly limited to "the succouring, ed  
 and relieving those who, by the loss of their husbands and par  
 battle, or by death on active service in the present war, are un  
 maintain or to support themselves."

The following suggestions and resolutions are addressed to the  
 men and Members of Local Committees:—

1. By examining from time to time into the circumstances of every  
 dual now receiving, or who shall hereafter receive, an allowance in your  
 localities, and of every widow or orphan in future applying for relief,  
 whom will be furnished to you from time to time, with a view to prev  
 persons from being relieved out of the national bounty who are able  
 port or maintain themselves, or from receiving greater aid than wi  
 own income or earnings will be sufficient for their support or maintena

2. By encouraging and giving necessary facilities to all to contin  
 enter upon a life of independent industry, and generally to keep a  
 eye over the widows; for the Royal Commissioners have determined  
 any widow shall, in the opinion of the Executive and Finance Cor  
 by profligate conduct dishonour the memory of her husband, her a  
 shall wholly cease.

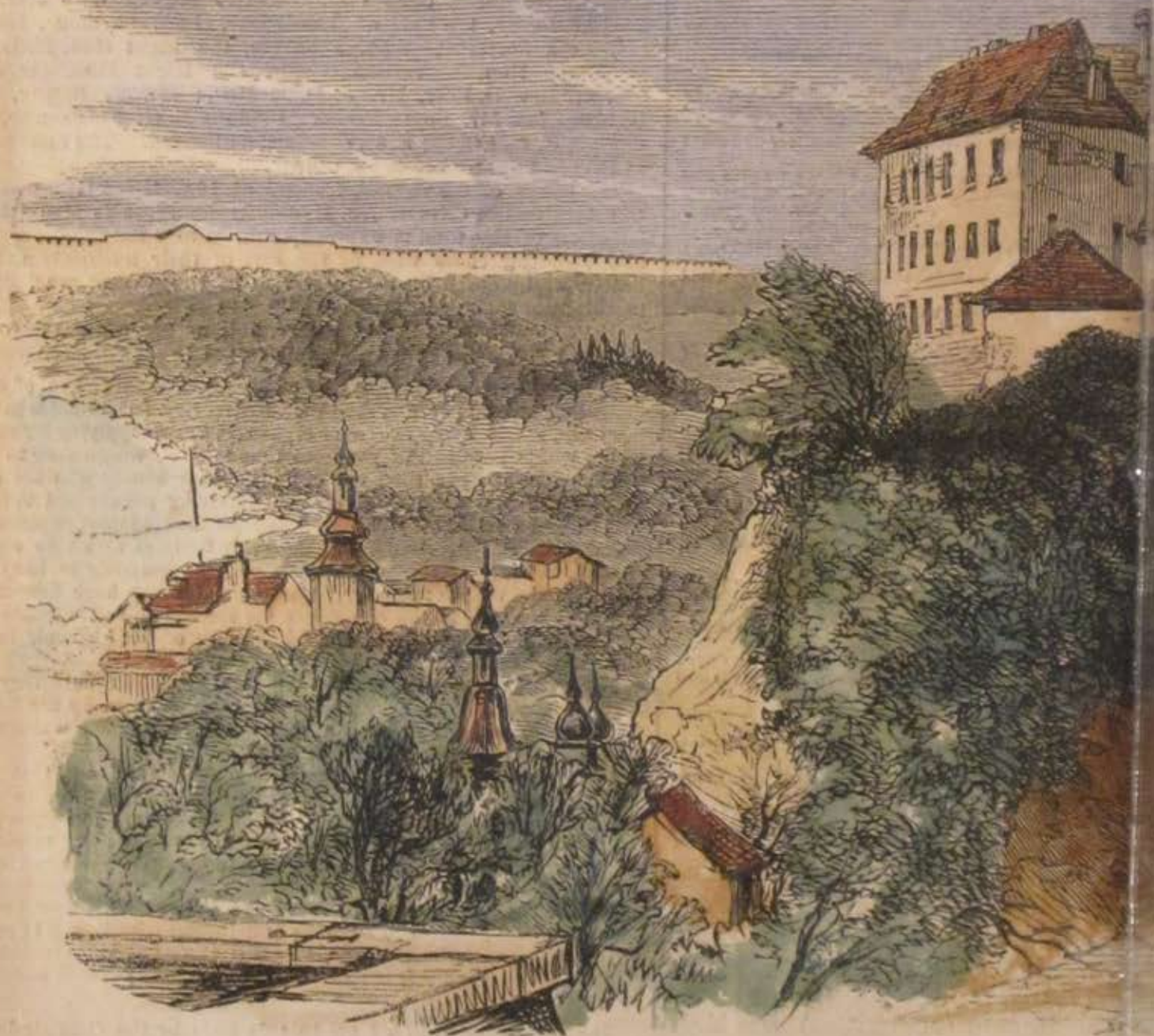
3. By placing the orphans residing in your district until they lea  
 mothers or guardians, or are placed in some institution by the Exec  
 Finance Committee, in your National Schools, and kindly watching o  
 conduct and progress whilst there.

The Executive Committee deem it of much importance that the  
 should be carefully educated; they will therefore be prepared to pay  
 nary school-fees quarterly, on your recommendation, for every orphan  
 by you in a National School, in addition to the allowances mentione  
 general scale: these fees will, of course, not exceed the usual allow  
 one, two, or three pence per week each, as the case may be.

The Executive and Finance Committee will, in all proper cases,  
 pared to place children in asylums or industrial schools, and to pay n  
 apprentice-fees; and local committees will render valuable assistance  
 Committee by proposing suitable trades and proper persons to be entrust  
 apprentices.

The total sum received up to this time by the Commissioner  
 Patriotic Fund exceeds three-quarters of a million sterling.





THE HRADSCHIN PALACE, AT PRAGUE





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—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.



way or sales this year. St. Hilary, Hatbox, Cervus, and several other steeplechasers and hunters, are to be sold on Monday; and on that day fortnight Count Batthany's racing stud of ten, and the late Sir M. H. Beach's kennel of fifteen pointers, two setters, and four retrievers, will come to the hammer. Three packs of foxhounds and one of beagles, besides two saplings by Bedlamite (who is producing his owner between £200 and £300 annually), as well as Ephesus and Guy Mannering, are also in the market.

A brother to Weathergale is among the latest foal arrivals, and Lady Wildair and Rebecca are at the quarters of Sweetmeat, who is rising to the very first rank among sires, though his fee is only one-fifth of Bay Middleton's, Birdcatcher's, and Melbourne's. Pocahontas is expected to foal to Nutwith, and Miss Bowe (who has been rather unlucky of late) to Joe Lovell, a son of John Scott's old mare Cyprian and Velocipede. Mountain Deer is now in Ireland, and the stud rival of Crosier, who is a far greater favourite there than his half-brothers Surplice and Cowl are in England. No less than six horses (most of them very bad) out of Crucifix are now at the stud, and a writer pithily observes respecting Touchstone, that "the great difficulty now is not to get Touchstone blood, but to get away from it." Three of the highest crosses of the last season were those of Teddington and Maid of Masham, Canzou and Longbow, and Princess and Birdcatcher; and their coming produces are engaged in the 1000 guineas each Black Duck Stakes, at York, in 1857.

Only nine Newmarket matches have as yet been made for the ensuing racing season, and ten for 1856-57—in nearly all of which the Earl of Glasgow takes part. Doncaster has put forth a very noble autumn broadsheet, which comprises 28 events and £1775 of added money. The principal feature in this amended list is the Portland Handicap Plate of 200 sovs., for all ages; but the new conditions of the Cup are not yet fixed on. The town gives in all about £2215 of added money to its flat races, besides £125 to steeplechases; whereas seven years ago it only gave £1000. Nothing but a potent fear of York could have effected so great a change.

A number of trees near the principal entrance of the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées, are being cut down, in order to afford a better view of the edifice, and at other parts of the building trees are to be cut down for the same purpose. Some of the trees are very large, and date from 1770, when the plantation of the Champs Elysées, which was commenced by Catherine de Medicis in 1616, and completed in 1670, was renewed.

**CONDUCT OF THE WAR.**—A public meeting of the working classes of Nottingham was held on Tuesday evening, in the Assembly Rooms, Nottingham. Resolutions urging the Government to pursue an inquiry into the cause of the disastrous state of the army, &c., were adopted. A crowded meeting was held at Preston, on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of "denouncing the gross mismanagement which has been displayed in connection with the war, and demanding a searching revision of our military system, and an inquiry into the causes of the decimation of one of the finest armies that ever left England." The chair was taken by Mr. W. Livesey. The speeches and resolutions were of a vigorous character, and a petition to Parliament was adopted praying for an effective prosecution of the war, and a complete reform in our military system.

**PRUSSIAN FRIENDS OF THE CZAR.**—A little farce, entitled "The Fighters of Berlin; or, an English Recruiting-office for the Crimea"—a so-called parody on "The Fighter of Ravenna"—draws crowds to one of the minor theatres in Berlin. The waggery of the piece turns upon a "revalenta arabica" agent being mistaken for an English recruiting "Mi Lor," represented by a thick individual, swearing "God dem," murdering English as the Russians did at Inkerman, and deeming it necessary to further prove his nationality by going through the process of shaving, and by wearing a dingy dressing-gown and cap. The names of "Pallmareston," "Vestmorland," and "Ploomfield" are tossed up and down like pancakes, to the great delight of the audience; and Punch's sketch of the anticipated recruits is embodied to the life in as ragged a set of *virtuosi* as could well be brought upon any stage. There were one or two hits also at Austria, who is described by the grammarians as playing the part of the "vocative case." But the grand *coup* of the piece is the performance, by Mr. Knack, of all possible beats, rolls, and taps of the drum, on a table, as an accompaniment to the Prussian national air, supposed to be played whilst "Menschikoff" joyfully breakfasts during a defeat of the Allies.—*Letter from Berlin.*

**MINES LEASED AT FIXED PREFERENCE SHARES.**—div.: Edinburgh, Perth, and per Cent, 116½; Ditto, Foun 22; Oxford, Worcester, and FOREIGN.—Eastern of FL Luxembourg, 2½; Ditto, O 17; Namur and Liège, ex int Mining Shares have been Copiago, 18; Fortuna, ½; P

**CORN-EXCHANGE, Feb. 26.**—S several parcels came fresh to hand prices; but the latter gave way kinds of foreign wheat met a ha yet the inquiry for all kinds was change took place, yet prices re Beans, peas, and flour moved off Feb. 28.—A very limited amon ruled the same as on Monday.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Suffolk red, 66s. to 74s.; ditto, 31s.; distilling, 29s. to 32s.; malt brown ditto, 64s. to 66s.; Kings shire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 25s. to 28s.; ditto, white, 27s. to 39s. to 42s.; white, 39s. to 42s.; 73s.; Suffolk, 56s. to 60s.; Stock 44s. per barrel.

**Seeds.**—The demand for all kind has taken place.

Linseed, English, sowing, 72s. Odessa, 66s. to 70s. Hempseed, Brown Mustard-seed, 12s. to 14s. English rapeseed, £33 to £35 per ditto, foreign, £10 10s. to £12 10s. to 54s. per quarter.

**Bread.**—The prices of wheate ditto, 8d. to 9d. per 4lb. loaf.

**Tea.**—Our market continues Common sound Congou, 10½d. per

**Sugar.**—A very inactive dema and former prices have been w Mauritius, 34s. to 36s.; Bengal 32s. 6d. to 36s. per cwt. In cru slowly, at from 42s. 6d. to 48s. 1,065,078 cwts. against 950,189 c -**Coffee.**—Privately, as well as sluggish state, on former terms to 46s. per cwt.

**Rice.**—There is a steady inq advanced 3d. per cwt.

**Provisions.**—Fine qualities of and middling kinds have been from 56s. to 60s. per cwt. for Irish

**Tallow.**—The transactions are spot, 53s. 3d. to 55s. 6d.; March tallow, 54s. net cash. Rough tallow

**Oils.**—Linseed oil is steady, and brown ditto, 52s. to 52s. 6d. Olive

**Spirits.**—Rum is still dull in Proof Leewards, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d. and cheaper. Malt spirit, 10s. 4d.

**Coals.**—Tanfield Moor, 17s. 6d. Heng Hall, 21s.; South Kellow, 21s.

**Hay and Straw.**—Meadow Hay, £1 4s. to £1 10s. per load.

**Hops.**—The demand for nearly ported. From abroad about 500

**Wool.**—The public sales are previous series, of from 45. to 4d.

**Potatoes.**—The supplies are 80s. to 120s. per ton.

**Smithfield.**—The beef trade has demand has continued steady, on Beef from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 16d.;

4s. 4d. per 8 lbs. to sink the off Newgate and Leadenhall.— Beef, from 3s. to 4s. 4d.; m 3s. to 4s. 4d. per 8 lbs. by the ca

The Lady Edward to a daughter, on Satur



On the left bank of the river are the lesser part of the city and the Radschin. The former is the part occupied by the grandees of Bohemia and must have been a splendid place of palaces once. I did not spend long in it but made my way quickly to the Hradschin. The way lies up a steep street which reminded me more of the High Street Edinburgh than any other. The top of the Hill is occupied by the Palace of Pray an immense pile of building disposed in three courts with towers. In one of the towers tradition says, was the instrument of torture called the "iron maiden". Vaulted chambers are underneath and dungeons below all.

The whole of the buildings on the Hradschin are more interesting from the historical events connected with them than for their architecture - The Cathedral is a splendid edifice and enriched with a valuable collection of paintings sculptures and endless relics. The music in this church is very fine.

The view from the terraces of the hill is as grand as that from the bridges. Behind you rises the massive towers and spires of the palace. Below the terraces are formed into gardens.



At the bottom stand the palaces of the Bohemian nobles - round the base sweeps the Moldau with its bridges, on the other side the town rises with its quaint roofs & spires.

A long plain of country stretches beyond bounded by the Bohemian frontier hills.

I now descended to make the circuits of the town by the "alte brücke" This queer old bridge is adorned with statues on each side on each pier. It is the longest in Germany.

The view from this bridge is even finer than that from the other. The end of the bridge is occupied by a pile of old building the watch tower, which has an arched way through it, and used to contain a portcullis.

Through this archway I entered the old town. Many buildings in this part are in Gothic with curious roofs & windows. The most remarkable edifices both in appearance and in their history are the Clementinum, University Old Town hall and Theatre - but the whole quarter has an antiquated appearance.

After having thus run through the town I went to the hotel to ask after my lady friends they had not yet left their room.

Well after seeing Mr & Mrs Richards I went



off to see the hospital. It is a large building  
 situated in a capital airy situation. But  
 in appearance it does not come up to the  
 military hospital which is quite close to  
 it. Being vacation there were no students.  
 The visit was over but I went through  
 the wards with an interne - They are large  
 & comfortable. There is a capital operating  
 theatre & lecture room with models of all  
 kinds of Surgical Apparatus - When I re-  
 turned to dinner at 1. I found the ladies  
 had gone out with the other gentlemen.  
 I understood they were going to Vienna  
 by the same train so certainly expected to  
 see them in the evening. After dinner  
 had a stroll & an ice with Mr Richards  
 and then went to the train at 5 pm. When  
 we had taken seats I went about the station  
 looking for our friends. There was such a  
 crowd that I could easily have missed them.  
 But at the first stoppages I examined all  
 the carriages but they were not there.  
 I suspect they had stayed in company with  
 the mustached man at Prag as he  
 was a Prag man - And thus ended the  
 episode of the "Schöne Wienerin".



Aug 6. I passed the night in occasional  
 snatches of sleep and was effectually roused  
 by having to change Carriages at Porcinn.  
 There is a large rock beside the town, once  
 of fortress now a prison. A large heavy  
 pile of building stands on the summit. This  
 is the principal manufacturing town of  
 the district. On many parts of the rail  
 we had fine views of the Carpathians but  
 in general the country was flat & fertile.  
 There is a good deal of Indian corn & other  
 odd plants and vegetables grown along  
 the line. We could not help remarking  
 the peasants who were often gathered in  
 groups at the stations - A more wretched  
 set of creatures I never saw. Some were  
 nearly naked and whenever we stopped  
 there was a regular rush to beg at the  
 windows. But as we were travelling rail-  
 way speed we had no means of discovering  
 whether these were the actual Serfs of the  
 Soil or whether the demand for labor created  
 by the railway had caused the scum of other  
 parts to flock to it and thus show us many  
 of the most wretched of Austrian peasantry.  
 Like Irish & Scotch highlanders at Harvest.



Our passports were shown just on leaving Prag and on entering Vienna they are taken away altogether - I have got a receipt in return. At 9 am we ~~got~~ arrived and drove through a cloud of dust to the Goldener Saum Leopoldstadt. This is an enormous establishment in the suburb called Leopoldstadt on the banks of the Viennese Danube and within 5 minutes of the city gate walls. After a slight rest & refreshment Mr Richard and I went to the Post Office got our advice then having changed our money we went to the passport office. for until that business is transacted one can hardly consider himself ~~possessed~~ of personal liberty. I was asked my age, profession, the reason of my being in Vienna, the hotel, time I intended staying; where going &c. All these being satisfactorily answered my passport was locked up and I got a paper allowing me to remain in and about Vienna a week. A fact which I had the pleasure of seeing corroborated in the Newspaper of next morning. In most of the German capitals the arrivals and residences are published by the police. so I was several times forgotten



We returned to the hotel and had a splendid dinner. There is no table d'hôte but the house is celebrated as a Restaurant. The dining saloons were quite filled and eating goes on from 1 till 6. Most of the officers who dined frequently here drink beer instead of wine - a practice which we followed as wine except when high priced is not very good. and the beer is delicious. In the evening we passed right through the town to the opposite door gate & thence to the Volks Garten which is laid out in plots and flower beds & overshadowed by trees a favorite evening promenade of the Viennese. There are cafés like those in the Champs Elysées. Into one of these garden concerts we went and while Mr R. had her ice Mr R & I had our beer and cigar - The music was about the finest I ever heard - It was Strauss' band. One of his new polkas was most enthusiastically received - I never heard anything finer. It was well frequented and as usual there was a Superabundance of Military - The dress of the Austrian Officers is very beautiful. They wear a coat something like our shooting coat of pale or dark blue or pure white.



On the front are bars of gold lace with or without frogs. It is lined with scarlet. Some had brass or steel helmets more had the little cap white or blue with gold lace. I never saw gloves worn so much as here - Even in the railway they wore them - They are generally white and seem beautifully made - The ladies were dressed as English in summer - rather paler colors with the usual continental difference as to shape and appurtenances.

The ~~shawls~~ shawls and jaquets were often of white or black net and lace - We drove home - We had a notion we had been skinned in the hire of the former fiacre so we tried a dodge to see if we could manage it better.

As I could speak German more like a German (i.e. when only a few words were in the case) than Mr R. I mounted beside the driver to order him to the hotel Mr R. not opening his mouth - I pronounced *Götters Lamm* as like German as I could and spoke not a syllable more - On arriving I said "wie viel" - He said one florin. I told Mr R and then paid him - but he now said a half more. Whether the party touching his head and our speaking English had made him put the



extra half florin, I don't know - We paid it with some regret -

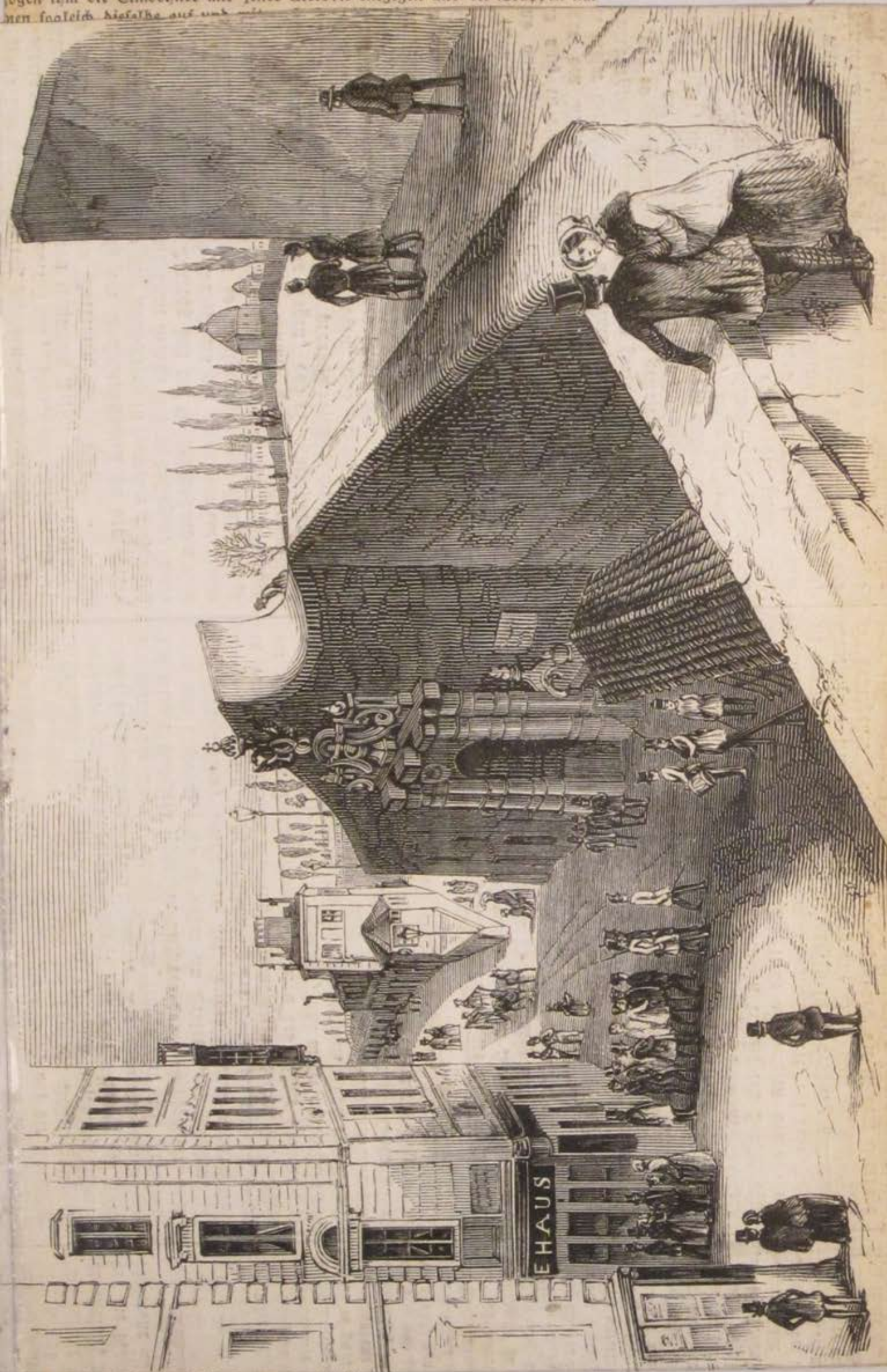
Aug 7<sup>th</sup> - Was awakened this morning not by the shoemaker but by a friar in brown. Not feeling in need of a confessor I asked what he wanted. He said he was one of the brothers of Charity and solicited a subscription for the hospital to which he belonged. I refused him at the time, intending to visit the institution. However charitable their object it occurs to me that they might find out a better way of begging than awakening a man out of his sleep. After my coffee I went away to find the hospital (*Allgemeines Krankenhaus*). It is situated in the suburb *Alser Vorstadt*. It is a large edifice built in 10 quadrangles having a plot or garden in each - 3500 beds.

The porter at one of the gates said there were few students attending and that the visit was later in the day. I walked thro' the grounds and then went to the Military Medical School near it - It is called *Josephinum* from its founder. It is chiefly celebrated for its wax Florentine casts. To say that it contains casts of dissections of every part of the body - Morbid casts and obstetric curiosities - is to say the meagre truth.



rammt aus Stollen. Als im Jahre 1706 der alte Dessauer Turm stürmt  
 ogen ihm die Einwohner mit jener Melodie entgegen und die Truppen nal  
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73



Die Kärntnerthor-Passage zu Wien.

warste heinat und angeten. Die

ingring found that since the insurrectionary



verbürgenden Umstand aufmerksam gemacht sein, darauf nämlich, daß es gerade die Coalitionsstaaten gewesen sind, welche Deutschland, das auf den sofortigen Eintritt der Zollvereinigung ein großes Gewicht legte, in dieser Beziehung nicht ohne Mühe und Anstrengung zur Nachgiebigkeit gestimmt haben, wozu vielleicht die besinnende bedrücktere Gestalt der orientalischen Frage das größte beigetragen haben mag. Was endlich die zwölfjährige Dauer des preussisch-österreichischen Vertrags anlangt, so liegt auch diesem Punkt nichts, was den Coalitionsstaaten widerspricht, weil eine zwölfjährige Dauer desselben schon die Ausübung des Exemptionsvertrags, wozu die Darmstädter Verbündeten ja bereits der Erklärung vom 21. August 1852 ihre eventuelle Zustimmung



Vor einem Café in der Leopoldstadt.

Münz- und Conventionswesen in ausserordentlichem Maße zu be-  
rücksichtigen werden eine große Menge von Produkten genannt, die  
sollfrei aus- und eingeführt werden können, und es befinden sich  
darunter nicht nur wichtige Rohproducte und Süßstoffe, sondern  
auch eine Anzahl roher Holz- und irdener Fabricate. Der Zoll-  
tarif ist hauptsächlich für Fabricate bestimmt. Preußen  
behält hier gegen Deutschland den einzelnen ermäßigten Zollsat ohne  
Abkündigung bei, während Deutschland seine Tarifstufen überall pro-  
portionell ermäßigt. Bei einem einzigen Artikel, bei dem Eisen,  
ist das System von Urprüfungszeugnissen in Anwendung gekommen.  
Deutschland wird endlich in Bezug auf See- und Flußschifffahrt  
ein homogenes Ganzes und überhaupt durch die in dem Vertrage  
vom 19. Februar 1853 gesicherte Homogenität seiner materiellen



Jude und Engländer vor dem Café français.

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*betetno curiositas - is to say the meagre truth.*



Simply as a collection of works of art, it is wonderful: independent of its other value. Having taken a moderate repast at a fast-hof I returned to the hospital at 4. After some search found our assistant Surgeon making a visit in the chronic wards. Nothing worthy of note. There are no Clinics at present and the Surgeons are at their vacation leaving the patients to the Assistants. Was rather struck with a funeral on comparing it with ours. There was a priest who read or mumbled service in the chapel and then the coffin was carried away with gravity by the attendants.

In the afternoon went with my friends to the Prater the Hyde park of Vienna but it was so dusty that we returned without seeing much. There are two large Cafe & ice saloons just beside the hotel where foreigners of all kinds and in all sorts of costumes frequent. Turks & Greeks in their shippers and turbans. We went & had ice in one of these.

Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> To day went to the University. Was rather surprised to find a number of soldiers in fatigue jackets working among straw and on enquiring found that since the insurrectionary



movement the building has been used as a  
 barracks. The Medical classes are taught at  
 the Hospital. I met a student with whom  
 I took a walk who told me this and that two  
 year there were very few students in Vienna.  
 In walking in the Volk's Garten I saw the  
 little temple in which is a splendid piece of  
 statuary by Canova - temple of Theseus - I then  
 took seat in a Gesellschaft wagon - a kind of  
 omnibus for 12 and went to Schönbrunn the Ver-  
 sailles of Vienna. The palace is a large building  
 of no great elegance of architecture. There is  
 a large archway in the centre of it through  
 which you pass without any questions to the  
 gardens. These are laid out in a style similar  
 to those of the Tuilleries. An immense  
 space enclosed by trees clipped as square as  
 walls and in which niches are cut out for  
 statues, is laid out in beautiful plots of flowers  
 of the richest colors. From this space avenues  
 of square clipped trees lead in all directions  
 and are ornamented with statues fountains &c.  
 At the farther end of the open space is  
 an immense fountain of sand filled with  
 gold fishes. Beyond the fountain the  
 ground rises in terraces at the top of which



is a temple called the Floriette. It is a long open colonnade with a higher part in the centre on the top of which is the Austrian Eagle. For a small gratuity to the keeper this can be ascended. From the top you have a good view of the grounds and of Vienna. Of the latter the variegated top of St Stephens is the most striking object. At the end of one of the avenues is the Schön brunnen - a fountain with a beautiful marble of a reclining nymph from which palace takes its name. There are also good palm houses & a complete menagerie & aviary. All these are quite open to strangers and others and form a favorite holiday resort. In returning through Vienna I made application to see the Arsenal and some other places of note. but found they were at present closed to the public. In fact the revolutionary disturbances seem to have changed the face of Vienna.

In the evening Mr Richards and I went to the Opera. It is a splendid house. Prince Wilhem in the Royal box. The Opera Don Sebastiani was excellently performed. There are footmen in livery who supply the company with ices and melange when required.



Aug 9. Went again to the hospital between 8+9 and asked for Drs Rokitsky & Sigismund they were away - After waiting a while in the Directors Office I came away having had quite enough of the Allgemeines Krankenhaus.

In going from it to the Belvedere palace I passed some churches - I always made it a point to go in and see what was going on when they were open - Some of them seem very rich - and in others there was good music.

The Belvedere is now used as a Museum. There are two buildings the Lower and Upper - between the two there are gardens nicely laid out. The lower contains curiosities of various kinds - Relics &c. There is the Armoury containing the armour of I dont know how many great people. Tilting armour &c. There is an Egyptian Collection & I dont know all what. The upper <sup>Belvedere</sup> gallery is a picture gallery containing pictures of the first masters from the earliest ages to the present day. but I confess I was somewhat bewildered by the amount of odd and beautiful sights I had seen and scarcely appreciate them as I would had I had more leisure - In returning I walked along the ramparts and was surprised to find all the bastions with sentinels and guns mounted at





St. Karls-Kirche  
nebst dem Polytechnischen Institute.



Belvedere.

There are no open places fit  
to be called squares. Not far from this is  
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 ramparts and was surprised to find all the  
 bastions with sentinels and guns mounted at*



all the gates. In several places I remarked  
 walls and houses battered when assaults had  
 been made. In the evening I again went  
 to hear the band of Strauss Sohn. and was as  
 delighted as before - I had now got master  
 of the localities in Vienna and liking it pretty  
 well. It is built in two distinct parts,  
 the city surrounded by walls and these by a  
 glacis or open space of considerable width  
 the suburbs lie beyond this on all sides.  
 The city is the aristocratic part the residence  
 of the Emperor and nobles - The suburbs are  
 much pleasanter with open houses and  
 wide streets. The centre of the town is the  
 Cathedral of St Stephens. This is a vast pile  
 in the Gothic style - The roof is covered with  
 red and green glazed tiles. The interior is  
 grand but gloomy. The windows are extremely  
 beautiful and melow the light. Its length  
 is 350 ft its breadth at the widest 220 ft. The  
 spire is 465 ft high and tapers beautifully to the  
 top. The church stands in a space called  
 Stephens platz, but too small to be called a  
 square, indeed there are no open places fit  
 to be called squares. Not far from this is  
 the Graben another space like St Vincent



Place Glasgow certainly not larger. This is the finest part of Vienna but even this is curtailed by a column to the Trinity on each side of which stands a pavillion cafe. The street leading from this space to the cathedral is so narrow that two carriages cannot pass and in walking along I have had to rush into the doorway of a shop to save my toes from the wheels. for the street can't boast of a pavement. The causeway is of the same kind as at Berlin and many a time Mr R & I have saved each other broken bones on the occasion of a slip. I don't know how they manage about New Year's day at all. The Graben and vicinity is the place for the best shops. The exteriors are in general small but very handsomely decorated: the warehouses may extend a long way back but I only had the exterior to judge by. The Apothecaries, the glass and pipe shops were the handsomest. The shutters are folding and when opened back fit into a groove in the wall beside the window. On their reverse is generally painted some figures or scene connected with the business. Not a dumb like our signs but usually a well executed painting. This gives the street a very



curious and variegated appearance. And on any day when the shops are shut as Sunday afternoon. the place has the appearance of

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the Bay plat is a statue of Francis K. Kaiser



Place Glasgow certainly not larger. This is the finest part of Vienna but even this is curtailed by a column to the Trinity on each side of the street level.

is so narrow and in the middle of the street from the front of a park kind as I have occasion

manage

Graben

The street is handsome a long way judge by the shops and folding in the reverse is scene

dark

anted painting. This gives the street a very



Der neue Markt.



Graben.



curious and variegated appearance. And on any day when the shops are shut as Sunday afternoon. the place has the appearance of a picture gallery. The market place has a fountain with statues in the centre. From the Stephens platz & Graben as centres the other streets radiate out like curved spokes of an irregular wheel. While they are joined by cross streets often by lanes and even by covered closets & twisted passages so that the city enclosed by walls had the appearance of a spiders web. From this peculiarity of construction there are a number of near cuts which lead you quickly from one part to another - if you are well acquainted with the place - if not it is like a maze. In consequence on one occasion when trying my skill at this work I got confused and walked about a long time and only got out of the scrape by getting on the walls and winding along them till I got to the gate leading to the Leopold Stadt. A good part of one side of the town is taken up by the Emperors and other palaces. The Emperor's palace is disposed in three squares. In one the Burg platz is a statue of Francis K. Kaiser



Under the palace is a wide passage or tunnel called the *Burg Thor*. the gate leading to the suburb opposite. By it we go to the *Volk's Garten*. In one square is the Austrian *Guard* house. in it also is the public entrance to the palace. In this square 12 pieces of cannon were drawn up loaded and guarded by sentinels while men sufficient to man them are always in the guard house. The walls at this part are also manned and planted with cannon. So much for the revolution. The Emperor however drives out as usual and holds his public levee. The paintings and collections both here and of the palace in the *Herrn Gasse*. The richest residences in Europe were however shut to strangers. After some work I got a ticket to see the Armoury but I found it was for a week after I must have left. When I add that the streets are narrow; pavements about 1 to 2 ft broad the houses high, and the streets consequently shaded in hot weather and dull in wet. I describe what is found in most fortified cities. But it is certainly an exception to a general rule that the King & nobles live in the crowd and the great body of commons in the suburbs with gardens &c.



The suburbs are situated beyond the Glacis which is a flat open space all around the



Innerer Burgplatz.



Josephsplatz.

and also many public buildings and institutions are in the various suburbs but to mention them would be tedious.

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But it is certainly an exception to a general  
rule that the King & nobles live in the crowd  
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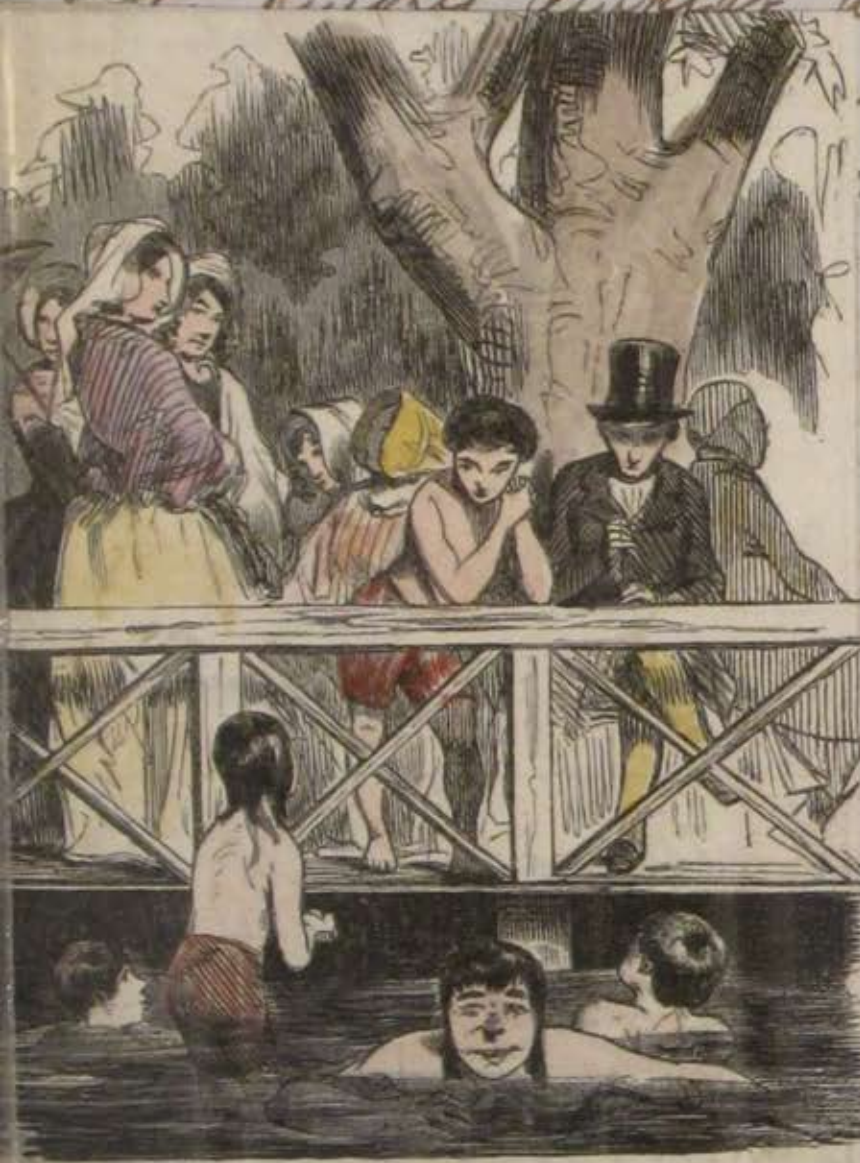
The suburbs are situated beyond the Glacis which is a flat open space all around the walls varying in breadth, from a few yards, at the Leopoldstadt where a river intervenes, to nearly half a mile. From each gate of the city a Causeway leads to the opposite part of the suburb, the principal streets of the town being produced through the gate to the suburb. These causeways are shaded by trees, a very necessary protection for on the other alleys of which there are many (joining different Causeways of the Glacis) the rays of the Sun are scorching while on the least breeze the dust is quite stifling. By this time I had a kind of sneezing cold and was nearly deaf. effects which I knew were produced by the intense heat and the Siroccos which I had to endure when crossing the Glacis. The streets of the Suburbs are wide, the houses large and often handsome, but it is always dusty on the least wind, from the sandy nature of the Soil. whereas in the city there is hardly an open plot of ground except the tops of the walls to produce dust. Many public buildings and institutions are in the various Suburbs but to mention them would be tedious.



Aug 10. Spent a very pleasant day in the country around Vienna. At 7.30 took the train for Baden where I arrived in an hour. Baden is a nice village occupied entirely with hotels and lodging houses and all the ~~res~~ of a bathing place. It seemed to overcast a little and as I passed the bath house seeing no one going in or coming out I concluded the bathing was over for the morning. I had intended if in time to have gone into the public bath where ladies & gentlemen in a bathing dress have a promenade in medicated water 3 or 4 ft deep. I did not care for a bath as a bath. The grounds round about are nicely laid out & planted with Acacia trees but I wanted more to see the phen the first symptoms of the approach of the Styrian alps. I strolled up a wild phen considerably civilised however with roads and seats. Before however I could get out of the civilised part it came on to rain heavily. So I gave it up & came back. In Baden I went into a coffee till the rain subsided & here I saw why I had met no one at the bath. Bathing was over & it was now the time for coffee, cigars, pipes, dominoes, draughts. Chess.



I now returned by the train part of the way to Vienna stopping at Mödling. This is a country village very old. It has a Markt Platz with a public font but the greatest curiosity is the old Church once belonging to the Knights Templars and lying with their

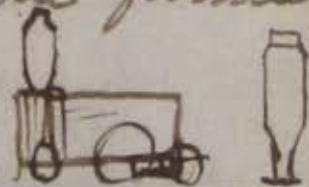


Im Bade zu Böslau.

influence on which it is well and let you valleys of the hills of which it stands.

I was the only person. I was going to Laxenburg a short distance was waiting the train. When near the steam. The carriage described. The axle the full was wood to suit it. What

avail it had I don't know but the funnel bulges out in a curious way. Laxenburg is a summer chateau of the Emperor. It is a two story building of no great pretensions but the grounds are very nice. They are too artificial. There is a pond - a little cascade all made. There is a





Aug 10. Spent a very pleasant day in the country around Vienna. At 7.30 took the train for Baden where I arrived in an hour. Baden is a nice village occupied entirely with hotels and lodging houses and all the ~~features~~ of a bathing place. It seemed overcast a little and house seeing no sun out I concluded the morning - I had intended to go into the public bath in a bathing dress had medicated water 3 or 4 for a bath as a bath: about are nicely laid Acacia trees but I was given the first symptoms of the Styrian alpe. I struck considerably civilised and seats. Before however I could get one of the civilised part it came on to rain heavily. So I gave it up & came back. In Baden I went into a coffee till the rain subsided & here I saw why I had met no one at the bath. Bathing was over & it was now the time for coffee, cigars, pipes, dominoes, draughts, chess.

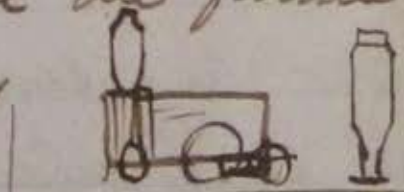
Grundriss	Infirmary
Droffail	Suburban house
Jungermann	Ground garden
Lissung	Landfilling
My Pond	Swimming
Helene	Children
gugardigard	Droffail
Wie hies es?	Swimming



I now returned by the train part of the way to Vienna stopping at Mödling - This is a country village very old. It has a market place with a public font but the greatest curiosity is the old church once belonging to the Knights Templar and hung with their ensigns. The little eminence on which it stands gives you a fine view and lets you have a peep into the valleys of the hills country on the borders of which it stands.

In waiting for a train I was the only passenger at the station. I was going on a branch line to Laxenburg a short way off and the engine was waiting the arrival of the Vienna train. When near the time he got up his steam. The carriages were such as I formerly described. The engine was peculiar. The fuel was wood and the <sup>small</sup> ~~fuel~~ is made to suit it. What avail it had I don't know but the funnel bulges out in a curious way.

Laxenburg is a summer chateau



of the Emperor. It is a two story building of no great pretensions but the grounds are very nice. They are too artificial. There is a pond - a little cascade all made. There is a



tilting ground after the ancient models and  
 in which jousts are sometimes held.  
 The greatest curiosity is a building after  
 the model of a feudal castle and built  
 in the ~~old~~ antique gothic style. It is fur-  
 nished principally with relics and may  
 be considered a Museum of objects of in-  
 terest of these old times. Some are of date  
 from 12 to 1400. There is a dungeon or keep,  
 a dark gloomy place; while you look in at  
 a stuffed wolf whose eyes glare in the dusk  
 a figure shakes its fetters beside you and  
 gives you a good start. From the top of the  
 roof a fair view is obtained. In the after-  
 noon returned to Vienna. Parted from Mr & Mrs  
 Richards today. Was disappointed in not getting  
 a letter and therefore staid till Monday.  
 In the evening went to the Carl's Theatre. A  
 neat house and amusing play.

11. Had a long rest this morning. Heard  
 morning service in two churches. The music  
 in St Stephens is very grand but the vocal  
 music in the Augustine is far finer. In  
 this church also is a splendid monument  
 by Canova of the Archduchess of Saxe Teschen.  
 The shops were almost all shut by twelve



and crowds of people in their best suits were  
 hurrying out of the gates and all the Hitzing  
 and Schönbrunn omnibuses were full. Not  
 having anything to do I again went out to  
 Schönbrunn. The grounds were well sprinkled  
 already and the whole of Vienna seemed  
 turning out - Vehicles were arriving every  
 minute - I lounged about looking at the  
 place and people. Outside the gardens in  
 the village of Hitzing were numerous



Mittags im Prater.

was a fine showy man with his mon-  
 staches and his type - Fancy a hotel  
 keeper coming out in that line. But  
 although not the season of the hunt ton

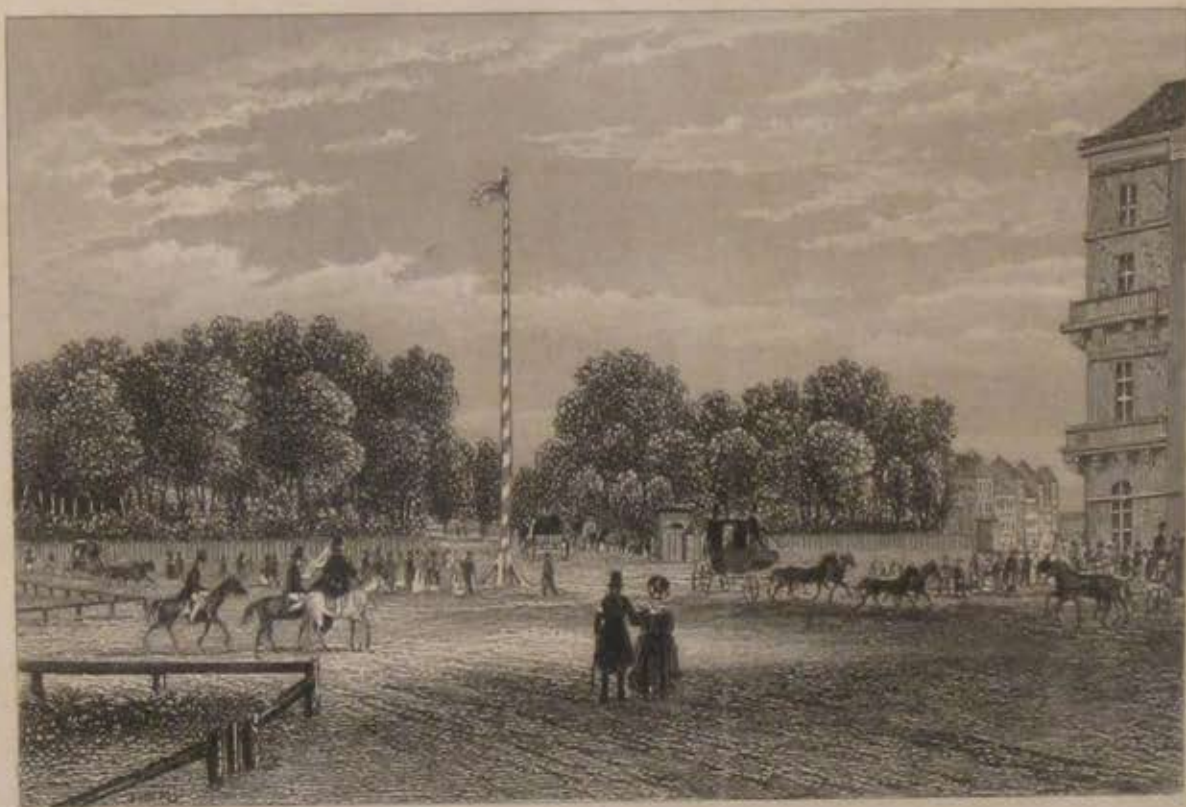
come on  
 I not  
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 He



fitting ground after the ancient models and in which jousts are sometimes held.

The greatest curiosity is a building after the model of a feudal castle and built in the ~~old~~ antique gothic style. It is furnished principally with relics and may be considered a Museum of objects of interest of these old times. Some are of date from 12 to 1400. There is a dungeon or keep, a dark gloomy place; while you look in at a stuffed wall of a place...

a figure  
gives y  
107 a  
noon 7  
Richard.  
a letter  
In the  
meat be  
11.



Eingang in den Prater.

morning  
in Co

crisis in the Augustines is far finer. In this church also is a splendid monument by Canova of the Archduchess of Saxe Teschen. The shops were almost all shut by twelve



and crowds of people in their best suits were hurrying out of the gates and all the Hitzing and Schönbrunn omnibuses were full. Not having anything to do I again went out to Schönbrunn. The grounds were well sprinkled already and the whole of Vienna seemed turning out - Vehicles were arriving every minute - I lounged about looking at the place and people. Outside the gardens in the village of Hitzing were numerous restaurants where the Viennese come on Sunday to have their dinner. I did not wait for dinner but returned and dined at the Goldenes Lamm. After dinner I went out to see the Prater a series of drives and walks beyond the Leopold Stadt. Here people were riding & driving as at Hyde Park. but there was rather a poor turn out of equestrians. In fact it was not the season. The Hotel Master however was there driving about in a fine dog-cart and with a handsome horse - He was a fine bluff man with his mustaches and his type - Fancy a Hotel keeper coming out in that line. But although not the season of the hunt ton



it appeared to the that of the bastion - for  
 one of the allees, <sup>the courtly garden</sup> was quite filled with the  
 commonality. Into it I went and found it  
 led into a space quite filled with all  
 the shows of a fair, Merry-go-rounds &c.  
 These seemed to please the people but  
 I soon came away - There was just one  
 other thing I wanted to see before leaving i.e.  
 Spels dancing rooms, As this was the only  
 night it had been open I went. In a garden  
 were placed numbers of small tables & chairs  
 for the company to take their ice, wine or  
 supper - These were illuminated by lamps.  
 At one end of the garden was the ball-  
 room, a large room with a gallery at one  
 end for Strauss' band while a few chairs &  
 small tables were in the other - The doors  
 led into the garden & they along with the  
 windows were open for the heat. The music  
 was very fine. the dancing extraordinary.  
 A gentleman who was walking with two  
 ladies came up and asked me if I would  
 dance with one - I shrugged my shoulders  
 with "Ich tanze nicht" at which the  
 young lady looked rather surprised. I  
 took a glass of beer and came away.



Aug. 12. This morning at 6 left by rail for  
 here I had been - nothing  
 to line until near  
 nested by an immense  
 near this the em-  
 became more nu-  
 on coming out of  
 ked for mountains  
 the village lies beautifully  
 which are clothed  
 the time to advise  
 - wagons (like phanton  
 as I saw it was  
 I stepped into one



Im Burschprater.

having put my bag under the seat. Here  
 I found myself in good company. A gentleman  
 this son who could speak English going  
 to Maria Zell for a vacation tramp. They  
 were glad to have an opportunity of speaking  
 and were very anxious I should take a room  
 with them - Other two young men were  
 going to Gratz. One could speak French  
 and I agreed to keep company with them  
 at Gratz. As much for the companions.  
 The road from Gloggnitz to Murgenschlagg  
 is a most interesting one - It goes



it appeared to the that of the bar too - for  
 one of the allees, <sup>the room</sup> with  
 commonality. Into it  
 led into a space  
 the shows of a fa  
 These seemed to  
 I soon came away  
 other thing I wanted  
 Spels dancing soon  
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 sandten Betrag an die Adresse zurückzusenden.

Die Redaction der Illustrierten



Aug. 12. This morning at 6 left by rail for  
 Gratz - Passed by Baden where I had been - Nothing  
 remarkable is seen on the line until near  
 Glognitz where we are arrested by an immense  
 mountain. On coming near this the em-  
 bankments and tunnelling became more nu-  
 merous and at Glognitz on coming out of  
 the carriage the long looked for mountains  
 came in sight. This little village lies beautifully  
 at the foot of the hills which are clothed  
 with wood. We had little time to admire  
 the scene for the post wagons (like phantoms)  
 were fast filling up and as I saw it was  
 every man for himself I stepped into one  
 having put my bag under the seat. Here  
 I found myself in good company. A gentleman  
 & his son who could speak English going  
 to Maria Zell for a vacation tramp. They  
 were glad to have an opportunity of speaking  
 and were very anxious I should take a ride  
 with them - Other two young men were  
 going to Gratz. One could speak French  
 and I agreed to keep company with them  
 at Gratz. As much for the companions.  
 The road from Glognitz to Murgenschlagg  
 is a most interesting one - It goes



zig-zag up one side of a mountain and come down the opposite. It is regularly "going over de mountains". Many fine glimpses of landscape we had in getting up but at the top the view was magnificent. At the foot of the hill lay Sognitz in the bosom of the valley. Beyond the plains stretched out towards Vienna. On the side of the steep numerous cottages were scattered and in the distance a village church. On the other side you looked through a kind of gap into interminable forests of dark trees which clothed the mountains up to the very top. On the one side were seen several of the carriages toiling up, on the other was a perfect cloud of dust caused by the drags of those which were now whirling down the decline. We now commenced our descent and that at a good rate. We soon passed the frontier of Styria. We now saw several houses built entirely of logs and when we got to the bottom nothing was visible but trees on all sides - We soon began to feel hungry and coming <sup>to a</sup> wood built village asked for bread - I offered my money for some but the people



would have nothing to do with the nasty  
bits of paper (to which I was now quite  
accustomed) and if our driver had not  
lent us some copper pieces we would  
have been left to starve. This was in  
Styria and they refused the paper of the  
state! However we got some and then  
drove on to Murzschlag being well nigh  
suffocated with heat and dust. The  
station at Murzschlag is small but  
convenient so I had dinner here. When  
the train was ready we got in and at 6 pm  
were at Graz. The whole line of the rail  
to Graz was a succession of new scenes  
of beauty. The valley of the Mur in which  
it ran is narrow and steep and the moun-  
tains on each side were lofty and rugged  
but scarcely a rock to be seen. The im-  
mediate banks of the river were green  
grass and when a village was near were  
often covered with Indian corn. But from  
the bottom of the hill to the very top nothing  
was seen but one deep mass of dark  
green firs. The river was often a series  
of cataracts of clear blue water foaming  
and boiling. In some parts the valley



opened out and was occupied by a village or hamlet or some old feudal castle appeared on the hill and then the low grounds were cultivated generally in rice or Indian corn. All the cottages seemed to have gardens with vines & creepers and large pumpkins. Porrick was the only large station we passed and it was a good way after this that the valley became so narrow. At one place the rock on the sides of the stream were so high & precipitous that they had to be tunneled for the rail. On other places one side is smoother than another and the river is twice crossed by railway bridges from both of which there is a beautiful view. I don't know if I ever saw such pretty cottages as in that valley. There seemed also to be a number of private residences. I was in a perfect ecstasy among the torrents woods & hills. The peasants seemed happy and in good circumstances and their curious costumes made the scene quite picturesque - Altogether the whole line was the most beautiful I ever saw. On arriving at Szatz we drove to the fast-



hof zum Elefant - a plain but good house. In the yard was a carrier loading his waggon and as the manner of carrying & packing waggons is peculiar I may here mention it with the remark that it is the usual German manner. The cart is composed of four wheels with two long poles lying on their axles and a centre one projecting in front as the pole and behind to fix the rope. To this bottom are attached on each side 3 or 4 stout poles about 5 or 6 ft high - so the waggon is nothing but a frame work of strong poles. The packing of a vehicle of that kind entails as little art & time. Boxes barrels bales &c are put below, lighter articles above. It is piled up to about 12 ft high. Now comes the nice work. It is covered top & sides with a mat of stiff rushes or wickers and the great difficulty is to keep these mats in their place till they are tied on. They use heavy chains and not ropes. After it is thus made water proof it is covered with a white overall and decorated with tapes and fringes of red & blue - Below the waggon is hung by chains within a foot of the road



a square board about 4 ft long - On which the waggoner carries his other coat & hat. Perhaps his dinner - And it serves as the bed of his dog. Thus equipped & having from 6 to 10 horses he goes journeys of a week and more. This awkward mode of packing with mats and chains is not confined to waggons for the travelling carriages of the country are packed with luggage in the same way - There is a square board behind like a footman's. And on it they fix with chains & mats any amount of portmanteaux & bags you choose. This makes a terrible drag in going up hills. In the evening we took a walk to view the place and then had supper in the inn garden where there was a good band of music. Here I came into many of the customs of this part of Germany - the bread eaten at dinner and supper is usually brown - I confess I never liked it much though I soon got into the way of eating it. indeed in many places you can get nothing else - I could get nothing else after the very first. There is another kind of bread often taken to beer. A long thin crusty roll with salt stuck on the crust - very favorite



Aug 13. On arriving at Gratz we had given  
 up our passports so we went for them this  
 morning. Along with my new friends we hired  
 a carriage and as they seemed to know some-  
 thing of the ways of the place I put myself  
 in their hands. We first drove out of town  
 to have breakfast. Gratz is surrounded with  
 walls and a glacis like other fortified towns.  
 In driving over the glacis we saw two regi-  
 ments of soldiers at exercise. The houses  
 in the suburbs beyond the glacis are better  
 and more airy than those in the town. We  
 drove out to a garden where we got our  
 breakfast in an arbour. It appeared to be  
 a regular resort for there were several people  
 at the same occupation. In this part of the  
 country coffee is served in tumblers or ale  
 glasses - It gets the name of Melange.  
 They seem to take little bread and I soon got  
 into the way of taking a piece like a rusk  
 and steeping it in Melange & so eating it.  
 Whether the water has any medicinal virtue  
 or whether this be a general Hydropathic  
 country the people seemed to drink more  
 water than coffee, indeed a cup of it & bit  
 of bread & a glass of sparkling water satisfied me



94.

After this repast we drove several miles into the country. We passed many nice houses. The view of Gratz from a short distance is very grand. The lofty hill or crag on which its castle is placed rising out of the midst of the houses is very imposing. It has an appearance not unlike Prag but is rendered a far finer object by the beauty of the surrounding country. After having admired it from a little distance we returned to see the objects of interest in it. There is a museum of paintings (Bilder Gallerie) but of very meagre interest after Berlin, Dresden & Vienna. It is an active stirring town considering its position in Styria and once was a town of great importance. There a number of ancient old houses & a fine suspension bridge over the river. But the great attraction of Gratz is the Schlossberg or Castle hill. The ascent is gradual. There is still a sentry and watch tower on it but as a place of strength it is now disused. Near the top the path is along a series of terraces and many of these are covered with vines creeping over the edge of the rock. I never saw vines



in such perfection. The day was now bright and hot and it was delightful to feel the rays of the sun screened by the broad pale green leaves and the clusters of grapes which were still green glistening in the sun. It is from the top of this hill that Gratz is to be seen in perfection. It is situated in a hollow of the Styrian Alps. If you look up in the direction of Bruck you see nothing but a mass of dark green hills covered to the top with trees. From among these you see the blue waters of the Mur appearing which is a large river when it sweeps round the foot of the rock<sup>on</sup> which you stand and which rises abruptly in the middle of the hollow scooped out for the town. To the south the valley of the Mur widens out to a fertile plain and the river is seen coursing on till its waters seem mingled with the sky in the distance. It is something of the same kind as Prag but far wilder and as you gaze away into the valley of the Mur you might almost imagine you saw the waters of the Adriatic. We sat contemplating it for a long time in an arbor covered with vines. The old buildings on the



98.

At 9 pm I arrived at Orack and now I left the rail and looked out for the Post waggon (Diligence) as I had left railways for a while. As it was not yet time I put my bag in the office and had some supper real cutlet & salad & wine in the Station Hotel. A lady & gentleman and their daughter were in the room waiting & a man like a priest came in and had some supper. We found ~~we~~ were all going the same road. After a short time the vehicle came to the door and I found that the Diligence or real mail coach was full but that on all the post stations extra carriages are provided for all who choose to travel. The machine in which I put up was a kind of phaeton closed up with leather curtains. There were four of us and a small boy. I thought it would be pleasanter than the post waggon. But when we began to move it was horribly hard and the cold evening wind whistled in thro the joinings of the leather. If it was warm during the day it is piercing cold at night and all the worse for the contrast. However in spite of all I fell into a dose & was not very satisfied at being awakened





Costumes in Styria - near Gratz







up to change the carriage at Leoben  
 for these extra posts as they are called only  
 go between the stages so we had the  
 pleasure of wakening up and getting out  
 into the cold, standing shivering till they  
 got another out of the yard and then we  
 bundled in and made ourselves as cosy  
 as possible till a repetition of the change.  
 This continued every 2 or 3 hours. Of my  
 companions I knew nothing we were so cold  
 & sleepy that we could not be troubled speak-  
 ing. Of the road I saw nothing: it was pitch  
 dark. Of the villages I only know that  
 many of the houses were built of wood  
 while in several there were good inns.  
 The most vivid remembrance of that night  
 is the cold. Our drivers or post boys al-  
 ways had a horn slung round their back  
 and on entering a village they greeted  
 the villagers with a fantasia on it. This  
 was what often awakened me up. It was very  
 curious to be turned out into the street in  
 the dark; the only lights were those of the  
 coach and the ostlers. The inns were all  
 shut so we could get no taps. Once we  
 had to wait a good while in the streets



before they could find a carriage to take us on. Some of the men grumbled at the night work. This kind of night change continued at intervals till

Aug 14 at 6 a.m. we drew up at the inn of a village which was the first we had seen by day light. The name of the place I don't recollect Gaishorn I think. It is a street of straggling houses all of one or at most two stories. The inn was just the place to arrive at. It was a one story house with a large lobby paved with earth beaten down. This served as the hall or tap, for several peasants were at their beer. From this we went into a room with coarse tables and benches a bed & a cupboard. This was the stable & manger. The roof was just high enough to let a tall man stand without stooping. Here I found the contents of the post waggon or large vehicle. In all we formed a party of 2 ladies and a girl, 5 gentlemen and a boy. Several bowls of water were on the table and the ladies & gentlemen were engaged in refreshing their faces with a wash. Such as the amount of water afforded. I was rather struck at what I



often afterwards saw. The ladies took off their bonnets and arranged their hair, never so much as appearing to notice the presence of the gentlemen. It looked odd to me at first but I soon got not to notice it. We then had our glass of Melange and bread. The homeliness of the house and garb of the people and loutish way they served put me much in mind of some country inn in Scotland. The back premises looked something like a farm yard. There was a byre & stable in one and an open shed containing a post-wagon and a barouche which was to be our next conveyance. Having a few minutes to spare I strolled down the village. There was not much to attract notice. There was the Smith's shop. Saddlers &c. In all these villages there is a public fountain fed by the streams from the high mountains by which they are surrounded. Fine, clear, pure, cold, water. The water is led to the village in hollowed trees - the well or fountain is a tree - the basin a hollowed tree. Every thing is made of wood that can be.

It was now a clear and beautiful





morning and the road was most forlorn.  
 The first part of the way was just a repetition of what we saw near Graz only on a grand scale. Sometimes the road ran along the low grounds of the valley by the side of a river (the Putter) at others over the ridge of a mountain one 5000ft above the sea. But whether high or low the main feature of the scene was these forests of Black firs. When you see them from the valley they seem to grow up into the clouds, when from the mountain top they are like an ocean of green. Whenever there was a gap or gorge in the hill letting a stream boil through, the opening showed you mountains in the distance clothed with the dark Styrian green. It had a curious awing effect on the mind gazing on these endless forests of native trees. I perceived that in my fellow travellers as well as myself. It was something similar to what you feel in gazing at the Alps or at the sea in a storm. There were no shouts of "wunder schön" but a silent admiration. But when the road swept round a turn of the mountain & the valley swelled out into a plain



waving with crops, with the cheerful villages  
 in its bosom, and guarded by the splendid  
 castle of Stuechan the sublime was changed  
 for the picturesque and our silence was re-  
 lieved by continual expressions of delight.  
 To describe the road after this would be useless.  
 We now descended the vale of the Gans which  
 is broad and fertile though still clothed in  
 by the wooded mountains. There were large  
 fields of wheat & Indian corn in great lux-  
 uriance. The valley was also studded with  
 farms and what we would call clachans.  
 But the most striking features of the scene  
 were the old ruins and inhabited chateaux  
 which were perched on the side of the hill  
 or on a crag which rose abruptly in the  
 plain - Stuechan. Friedstein. Wolkenstein &c  
 are of this kind. They are perched on almost  
 inaccessible heights. The sun glittered on their  
 red roofs and what was very remarkable  
 many had minorities covered with zinc or  
 tin or something which sparkle like a mirror.  
 At one of the places where we changed horses  
 and coaches we got an addition to our party  
 of a gentleman and a young Styrian. The  
 latter had the usual dress of pelveteen &



two plumes of feathers, <sup>in his hat</sup> one he had gained at the rifle matches the other was a present from his lass. About 12 o'clock we dined and ~~at~~ at that hour we made a hearty meal. The food was plain but good for hungry travellers.

After some time we left the vale of the Rhine by a narrow and gorgeous pass and now wound round the base of the Primm towards the village of Mitterndorf. With this mountain a new element came into the landscape from the top of the pine clad mountains bare crags of gray limestone shot up into the sky. Not a particle of vegetation was to be seen on them but in the clefts the sun sparkles on heaps of pure snow. So bare & bright were the perpendicular crags that the eye could only rest on them a short time and had to take shelter in the refreshing green which clothed the sides and base. So the road continued till after mounting gradually to some height it commenced a very rapid descent down which we whirled and at the bottom found ourselves in the village of Aulse. It is most beautifully situated in a hollow among the huge hills. So bare and sharply cut are the perpendicular rocks which surround it on



one side that you might think that some  
 gigantic power had heisted a hollow for it.  
 Here one of the wheels of the coach had  
 to be repaired and we had leisure to stroll  
 about a while. I was amused at the  
 titles which people gave themselves and  
 others - the conductor was "Herr Conductor"  
 the smith "Herr Schmied-Meister" And  
 on the signs there was, "Bäcker-Meister" &  
 "Meister" being always added to the trade.  
 Here two of the party left to make a walking  
 tour to Lakes Aussen and Hallstätt. They in-  
 vited me to accompany them which I would  
 willingly have done being quite enraptured  
 with the country - but I kept to my principle.  
 The road out of Aussen was as steep as that  
 by which we entered. On getting to the top of  
 the hill we saw at a short distance the  
 gorgeous scenery of Lake Aussen. It is sur-  
 rounded by the same steep crags and must  
 be very wild. The whole view as we looked  
 back was splendid, with the little village  
 lying among the dark mountains. The  
 Germans exhausted their ingenuity in finding  
 epithets to express their admiration. I  
 used German French and English indiscriminately



Some time after this we passed at a short distance Lake Halstatt far below the level of the road in a dark gloomy hollow. It was one of the wildest scenes I ever saw. The mountains rose almost straight from the edge and threw a murky blackness over the water. and ~~the~~ it was so far beneath us that we seemed hovering over it. The road lost something of its wildness as we approached Ischl - it got dark before we arrived and we drew up at 9 p.m. I had intended making a stay of a night here but from the accounts of it I found it was a fashionable watering place. The sounds of music and dancing in a house near came unwelcome to my ear after the day's scenes and without more ado. I, after a light supper in a restaurant where about 50 people were eating, drinking, smoking, playing cards &c. I again entered the post waggon. I soon fell asleep and kept it up pretty well all night -

Aug 15. At 5 am was wakened up by a man outside demanding my passport and on bestirring myself I perceived by the still grey light that we were near



the far famed towers of Salzburg. I first went to the Hotel "Goldenes Schiff" which I found full. On enquiry I found that Mr & Mrs Richards were there and that later in the morning I might have a room. I breakfasted, washed &c and came down prepared for a "day of it". I soon saw my friends but had only time to say a few words as they were just going off to Munich. I got what information I could from them and then commenced to explore the town. It requires no great exertion to see all that is worth seeing in ~~the~~ it. The Hotel is in a square formed by the Bishop's palace &c & in the centre is a splendid fountain. The Cathedral is a vast and handsome church and the St Peter's church yard is a curious collection of quaint tombs & monuments. In another square is a bronze statue of Mozart. The town is dull & quiet but this was increased on the present occasion by it being a feast in honor of the Virgin. This was evidenced in the shops being shut and the Cathedral bell continuing to ring on its chimneys for a long while. These chimneys are very fine & play a distinct tune.



But if the town itself looked shut up. the streets in many parts were crowded with people pouring into the churches. The costume of the people are very curious especially the head dress which is a little covering of cloth of gold or silver shaped like a helmet and only on the back of the head. Others of the lower orders had kind of turbans of black crape or cloth. They were all pushing on to the churches. I went into one for a short time while the organ was playing. Knowing however that Salzburg owes its celebrity to its situation and castle. I ascended the latter. To describe the scene as viewed from the top is beyond the power of man. The buildings on the summit the remains of the palace of the Archbishops I did not investigate. I sat and feasted my eyes with the landscape. It is something of the same nature as Prag and Gratz but on a gigantic scale. The plain from which it rises is of vast extent varied by hills and castles, fields & forest & is closed in by gradually rising mountains till behind all the snow capped summits of the Alps confine the view. It is such





Costumes in Sertyboro.







a scene as one can think on or look at  
but not describe or speak of. It has some  
points of resemblance to the view from Stirling.

The river Salza clear and blue foams and  
boils in a passage seemingly torn, between  
the schloss berg and Pappein's bey on the other  
side. A strong bridge connects the two sides.

When I came down I went to the police for  
my passport as I required it for the rest  
of the day's performances. It was still early  
in the forenoon when I took my seat in a still  
wagon or open omnibus for Hallein. The driver  
at first refused my Austrian paper money but  
afterwards took it with a premium. It was con-  
venient at Gratz and being still in Austria I did  
not change any more money. The road to  
Hallein is along the banks of the Salza and  
is very beautiful and it shows in another view  
the noble Salzberg. Indeed in order to have  
a full perception of its beauty it must be  
seen at different times of the day & from dif-  
ferent points of view. Hallein is a dirty  
little town but nicely situated. It is the  
place where the brine from the salt pits  
is evaporated and whole forests of cut trees  
are floated down the river to it. It is



famed ~~for its~~ for its breweries and I had a glass  
 of beer after my drive. At the Gasthof I got  
 a lad to conduct me to the Salt Mine for  
 which Halluin is celebrated. It is in the  
 hill (1200 ft) called the Durenbey which of  
 itself is an interesting object independently of  
 the value and curiosity of its bowels. The  
 opening of the mine is near the top. In going  
 up I conversed with my guide who spoke  
 good German which I could understand &  
 not the horrible "patois" of the peasants. I  
 found I could get on very well having much  
 improved my lingo. I found our carrying  
 it would be more than I could manage in  
 one day if I visited the Salt Mine at Halluin  
 & then did all I intended afterwards. But  
 as there was a Salt Mine at Berchtesgaden  
 I determined to walk there see it and the  
 Koenigssee the same evening. So instead of  
 mounting to the top we diverged along a  
 mountain path and after going through a  
 number of fields and jumping dykes &c we  
 struck into the mountain road to Berchtes-  
 gaden. We went along for about a mile  
 without interruption when I saw something  
 like a toll bar painted yellow with black



stripes a sure sign of Austria. I took off  
 my hat to the gate keeper as I passed  
 out of his dominions into the neutral  
 ground. A few yards further on was an-  
 other bar painted white with blue stripes  
 and a gentleman devoted to the frontier-  
 keeping interest requested me to produce  
 my authority for entering Bavarian  
 ground. My passport satisfied his scruples  
 and I passed on my way. I now gave  
 my guide a *douceur* took his direction  
 and walked on my way. Being thus left  
 entirely alone for the first time, on a  
 lonely road, a rude cross road, to pick my  
 way as best I could, I began by looking  
 at the clouds which were gathering.  
 Hoping however that I would reach the  
 main road before rain and obtain some  
 kind of shelter, I pushed on vigorously  
 for some  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour till on a turn I  
 saw my road lying before me and no end  
 of it at all. It came on to rain with  
 a vengeance & began to soak me. So I  
 made up my mind in a minute to re-  
 turn & spend this wet day in the bowels  
 of the mountain. Before I got to the



white & blue bar I began to wish for shelter and I perceived a kind of public on the side of the road. It was a wooden house like all the rest. On entering the room I was amazed to find it filled with peasants. It was one of the most amusing sights I ever saw. I sat down on a bench at a little table and who should sit down beside me but the lad who had guided me. I ordered my "glass beer" and the daughter of mine host brought it me. She was a pretty blooming lass. There were two of them with fine dark hair and pleasing faces. They were dressed in their holiday dress owing to the "Virgin's" fest. The one that brought my beer stood at my side for a while. I thanked her, but still she staid & I perceived several of the men looking at me. Many were wild looking chaps. I began to wonder what she wanted and had no idea of rousing the jealousy of any of her admirers in that out of the way spot. Soon however a call for a glass took her away & I watched what would happen. The whole mystery was explained. Not one of the men would taste their beer till she put her



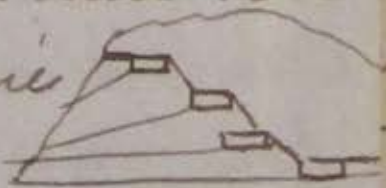
lips to the glass. "Kissing by deputy". So I was  
 actually out done in politeness and gallantry  
 by the Styrian peasants. They wore a very  
 striking dress. The women have gowns with  
 very short waists and only reach to within 6  
 inches of the ground. They also wear "tiles"  
 beaver hats with rather rather broad brims.  
 The men have velvetreen coats knee breeches  
 & white stockings. Some were very fine  
 looking men but many were very boorish.  
 They were all sitting drinking beer and  
 smoking and singing. It was a very pe-  
 culiar song. One man sang a short piece  
 not so much singing as chaunting then an-  
 other would take it up then the whole  
 men & women would sing a chorus  
 with the wild "La-ho-la" "Hyo-Hyo-loo"  
 It is likely they were "improvising" or making  
 extempore rhymes as often a verse called  
 forth a loud shout of laughter. In a  
 short time the rain went off & I went away  
 My guide was too fond of his "Schnaps"  
 (spirit) to come with me so I began to re-  
 trace my steps to the mine. But I  
 had to pass the yellow and black frontier  
 so here I had again to show my passport



within sight of the Bavarian where I had shown  
 it some half hour before. Not content with  
 this I had to take my little knapsack off my  
 back & exhibit its contents. I had also to pro-  
 duce Murray out of my pocket. Finding nothing  
 to object to I again entered his territory. I had  
 some difficulty in finding my way through  
 the fields to the place I had formerly been  
 but by asking one or two men I found in  
 them I got to the top of the hill and by  
 a steep road gained the mouth of the salt  
 pit. Here I found another young man a  
 German waiting to go in. We put on a  
 dress given us by one of the miners.  
 a loose canvass overall with trousers  
 a leather apron which however we  
 put on behind instead of in front.  
 A leather glove like a boxing glove was  
 put on the right hand & thick caps covered  
 our heads. Thus equipped & with a man  
 in front with a light pole entered the  
 mine. The entrance is near the top of  
 the mountain and at first is a tunnel  
 high enough to let a man walk and  
 scarcely broad enough to let two stand together.  
 it proceeds straight towards the centre



of the hill. A great number of passages led  
 off from this. The sides & roof were formed  
 of clay <sup>strata</sup> thickly interlaced and impregnated  
 with salt. Sometime it occurs in clear  
 masses of pure white or pink but often  
 it is intimately mixed with the rock or clay.  
 The whole mountain is of the same na-  
 ture. The mine is a series of hollow  
 chambers cut in the interior. To each  
 of these chambers a passage leads from  
 the top & by which water from the springs  
 is conducted by hollowed trees into the  
 cavities. When the water is led into these  
 it dissolves the salt contained in the sides  
 & roof & becomes brine. It is then drawn  
 off by means of wooden pipes and conducted  
 to Hallein where it is evaporated. The  
 chambers are ranged in a series  
 like steps one under another



After proceeding for sometime along the  
 tunnel we came to a descent. The mode  
 of descending is very amusing. Two smooth  
 round poles are sloped at an angle rather  
 steeper than  $45^\circ$ . These serve instead of  
 a stair. In descending the legs are placed  
 on these as if riding and you slide



down quite easily - There is a rope which you place under your armpit and grasp with your right hand guarded by the thick leather glove and thus you direct your movements - By leaning a little forwards you increase the speed of your descent & by throwing yourself back you are almost arrested so the speed is quite at your command. It was curious to see the guide with his light disappearing in the dark.

After a repetition of the tunnel and the slide several times with variations of a grotto & chamber formed of salt we came to a door on opening which we had a most extraordinary scene - we stood on the banks of a little lake which was lighted by a number of lamps all round the sides & which were multiplied in the black water. On a whistle from our guide a man came from the opposite side and ferried us over in a boat.

It may truly be said to recall the idea of the river Styx and Charon - After walking some distance from the lake we were requested to bestride a plank of wood on four wheels and the two men yoking themselves soon propelled us with the velocity of a



railway. Soon we saw a spot like a diamond  
 away in the distance this gradually enlarged  
 till we saw that it was the mouth of the  
 tunnel where we finally emerged at the  
 foot of the hill having made the descent  
 from top to bottom by means of the slides  
 in the interior. When I came out into day  
 I found the weather cleared and the sun shin-  
 ing so I again set off on the way to Berch-  
 tesgaden. I passed my old friends the Customs  
 and commenced to walk in right earnest. The  
 road has nothing remarkable in it. It is  
 a wild mountain road running a good part of  
 the way along a ravine and generally throug-  
 wood. But I had leisure now to examine  
 more closely what had struck me often  
 since I entered these highland districts. viz  
 the great numbers of crucifixes and Calvaries  
 along the roads. The peasants are most strict  
 in their religious observances and take off their  
 hats in passing them. One postillion we  
 had took off his hat at least every two  
 minutes in going out of a village. Well this  
 mountain road was duly studded with them.  
 It happened to be a road dangerous in wet  
 weather and during snow melting. And several



Monuments were put up telling the fate of  
 some peasants who were drowned near.  
 They were generally rude pictures of the oc-  
 currence and a description written below  
 finishing with "pray for us." The crucifixes  
 were better and many of them were as  
 large as life and well carved but in  
 others the attitudes were extraordinary & the  
 figures coarse - I met very few people.  
 Those I did I saluted & exchanged the "Gut Tag"  
 And others I asked how far it was to Berch-  
 tesgaden just to get my tongue into trim  
 and mark my progress on my way. After  
 a while I reached the high road leading from  
 Salzburg to Berchtesgaden and I continued  
 along it. It lies in a striking valley. In  
 somewhere about two hours after starting  
 I perceived several cottages on the roadside  
 and met a few people walking which be-  
 tokened my approach to my destination. I  
 now came to a place where the road divides  
 into two so I made up to 3 loutish looking  
 peasants and asked the way to Berchtesgaden.  
 They understood what I said but I could  
 not make much of them, they flavered  
 out their words so that I could not take



them up. However they were going the  
 same way and they kept with me till  
 they pointed out the Gasthof zum poste.  
 I observed a great number of people about,  
 but not heeding anything at present I went  
 to the inn - I was astonished to find it full  
 and not a bed to be got - Here was a mess  
 a bed I must have. but the town was  
 choked with people for the "Virgin's fest".  
 At last the innkeeper said he would get me  
 a bed in the village so I was content.  
 As it was still day light I went out to  
 make the most of the evening. I found  
 that I must defer the visit to the lake  
 till the next day. I was amazed at the  
 crowds of people following the lead I went  
 into evening service in one of the old churches.  
 It was a curious antique building and quite  
 covered with images and crucifixes. It was  
 filled to the door and a crowd of people on  
 the road outside were following the services.  
 The singing was really beautiful. The people  
 were queer looking characters. The women  
 with men's hats. they kept them on in  
 the church - The men with their knee  
 breeches & white stockings. Many of them had



long coats or surtouts but whenever they had the waist was always about 3 to 6 inches below the armpits! I staid a good while but when they came to the raising the host all the people fell on their knees; many of the more devout put their heads to the ground. So I was left standing among a crowd of people kneeling and not wishing to be so marked I came away and devoted the remainder of the evening to a stroll. The situation of the village is most delightful quite surrounded with lofty mountains with snow in the crevices at the top. It is a quaint old place and most original looking inhabitants.

It was evidently a religious festival reminding me much of a Scotch fast day.

In the evening I returned to the inn to get some supper. The lower rooms or rather ground floor halls were occupied by great numbers of peasants who seemed to have got over the fasting part of the day and were devoting the evening to drinking beer, smoking and singing. They were making a terrible jabbering. Up stairs I found a decent <sup>table</sup> ~~salon~~ spread for several people. I took my seat and ordered my



favorite forellen (trouts). I was astonished  
 to find they brought besides - a plate of  
 potatoes with the skin on - & salt butter  
 which I relished amazingly. While engaged  
 at my meal I entered into conversation with  
 an English gentleman sitting opposite. He  
 gave me a great deal of curious information.  
 He was an officer and intended staying some  
 days to see a very remarkable kind of  
 performance which was <sup>in</sup> carried on by the  
 peasants in the neighbourhood and takes place  
 only once in 10 years - It is a theatrical  
 representation of the history of Christ  
 performed by the peasants in the open air.  
 I don't think I would have gone even if I  
 could have staid: but it certainly is a  
 very remarkable idea - Just as I finished  
 my meal I observed two young men coming  
 in to the room with knapsacks & sticks - I  
 saw they were engaged in a walking ex-  
 cursion - In a little while one of them  
 came up to me and addressed me in  
 English - He was an English lad who  
 was in a seminary in Silesia and had  
 not been home for three years - So he  
 was quite enchanted at hearing English.



He was taking a vacation tour with a friend a German Student and as they intended to visit the Königssee next day I agreed to go with them in the morning - I was now led to my night quarters - I found I was billeted in a nice clean house kept by a woman and daughter who were very kind and offered a hundred attention in curious German which I didn't understand but always answered "Ich danke sehr"

Augt 16<sup>th</sup> Rose and I dressed & breakfasted at 7 and started at 8 with my two companions. An hour's walk through a lovely glen brought us to the far famed Königssee. Here we engaged a "Kleine Schiff" (small boat) which is rowed in a curious way the rower standing at the very back and working the oar with a peculiar twist. They use only an oar on one side. The boats are quite flat & have a long projecting prow. They are light and easily propelled with great rapidity. The Lake is about six miles in length and is one of the grandest natural objects that can be conceived. The water is dark green giving the idea of immense depth. but it is rendered almost black by the shadows of the huge





*Peasants at Berchtesgaden.*



*Königsee.*







King's mountain which rise from its very  
 brink - soon vegetation leaves their sides  
 and the almost bare rocks tower up into the  
 sky while the crevices sparkle with snow  
 and glaciers. You disembark at one spot  
 where a short walk leads to a very wild  
 waterfall which in any other place would  
 be reckoned well worth going miles to see  
 but in the neighbourhood of the lake gave  
 it all the more sublimity in my eyes.

At the top of the lake is a residence of the  
 King of Bavaria a shooting lodge which  
 in his absence is used as an inn and refresh-  
 ment house - We landed there and had a  
 cheap snack of bread cheese & wine from  
 the King's cellar - It was decidedly small.  
 We spent a couple of hours on the lake.  
 I never saw any thing so grand - We re-  
 turned to Berchtesgaden at 1 and as there was  
 no conveyance to Salzburg I accompanied  
 my two friends to Hallein - I just retraced  
 the road of yesterday and on coming to  
 my friend at the yellow & black barrier  
 had again to convince him that I was  
 engaged in no piracy against the revenue.  
 My two companions being quite new to



him had their knapsacks searched to the bottom. What was the coolest part of the proceeding was that the douanier was sitting a short way off the road in a shed to screen him from the sun - he was enjoying a pipe and we had to go to him - The fact is I suppose he gets so little <sup>to do in</sup> that by way that he makes a job of it when he gets an opportunity.

I suspect that these men are the same as Mr Willers pike keepers - disapproving men who revenge themselves on society by leaching peoples bags and pockets -

We got to Hallein at 3 and after a refreshment of the "bairisch bier" I bade them adieu and returned to Salzburg in the Stollwaggon.

My passport business was not over for I had to deliver it up at the gate though I was going away next morning. The remainder of the evening I completed my survey of the town. A very remarkable part is the "felsseu thor" or a gate cut through the solid rock on which a part of the castle stands. The houses in this part of the town have a very curious appearance for they are built



















up against the perpendicular face of the rock  
 and sometimes are damaged by splinters  
 from the rock falling down. Above the  
 tunnelled passage <sup>is a short</sup> of Sigismund Archbishop  
 who constructed it with a motto "Te saxa  
 loquuntur" - After this I crossed the river  
 and ascended the Capucinsberg, a hill on  
 which is a Capucin's Monastery. The monks  
 are queer looking men with their frocks  
 and cord girdles - The view of the castle  
 and town from this elevation is perhaps  
 the finest of any & defies description -

I now went for my passport to the police  
 but could not get it as it had not yet  
 been sent on from the barrier so I gave  
 my name and residence to get it sent -  
 While at my outlet & salad I again saw  
 the English Officer of last night who had  
 returned from Berchtesgaden. There was  
 a large party in the supper room - prin-  
 cipally English and Germans. I observed  
 a very curious man sit down near me. ~~but~~  
 He was a dried, shrivelled skinned man  
 with lank hair, a cold white neckcloth  
 hands like fins, and long creased wrist-  
 bands. Black clothes a shade faded.



He was masticating with great deliberation  
 and swallowed his beer with relish - When  
 he had finished his repast he clasped  
 his hands smiled blandly on the waiter  
 and pronounced the word "Cas". By this  
 proceeding he arrested the attention of the  
 waiter who evidently did not understand  
 the interpretation of the pantomime. The  
 word "Cas" was again repeated with no  
 better result and as both parties seemed a  
 little at a loss I asked "did you ask any  
 thing" - "Yes I wish a piece of cheese". The  
 slight mistake was soon rectified and he  
 got his cheese. He thanked me and rewarded  
 me with his personal history. He was  
 travelling for pleasure. He had sufficient money.  
 Knew a smattering of french words - about  
 8 German words otherwise was totally ig-  
 norant of anything but English - I asked  
 how he managed - He smiled feebly and said  
 Oh! I've a great deal of patience - I believe  
 if I had not been so patient I should have  
 been obliged to turn back two days after I  
 left home - But I'm getting on. He had  
 been all the way at Perth. He amused  
 me very much -



17<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup>. At 6 A.M. having got my passport went to the post office to take my seat to Munich - It was a dull morning and the rain pouring in torrents, so rather a fortunate day for a journey of no great interest. I found the post wagon or diligence full but was placed with three ladies in a Supplement. a covered barouche. The look out was most dismal and what of the country I could see was becoming flat compared to what I had just been roaming in. I believe the whole journey would have been intolerable had it not been for the company I had - The three ladies were a mother and two daughters the younger very pretty and all very pleasant and agreeable. We soon got on easy terms. The mother could speak a little French the younger daughter spoke it fluently so I was quite at home with them. We had to come out and be searched at the frontier of Bavaria which was a little change for us. We dined about 1 o'clock and on coming out found that our barouche was taken away and instead we had a kleine post wagon or machine composed of two





four chairs stuck together holding two in each compartment, the two communicating by a small window. The ladies seemed to have a momentary consultation as to the disposal of themselves for one was to come with me and two be together in the other compartment. With a great deal of good sense the mother and eldest daughter went into one while I assisted the younger to mount with me. So I was in capital company and spent a pleasant afternoon. The weather cleared up for a while so it was all the cheerier. At 4 o'clock we came to Wasserburg a town romantically situated in a deep hollow through which runs the river Inn. Here my gentle companions left me alone, apparently as sorry to part as I was to be left alone. The ladies lived in the neighbourhood of Wasserburg. It came on dull and wet again. I consoled myself with a cigar but now feeling lonely I slept most of the evening. I was wakened up about 10 pm. by the wheel running over rough stones and I saw by the lamps that we were in Munich.



I went at once to the Goldenes Kreuz but found Mr Richards had not been pleased with it & had gone to the Hotel Maubach - However I was too tired to knock about for a bed so I contented myself with a back room & soon tumbled into my box and presently was in the land of nod -

18<sup>th</sup> When I awoke this morning I had some difficulty in remembering where I was - The feather mattress which had served as my covering was lying on the floor - I got up to see the appearance of the town from my window I was glad to see the sun shining but was rather astonished, as I was up a stair, to see a man brushing coats a few feet from my window to all appearance suspended in the air - I found out the cause of this -

It was a curious old place - The bedrooms opened off a covered gallery which ran round a narrow yard, the entrance to the stables, these galleries projected from the walls of the building and the two sides communicated by a bridge on which the man was at work by way of getting all the light & air he could - My window thus commanded a view of the stables, of the clothes brushing, and of the



opposite galleries, but until I saw a servant peering over it did not occur to me that these localities commanded a full view of my own quarters. I promptly pulled off my night cap, down the blind and soon was at my coffee "en bas".

I then proceeded to the Hotel Maubick a handsome house - where I found Mr & Mrs Richards. We went first to hear the service in St Michaels the Jesuit Church - It is a lofty and most handsome edifice without any pillars most profusely ornamented - The music was most splendid - both the choruses and the instrumental - It contains a fine monument of Eugene Beauharnais by Thorwaldsen - We then went for a short time to the Frauen-Kirche the Cathedral - It is a huge old building entirely brick more massive than elegant - The windows are finely stained. The music was not nearly so fine - We then went for a stroll in the new part of the town - It is built in a different style from what I ever saw before - Some of the public buildings are most elegant the palace new part - Theatre - Post Office Library - University - Painting & Sculpture



galleries & all built in a quite peculiar  
 style with frescoes on the walls - The  
 Ludwig Strasse is a splendid broad street  
 with these buildings and many others  
 on each side and terminated by a gate which  
 was being prepared for a statue. These  
 buildings which line the street are most  
 in the same style, square and plain on the  
 outside but frequently adorned with frescoes  
 and the halls of the public buildings are  
 most gorgeously ornamented - The palace  
 garden which ~~enters~~ lies adjoining the street  
 has an entrance through a bazaar some-  
 thing like the Palais Royal of Paris but with-  
 out the show-bustle & faisty. The walls  
 in the intervals between the shops are  
 covered with figures in fresco representing  
 a series of battles &c. They are most beauti-  
 fully executed and I was astonished that no  
 damage had been done to them - In our  
 country they would have been chalked over  
 the first week - Notwithstanding the beauty  
 of this new part of the town I could not  
 help thinking the extravagance was a little  
 misplaced. There was no bustle in the  
 streets so it looked as it really was



built for effect. It looked much like Buchanan Street on Sunday during divine service.

We had an opportunity however of seeing it in different circumstances for about 12 o'clock we heard a band of music followed by a crowd. It was the regimental band which plays opposite the palace every day. We followed it to the Hall of the Marshalls - a kind of Colonnade with niches containing statues which forms one of the ends of the Ludwig Strasse. It is just an ornamental addition to an ordinary quaker house which would otherwise have formed a very poor object at the extremity of such a splendid street. The music was very fine and we sat on the stone steps under the shade as we were tired & hot. After they had done playing we followed them through the Hofgarten and saw them at drill before the barracks. We dined at one. I in the Keef the others in their own Hotel. We had a very passable dinner but I saw by the appearance of the guests that the other was the first house. The arrangement of the lower story was as remarkable as the bedroom floor. There was an entrance from the street the common entrance of the stables, kitchen



and dining room. The latter was next the street, then the kitchen and next door the stables so there was a constant smell of stable manure - This was more perceptible as they were getting their "dung set" and when I was leaving the room I had to wait till a great cart of dung passed the door and as they had to keep the door open for the air we had alternate wafts from the kitchen & stables. This is a common fault in many of the older inns but in the new ones it is avoided. I was surprised to find sitting beside me the dried looking man I had met at Salzburg he had arrived in the morning & had been at English service - After dinner I again met the Richards and we went to see the English Garden a large park laid out like Hyde & St James Parks - large trees - artificial water & waterfalls &c Whether it was ~~too~~ large for the inhabitants or whether we were there at a wrong time, there were comparatively few walking and we soon began to get into quite retired corners. It was highly amusing to see my two companions - Mr Richards had taken an enormous dinner and thought



he would be the better of a walk - Mr R.  
 would have a drive to see the whole place  
 and dine to a concert at some place called  
 the Brown Thal which we could not find  
 out. yet as we heard music at some dis-  
 tance we thought it could not be far off  
 though we could not pitch upon it. We  
 came to several small garden concerts  
 with their quota of beer drinkers but we  
 eschewed them - The two began to get cross  
 Mr R would sit to rest Mrs would walk on  
 and as Mr had got a touch of rheumatism  
 with putting on light dressing trousers his  
 wife only laughed when he begged her to sit  
 on a bench till he got a rest - As for me I  
 sometimes sat down sometimes walked on with  
 the lady - highly amused at them both. I lit  
 my cigar all the while. At last Mr R gave  
 in and called the first empty carriage  
 that passed and told the cocher to drive  
 to the Bruntal - We had not turned two  
 corners when we saw a great troupe of  
 beer drinkers with a band near. I suppose  
 our surprise when our driver (who was a  
 little being) dashed through the middle  
 & pulled up among a lot of people mildly



imbibing coffee or beer. We were horribly ashamed at the figure we cut (like a donkey among chickens) but we came out and sat down at a table. After calling out some 20 minutes we got our beer and then returned to the carriage where we were other  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour getting the driver from his "cups". In the evening Mr R. went to the Opera. I had to write home so I spent the evening in my bedroom.

19. This was to be a regular day of light-seeing so we started pretty early and went first to the Bibliothek or Library. The entrance is through a noble staircase with marble pillars and medallions on the walls. It is a most gigantic collection of books and M.S.S. <sup>500,000</sup> <sup>18,000</sup>. Besides the building itself the object of most interest were the illuminated manuscript books and the Autographs of some of the most renowned men of late & former times. The University stands at the end of Ludwig Strasse & forms one side of a square in which the street terminates. It is much in the same style as the other. Square & adorned with frescoes. We found that the classes were not going on but I had an opportunity of seeing a young



man undergoing an examination for a medical degree. The tribunal was somewhat more formidable in appearance than our "boards" 6 old gentlemen in capacious velvet cloaks and curious square topped velvet caps composed the examining board. A handsome young man most elegantly dressed with a gilt lilted rapier at his side was standing the tests. There were benches for the public audience. He had read his thesis and was "maintaining" it against an old boy who, from what I could gather, seemed to be putting leading questions on the subject of pneumonia.

We next went to the Pinakothek or picture gallery and were admitted by the celebrated giant footman. An unwieldy misshapen hulk of about 6 foot 6. He is evidently gradually being dissolved in beer. What can I say of the picture gallery at Munich? It is a most elegant building, the best fitted for the purpose in Europe the collection nearly unrivalled out of Italy & for particulars see hand-books.

I was more pleased with the Glyptothek or sculpture gallery than almost any museum I ever saw. It is a handsome building of stone of the Ionic order. It contains a very neat



selection of Greek and Italian Marbles and  
mosaics. These are arranged according to the  
eras and schools and styles in different com-  
partments - What pleased me was that there  
were just a few from 20 to 100 in each



Studenten der k. Universität  
und Rechtsschule.

Student der Medizin  
und Chirurgie.

with them  
des the interior  
of itself a light  
marble of various  
appropriate

chapel in the  
the private chapel  
a small building  
labyrinthine - Marbles  
than elegant.  
the hand of John  
the cross of Mary

the day we ran  
lace in search

of some undefined object of attraction which  
Mr Richards called the Nibelunge lied. We  
asked several people about it but few seemed  
to make out what we wanted and we had  
soon made up our minds that it was a hell



Man undergoing an examination for a medical degree. The tribunal was somewhat more formidable in appearance than our board of old gentlemen in capacious velvet cloaks and curious square topped velvet caps composing the examining board.

Most elegantly seated at his side were benches for read his thesis. An old boy who seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the subject of the

The next we fell into were footmen. An

foot 6. He is in beer. What is at Munich? Is the best fitted the collection for particulars see hand-books.

I was more pleased with the Glyptothek or sculpture gallery than almost any museum I ever saw. It is a handsome building of stone of the Ionic order. It contains a very near

werk, Tischler-, Zimmer- und Schmiedearbeit, Anfertigung von landwirthschaftlichen Maschinen und Ackergeräthen, besonders von Säe- und Getreideereinigungsmaschinen. Für ebenso nöthig hält man das Erlernen des Böttcher- und Wagnerhandwerks. Endlich sind mit der Schule verbunden eine Gießerei, eine Ziegelbrennerei, eine Töpferwaarenfabrik, eine Lohgerberei, eine Licht- und Seifenfabrik und eine Getreidemühle.

Man verlangt nicht, daß alle Zöglinge in jedem dieser Handwerke in gleichem Grade geschickt werden, aber man fordert, daß sie sichere und genügende Kenntnisse davon haben, um nach ihrem Abgange alle Ackerbauwerkzeuge selbst erbauen oder ausbessern im Allgemeinen Alles leisten zu können, was in ihrer Hauswirthschaft vorkommt. Der Director der Anstalt berücksichtigt bei Theilung der Arbeiten die besondere Anlage jedes einzelnen Schülers. Man kann den Erfolg dieser Organisation nach der guten Qualität der von dieser Schule gelieferten Erzeugnisse beurtheilen. Bei der letzten Ausstellung landwirthschaftlicher Producte von ganz Rußland, die in St. Petersburg stattfand, zogen die Lieferungen dieser Apanagenschule die besondere Aufmerksamkeit aller Kenner landwirthschaftlicher Gegenstände auf sich und die Leder aus der Lohgerberei wurden für so vorzüglich erkannt, daß man sie zur Versendung für die Weltausstellung in London auswählte.

7509

# Wochenkalender.

## Chronologische und geschichtliche Bemerkungen.

Sonntag, März 6. — 4. Lätare (Protest.); 4. (Kathol.). — \* Jos. v. Braunhofer, Optiker, zu Straubing 1787.  
 Montag, März 7. — † Leon Pierre Blanchard, Luftschiffer, 1809.  
 Dienstag, März 8. — Bar Peter der Große beobachtet auf der Greenwich Sternwarte am Mouerquadranten die Venus, 1698.  
 Mittwoch, März 9. — Neumond (☾) um 9 Uhr 9 Min. Abends. — Beginn der Jesuitenmission in Bonn, 1851.  
 Donnerstag, März 10. — Fünfzigjähriges Dec-

Auf- und Untergängen der größeren Fixsterne und Planeten.

Aufg. Jovis 2 Uhr 11 Min. früh.

Aufg. Gemmae (α Aro) 7 Uhr 37 Min. Abends.

Untg. Mirach (β Andromedae) 11 Uhr 38 Min. Abends.

Unterg. Saturnus 10 Uhr 11 Min. Abends.

Untg. Aldebarans (α Bootis) 11 Uhr 11 Min. Abends.



selection of Greek and Italian Marbles and mosaics. These are arranged according to the eras and schools and styles in different compartments - What pleased me was that there were just a few from 20 to 100 in each room and you are not glutted with them as is too often the case. Besides the interior fitting up of the building was of itself a sight almost all decorated with marble of various colors and each compartment appropriated to its contents -

The next sight was the rich chapel in the old part of the palace it is the private chapel of the King - In few words it is a small building made of precious stones - lapis lazuli - marbles jewels &c. - but more Tawdry than elegant. It contains some relics as the hand of John the Baptist? and the devotional cross of Mary Queen of Scots

To complete the sight of the day we ran about the buildings of the palace in search of some undefined object of attraction which Mr Richards called the Nibelunge Lied. We asked several people about it but few seemed to make out what we wanted and we had soon made up our minds that it was a sell



when in straggling about the labyrinth of passages in which we had involved ourselves we came upon an old gentleman in military costume who politely told us we must move off as this was the private part of the palace.

We made known our mistake & asked for the wished for Nibelungelied and <sup>he</sup> informed us ~~we~~ could see it close by. This gentleman was one of the King's body guards who are all gentlemen or at least officers and are constantly on duty at the palace. We found out the spot by a crowd standing at a door. In a short time it was opened and we with a number more were admitted. We found that we were going round the lower part (unfinished) of the new palace which consists of a series of apartments all the walls of which have been recently painted with frescoes the subjects of which are taken from an old ballad the Nibelungelied. The scenes were principally from battles &c and are most splendidly executed.

I went to the post office about my ticket from Salzburg - I had come to Munich without having my fare. They would not take it at Salzburg because I had Austrian money. And they told me to pay it at Munich. But on my



arrival I found my ticket receipted so they would not take my fare - I had no objection to take the present of a ticket but I had still less idea of being stopped at the frontier for not paying the post waggon. So I went to see the conductor who had come with me from Salzhof to get him to explain the intricacy. But I found that he had gone off again. So I gave them notice that if he did not turn up by next day I would go off without settling.

In the evening we went to a grand concert for the benefit of Schleswig Holstein. The orchestra were in a kind of covered gallery and the audience arranged at small tables & chairs with beer &c as close as they could be packed we got a place and called for beer but could not get it supplied. It had been a fine afternoon but as we sat it very suddenly overcast and before we could move it commenced to rain immense drops. A shout was heard. a sudden commotion of the crowd. Each man seized his glass of beer and chair & all rushed with one accord into an immense rotunda pavillion where in less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour the audience were quietly seated at their beer. I never saw anything so rapidly and cleverly



done. The place was brilliantly lighted with gas and the orchestra placed the chorus commenced as if the concert had originally begun in the building. In the centre of the rotonde was a circular space enclosed by railings within which the singers stood. The brother of the King (Count Sallesaglio?) was there and mixed with the people like a common man. During the performance he sat inside the railings at a small table with a couple of candles. He seemed to be on easy terms with the lady singers who were members of the Opera Corps. At intervals he got up and mixed with the audience. It was amusing to see the eagerness of some young men to hear the singers in the intervals. The music was certainly very fine and the audience received it most enthusiastically. There was sitting close to me a Baron ~~somewhat~~ a little man with squint eyes who is reported to be an amateur. He was frantic at some of the finer pieces. We succeeded in getting pretty good places near a window which was open, for the heat was awful. After waiting a good while we succeeded in getting some beer and stewed meat & bread. Fancy stewed



meat & beer in a concert room which was almost insufferable with heat & tobacco smoke. The baron smoked pipes and drank a prodigious quantity of beer. But Bairisch bier is delightful - We had our own share of it. At one most splendid chorus our friend the baron started up & cheered with all his might & in doing so threw down his beer on the clothes of the man opposite making a perfect mess of the place - He smiled an apology and ordered a fresh supply of beer.

I find in the notes I took at the time, the concert thus described. Awful heat - Splendid Choruses - good beer. The first having evidently made most impression on me at the time - When we left the concert it had come on to rain so we got a ducking on the road home. We passed a great number of beer saloons quite filled with men and women - in fact they seem to be literally steeped in beer. It is a delightful drink. Neither sweet nor bitter and not strong. but a very delicious flavor.

20. This morning I went to the Hospital Allgemeines Krankenhaus. I had to walk through the old part of the town to get to it. Like most



old walled towns it has narrow & close streets. The hospital is old. 600 beds. pretty well arranged. Went round with a physician & his clerk & a few students. They seem to be homoeopathically inclined. The only prescription was *Ferrum aceticum* mit *Mucilago*. I waited in the students room for half an hour for the Surgeon but they don't seem to be very punctual at the vacation time. So I left to go in quest of the Anatomische Saal. This is the school of Medicine which is a small affair. The Anatomische Museum which contains a few curiosities was shown me by a woman the porters wife. There were no students about & no lectures.

I retraced my steps and went to take out my ticket in the diligence to Inspruck. I now paid my former ticket and got a receipt for it which I have yet. I spent the rest of the forenoon (having parted from my friends who were off on their route) in walking about the new parts of the town. I visited the Basilica a perfect model of a church the most gorgeous interior I ever saw. There are 20 pillars of marble and you are almost afraid to walk on the



Floor it is of marble mosaic work. The roof is blue. And round the sides are most beautiful frescos.

After I had dined I went to see some of the apartments of the new palace. It is opened at 3 pm. There were at least 100 people sliding along the glossy oak floors. I could not describe the gorgeous rooms I saw. They are fitted up with great elegance. That which amused me most was a room with the portraits of most of the female beauties of the present day. collected by the old King. And among which Lola Monte was prominent. Poor old wretch he lives in a retired situation and his son reigns in his stead. Thinking the exhibition would be over in an hour I had allowed myself to be shut in. but finding that it would take much longer after I had seen one suite of rooms I with difficulty got out as the diligence was to start at 5.

At 5 pm I took my seat in the post wagon. It held 6 inside and I was in a most uncomfortable position to spend the night in. Every seat is numbered and given away in order as the tickets are taken. I was with my back to the horse.



and in the middle and what was worse a boy opposite who had a most annoying cough.

In spite of these I had an occasional nap during the night and on the morning of the

21 we saw in the distance the country becoming mountainous. There was one young man in the interior who spoke English well so the time wore on though it was tiresome. At length we came to the Frontier of Austria. the Black & yellow bar. The gentleman who spoke English had forgotten to get his passport signed by the Ambassador. It was signed by the police and all right in that respect but they are so strict now that they would not let him pass so he & his brother were obliged to come out and get out their trunks on the road and we went away leaving them 14 hours journey from Munich 2 miles from any Inn and not a conveyance to be got. So they had to sit on their trunks on the road till some conveyance would come past. It thought it very hard. But the law is precise and must be obeyed -

The first part of the road which we were travelling was decidedly tame being for many



miles through a deer forest. During the night we passed two small lakes which looked well enough but towards morning the whole surface of the ground was covered for about 8 feet with a dense white fog - and in many places it assumed the appearance of fire and smoke from the phosphorescent phosphoreum in the marshy grounds. As daylight dawned this fog gradually thinned and when the sun fairly rose it cleared all away and left the air clear & brilliant and soon the intense cold of the night was succeeded by a genial mildness. Nothing very striking occurs on the way till we arrive at Mittenwald and soon after enter the Austrian territory - Here we rejoin the Isar and commence the ascent of the alps of this district. Now the road grows finer and grander and at Seefeld attains its greatest elevation. The passengers get more excited with the prospect - We change our conveyance at Seefeld and get into an open barouche our number being reduced to 4 - In the distance we see peaks on peaks of mountains - We now commence to descend by an uninterupted declivity and wind down the sides of the mountains. We whistle past a picturesque



hunting castle of the Emperor and the sudden  
 shout of the driver, the instantaneous rising  
 of each of the passengers, the breathless  
 ah! and the immediate silence and straining  
 of the eyes to the view proclaim that the  
 glorious valley of the Inn has burst upon  
 view. I shall never forget the impression  
 made on my mind at that moment. It  
 is a huge fertile valley perfectly flat and  
 closed in on both sides with high and precipitous  
 mountains. - This is common to all valleys  
 but the vastness of its size with the huge  
 river rolling in its centre, the numerous  
 villages with their sparkling spires and  
 the verdure of the fields ~~made~~ coming sud-  
 denly upon you have a most grand effect.  
 The particulars are nearly as striking. The  
 road now winds round the base of the Martins-  
 wand a huge perpendicular mass of rock  
 about 1800 ft high. Its base is one side of the  
 road and it ascends right up so that to see the top  
 you have to bend back your head & look right  
 up into the sky. It is celebrated for being the seat  
 of an extraordinary adventure of Emperor Max-  
 imilian who while hunting on the mountain  
 above the precipice missed his footing and



rolled over the edge where he remained holding on with his feet & hands, with his head down like a fly on a wall, till an intrepid climber by means of an infinitesimal footholds climbed along to his assistance and got him up!

From this point to Innsbruck the road gradually descends and for some miles runs in the level valley. We crossed the bridge and entered the town at 2 pm. Lately the sun had been very hot and when we got into the valley the rays were nearly intolerable. One of the gentlemen who had a large cloak, wrapped <sup>it</sup> round him & threw it over his head and I rolled a wollen travelling cravat round my neck and head & found it kept off the scorching feeling of the direct heat. I found this gentleman a very agreeable person. He could speak French but was himself a German. He gave me a great deal of useful information and had travelled this way before. He was most enraptured with the scenery and exhausted whole dictionaries of words in terms of admiration. He was also most luminous on the charms of Meran and Bozen two towns farther south in the Italian Tyrol he said "c'est le paradis de Tyrol". He was going south by that road & was very




anxious for me to be his Companion. I saw  
 by his admiration & remarks on the scenery  
 we had just passed through that I could  
 rely on being pleased with the route he pro-  
 posed and for the first time since I left  
 I now resolved to increase my route by two  
 days going by one way the pass of the Brenner  
 & returning by Meran through the pass of Funtana  
 Muntz - So before leaving the Post Office I  
 went with him to take tickets to Botzen by  
 the evening coach - But I found that last  
 winter the storms had broken down a bridge  
 on the post road so that there was no diligence  
 returned by Meran - Besides I remembered  
 that the pass must be crossed during the  
 night - and I thought it better now to give  
 up the idea, adhere to my route, and get  
 a good night's rest at Innsbruck to make up  
 for the night before and prepare me for  
 some knocking about the next few days.

I went to the Goldenes Lonne. Rather anxious  
 to find myself among several English friends  
 and an English waiter attending. Dined at the  
 far end of a table d'hôte and then went out to  
 make the most of the evening.

The only sight I intended to examine was



the church (Hof Kirche) so I went to it first. There is nothing striking in the architecture. The great attraction is the tomb of Maximilian and the grave of Hofer. In the centre of the church there is a lofty Sarcophagus on which a statue of the Emperor kneels. This is surrounded by a railing and for a small gratuity you are allowed to enter and the covers are taken off the side of the Sarcophagus. On them are the most beautiful marble sculptures I ever saw. They are bas reliefs in Carrara marble and represent the principal events in Maximilian's life. They are executed by a celebrated artist Collins of Mechlin and the very expressions of the faces and the perspective of the landscape are correct to the minutest point. On each side of the tomb stand a row of bronze figures 28 in number representing the most distinguished members of the House of Austria. Their dresses are most elaborate. They have a very curious appearance and many of their suits of armour are very odd. One of them is just like an inverted bell stuck on top 

The tomb of Hofer is plain but commands respect. It is also of white marble. He is represented in his native costume with



a banner in his hand. The only other thing to be seen is the silver chapel. so called from a silver crucifix of the Virgin. It is the tomb of the Archduke Ferdinand & his wife. It also contains some very fine carving in marble.

This was the only sight I went to see. For I could not be troubled going to Museums & in sight of such scenery as surrounded me.

The town is situated on one of the <sup>most</sup> beautiful spots you could conceive. I don't know whether to say it or Saltzberg pleased me most. It lies in the valley of the Inn which is pretty road but the mountains on both sides are so high & so steep that they literally seem to overhang it. When you walk in the streets you see the mountains with great sheets of snow in the hollows, right above the houses and when you look out of a window the mountain seems to rise right from the house opposite. I don't know a finer prospect than that glorious view from the old bridge of Inn. The river boiling & foaming past as if it would sweep, bridge and houses along and the hills on each side with the spires of the town in the hollow. I ascended the hill on the other side of the river and passed a



quaint old church with a rural church yard  
 and gained a considerable elevation from  
 which I had a most splendid view of the  
 whole valley, river, bridge and town.  
 The sun caused the polished minarets  
 and vanes to sparkle the whole scene was  
 one of the most delightful I ever saw.  
 The castle of Saltyburg gives a grandeur to the  
 valley of the Salza but there is something  
 exquisitely touching in that gorgeous vale.  
 I sat for nearly an hour feasting my eyes.

The town itself is old fashioned. There  
 is one handsome new street the Neustadt a  
 fine large broad street. There are some very  
 interesting old building - palace &c. At the end  
 of one street is a window (oriel) projecting  
 from a building the former residence of the  
 counts of the Tyrol - which is covered with  
 a roof tiled with plates of copper gilded  
 hence called the golden roof. The only thing  
 remarkable about it is the folly of the builder.  
 I strolled about a long time and then sat down  
 in a beer garden where I saw a number  
 of persons, and had my beer within sight  
 of these gorgeous mountains. Innsbruck seems  
 a pretty large town and there are many



handsome shops however its chief attraction however lies in its lovely situation. In walking about I was amused to meet an English family of a Father, mother, two daughters and two sons, I had formerly seen them for a few minutes in the Library at Munich. They were travelling on the strength of one of the boys having learnt German - but poor lad he was rather bashful and got many a blow up from the governor for not speaking boldly. Fancy a whole family depending on the exertions of the one boy - They seemed to be enjoying themselves amazingly and knew what they were about - I took my small repast early and retired to rest -

22. At 5 A.M. I set off in the post coach for Landeck - There was only another passenger and he was in the guards compartment so I was alone most of the day. A military man came in for two stages but I could not converse much with him and he was deeply immersed in some papers which he carried. I cannot take time to describe the whole journey. The road ascends the valley of the Inn which for the greater part of the way has the same features as near



Instrukke. It is very fertile and the fields were  
 waving with Indian corn a tall plant with  
 a stalk like a bean large leaves and from 6  
 to 12 heads of a greyish color. This seemed to be  
 the chief crop of the district. It was varied  
 with other ~~other~~ produce some of which I did  
 not recognise. The cottages which are strudged  
 along the plain are very picturesque. They  
 are wooden like the Swiss cottages and have  
 long projecting eaves with benches along the  
 walls where the children play sheltered from  
 the heat of the sun. Vines and other creeping  
 plants were trained up the walls like ivy  
 and a splendid blow of flowers was always seen  
 in the garden. Great numbers of large pumpkins  
 were always growing almost wild along the  
 inclosures of the garden. The villages often  
 are built half stone and half wood and are  
 irregular and straggling. When seen at a little  
 distance they are very striking for the walls are  
 all whitened and the village spire always has  
 a conical or dome like top covered with tin  
 or zinc which sparkles in the sun like  
 burnished silver. Besides agriculture  
 many of the peasants seem to be wood cutters  
 and great piles of cut wood are generally heaped



up near each village ready to be floated down  
 at convenient times. The valley sometimes  
 gets narrower the mountains approach each  
 other the river more rapid and the whole  
 scene wilder and then it again opens out  
 into the wide plain. The Cisterian Convent  
 of Stambor is finely situated at the foot  
 of the mountains on the right bank. At  
 a distance it is a very imposing sight being  
 a large stone building with several domes  
 and minarets all sparkling, some copper  
 and some zinc. The road passes near it and  
 it seems to give employment to a whole village  
 which has gradually accumulated near the  
 walls - As we ascend, the mountains become  
 more precipitous and many isolated and  
 inaccessible crags rise abruptly from the  
 brink of the river. On some of these old  
 castles stand among which may be mentioned  
 the old feudal castle of Petersburg now deserted  
 It could only have been reached by ladders  
 or ropes. Telfs and Lilz are the only large  
 villages in this part of the plain but there  
 are a great number of small clachans  
 and farms indeed the whole valley is  
 sprinkled with single houses.



Near Inns, a town of 3000 inhabitants, the mountains are very rugged and streaked with snow. The beautiful valley of Petythal opens into the Inn at this point and gives you a peep into the recesses of the mountain chain. The whole district is celebrated for the struggle which took place in the Tyrolean war. Each rock and pass has some feat of daring and bravery connected with it. It is admirably fitted for a war of ambuscades and isolated conflicts and is completely interwoven with the name of Hofer. This was the more recalled to my mind by the immense number of soldiers I had seen during the morning. Not a village had we passed but there were a company or two of soldiers. I had seen two entire regiments one of foot & the other of horse. The latter were drawn up before a roadside beer house and were getting a ration of beer, a very grateful thing after cavalry exercised on a broiling day. They were lancers and seemed to be well mounted. But what amused me most was that the roads were covered with straggling parties of conscripts on march to depots and sometimes the way was quite choked up with waggons of baggage and



their escorts. Whole lots of vehicles of every description were filled with officers and their troops and perfect villages of wives and children were following. I am sure I saw several thousand troops and conscripts during the morning and this was the more remarkable as it was in such a quiet & romantic spot.

The Emperor had got a lesson that his throne needed all the support he could get and was at this time levying additional bands of his faithful Tyrolese. They are fine hardy fellows and make capital soldiers and are above all noted for their attachment to the Emperor.

It seemed to be a wholesale conscription of that part of the country. Towards Landeck the scenery is even more striking and grand. The Castle of Kronberg is a conspicuous object near the river. I arrived at Landeck at 1 pm. and went to the Gasthaus zum Post.

It is a very fair Inn for a small village and the conductor the other passenger and I sat down to a pretty fair meal. but very amusing as the waiter was evidently cook also. She was a stout female and regarded our attack on the victuals with great satisfaction. I saw that the apartment we were in was



one of a set of 4 all opening into one another by wide doors that occupied the whole of one side of the house - The first next the outer door was a common beer room and was occupied by peasants - The next was that in which we sat - the third a billiard room and the last the Salon for the "haut ton" being at present occupied by a few lounging officers at cigars and beer. There were just a continuation of the same room and you could see from the one to the other and hear the talking in all the rooms at the same time.

I left my carpet bag in charge of the people at the inn put a change of raiment into my knapsack - threw it over my back - filled my pocket pistol with Cognac, took Murray in my pocket and at 2 o'clock started to find my way to a village near Fuster nuntz where I might sleep and see the pass in the morning.

The road was pointed out to me and I set out quite briskly. it follows the course of the Inn but the valley is quite changed in character being narrow and rocky and of a wild appearance I did not meet a being for a long time and began to think I had at last got into the wilds. The sun was scorching but I knew I could



100  
not rest in the shade as the day would be far  
gone before I got to my destination. What  
made the turn hotter was the white cliff  
which towered right above the road and there  
was no getting quit of the reflection from it  
for about a mile it was a continued ascent  
along the face of a precipice which as we got  
up overlooking a ravine many hundred feet deep  
the scene was very grand but with all my  
delight I began to suspect the propriety of my  
attempting to reach Firdikun on foot in an  
outlandish district. I thought to myself "sup-  
pose I came to two roads how could I know  
which to take" and began to make myself  
any thing but agreeable to myself. I had gone  
on pecking away about an hour and had  
nearly gained the head of the ravine when  
to my great relief I heard the sound of wheels  
behind me; this was proof positive that I was  
on my way somewhere that boasted of a wheeled  
vehicle. Soon I saw the machine. It was a  
rude waggon on four wheels and drawn by two  
horses of splendid strength and driven by a  
government postillion. As he passed I saluted  
him with the usual "Tug Tag" and taking off  
the hat, which he returned and pulled up











his horses. He asked me if I were going to Pöcca.  
 I said I was and he invited me to ride with  
 him. I lost no time in jumping up behind  
 him and away the horses scampered up the  
 mountain side as if they were pulling a  
 feather. The Austrian postillions are very nicely  
 dressed. they wear a black peaked hat with  
 a ribbon of the usual color. Black and yellow.  
 The jacket is blue bound with black & yellow.  
 They have yellow trousers and great black jack  
 boots. ~~At~~ their back hangs a horn suspended  
 by a belt of black & yellow. To their arm is bound  
 a medal with the Royal Imperial Arms (Kais. Kronk.)  
 and this is attached by a black & yellow ribbon.  
 This was a very nice lad and gave me a  
 great deal of information. I gave him a  
 bottle of my cognac and a cigar and we were  
 soon as thick as thieves. At the upper  
 part of the ravine the valley opens out a little  
 and the banks of the river are flat and marshy  
 here the Inn is crossed by a bridge near the village  
 of Prutz. Just before entering it, my kind com-  
 panion called a halt to let me taste a mineral  
 spring (Sauer wasser) and to point out to me  
 the beauties of the spot. We here saw the  
 Karmen that a huge force leaving off from



the valley of the Inn and whose extremity is found  
 { the Gebatch glacier - We took a drink of  
 local wine at Pratz and here ~~had~~ left  
 the beer country and henceforth the drink  
 was all wine. It is red, sour and weak  
 but with a little water a most agreeable drink  
 in the warm weather. From this to Reid  
 the road is very grand the mountains on  
 each side being all capped with snow. At  
 Reid I gave the postillion a sum of money  
 or Trinkgeld and started at half past four  
 for Pfunds. The walk was now delightful  
 for the suns heat had abated and about  
 half past seven I found myself in Pfunds.  
 My first motion was to get a bed and my  
 supper - I went to the inn a plain wooden  
 house with a sign hanging over the door and  
 walked in - I looked for some bell or other  
 outside to call the domestic but could see nothing.  
 I then gave a shout or two but no one came.  
 I opened a door and found an empty beer  
 room, nothing to be got there. I now saw I  
 must be more bold and as I saw flashes  
 of reflection from a fire at the further end  
 of a dark lobby I proceeded to investigate the  
 "ultima thulæ" I found it opened into a large



room with an earthen floor. In the centre  
 was a kind of Altar built of stones about  
 4 foot square on which a large wooden fire  
 was blazing. The chimney was an inverted  
 funnel which stood over the centre. There was  
 no grate but the sticks were piled up in the  
 middle. At this original hearth a woman  
 was busily engaged in cooking Kalbsbraten  
 and so intent on her operations that she  
 paid no attention to my presence at first.  
 After a minute or two during which I con-  
 tinued looking at the culinary operations  
 she came up to me and I stated my wants.  
 Of course I was out of the latitude of French  
 and nothing but German will go down here.  
 But by this time I had got pretty well up  
 in the common places and went on swimmingly.  
 I found I could be supplied with a supper  
 of veal in any or every shape. Indeed in  
 this part of the country you can get veal to  
 eat where nothing else is to be had - I don't under-  
 stand it. But latterly I came to ask Kalbs-  
cottlet as natural as a chop or steak and you  
 are always sure to have it good. So I made  
 my evening meal of the edibles I had seen  
 looked with some salad, brown bread & wine.



After this I went out to see about me. The village is built on both banks of the Inn and there is a fine old wooden bridge across. As I stood on this I had a magnificent view. It was 9 o'clock and not a person seemed moving - A few lights were seen in the windows - The river is very rapid as it whistles past the bridge. At this moment the moon appeared over the hill on one side and its pale light caused the snow and glaciers on the other to shine like silver - When I retired to rest I found I had got into a four bedded room which opened into a lobby with other 3 doors. It was a very rude place with no pretence to furniture except a chair basin stand and a handsome crucifix. However I shut the door to keep the whole to myself and was not disturbed at all.

23<sup>d</sup>. I rose at 5 and having shouldered my knapsack set out for Füssenmuntz. The first part of the way was just the same as what I had gone through yesterday but when I came up to the pass I was perfectly bewildered. This famed pass is a gorge between the mountains through which the Inn bursts from Switzerland into the Tyrol.



It is near 3000 ft above the sea. At the narrowest point where it is just a cleft between two huge rocks there is an old wooden bridge over the gully fully a great distance above the ~~bottom~~ which focuses below. At this part there are some old buildings one of them standing at the end of the bridge and forming an arch over the road. It is actually an Inn and gets some custom from travellers who wish to say they have slept in the pass. At this point a stone from the top would fall quite clear of the road as the top of the precipice overhangs the river and the road underneath. The road then is cut up the face of the mountain and in several parts is arched over with logs to prevent danger from the avalanches of stones which come from the top in bad weather. When you get up the road a piece from the bottom and look back into the dark spot it has a fearfully wild appearance. The road soon turns to the left and then leaves the Inn and enters the Glen leading to Maunters. At the angle of junction of these two there is a rock which juts out from which the finest view of the whole district may be got. On your



right away down in the dark hollow is the antipathetic clachan or rather robbers hold through which I had passed. Before you is the river coming down its valley from the Engadine and at the left is the romantic glen of Waldsteibach leading to Naunters.

The grandeur of that defile is truly sublime — I now turned up the minor glen and found it possessed the same features in a minor degree and varied with very fine groups of trees and cascades. In fact it is just such another as the Birs of Abergeldy. But as I got up to the top of the glen the wildness came back till I was walking in a road enclosed between two walls of rock and at one side the torrent foaming down in a continuous cascade — I was walking carelessly along admiring the stream when a sharp angle on the road brought me all at once close on an Austrian Soldier with gun & bayonet fixed up and down on guard. Judge of my astonishment at seeing a fully armed military sentinel keeping guard in that romantic spot. But a few steps soon explained the whole — In this spot where two car-



could hardly pass between the river and the rock the Austrian government have erected a fortification consisting of a kind of keep built into the precipice on the other side of the river; this is pierced with cannon holes which look both up & down the pass and the whole wall which is very massive is drilled with musket holes. Beside this just above this there is a strong wall mounted with cannon drawn across the little gully so that it is considered impregnable. I was leaning against one of the chains of the draw bridge when another sentinel came and told me to move on. From this point to Nanters the road is nearly level - a low chain of hills divide it from the Engadine. I arrived at it and after a little work got some coffee and bread at a common looking fasthouse. Nanters is a good specimen of these small villages in the Tyrol. It consists of the main road on each side of which the principal houses are - the smiths, baker, inn &c. a few short and straggling streets or lanes lead to the kind of square which consists of the old church and some queer old houses all of wood disposed so as to leave a wide





open space, in the centre of which is the well, a hollowed tree from which clear spring water constantly flows. - I saw several people engaged in making hats. indeed this in point of numbers is a respectable village 1400. A little beyond Nautes is the Castle Nautesberg which is an old fashioned castle on a slight elevation. I sat down in sight of it till the stillwagon came up in which I purpose returning to Landeck at 9 am.

The stillwagon is a kind of omnibus with a kind of hooded seat at the front and in front of that a little box for the driver. I got into this front seat and we were soon on the road returning. The rate of travelling in this kind of machine is much slower than by the post. but it is a kind of free and easy thing. They stop generally half an hour at each stage and the horses get a feed while the travellers get their wine. We set off at 9. There was a very imaginative and talkative peasant a smart fellow in the interior who when not smoking was constantly talking he worked up to the top of the omnibus and commenced a conversation, through a large kind of open window in the front, with the driver



who was just a common place coachman  
 not the nobby postillon of the government.  
 After trying of him he commenced write me  
 and finding me somewhat broken tongued  
 guessed me a Prussian then a Saxon little  
 thinking they spoke better German than himself.  
 But he was amazed when I told him where  
 I came from and that my country was just  
 like the Tyrol. Then he pumped my age  
 and what I was about in fact he amused  
 me very much and as I had no reason for  
 concealing anything he was in great good  
 humour at his own cleverness. but he was  
 a boor in the end: so I took to asking him  
 questions and in a little he left me occasion  
 coming out a little after a glass of wine.  
 We passed rapidly through the pass of  
 Finstermuntz rattling down the ravine  
 and across the bridge. But we went so  
 slowly on the level parts that it was time  
 for dinner or day meal when we came  
 to Pfunds - The rest of the way was just  
 what I had traversed the day before. We  
 got to Landeck early in the day and I went  
 about to see the town. It is a village of 2000  
 inhabitants and beautifully situated at



the junction of the 3 great roads to Innsbruck, Milan and Bregenz. There is nothing remarkable about the village itself. It is more bustling than many of the others and boasts of two inns from it being a resting place and having the three roads meeting in it. There is an old castle of considerable size on a steep height whose towers rise above the town and thus command the roads just mentioned. It is furnished and kept in order at present. I ascended the height by the winding path and sat down a short way from the castle to have a view of the valleys and opposite hills. The view from the hill is very fine. While attempting to take a sketch one of the soldiers came up to look at me. I entered into conversation with him and told him I was surprised at the number of soldiers in the district. He said the conscription was going on in the Tyrol. And told me there were six regiments between Landeck and Bregenz. Their military occupation. All the foot regiments I have seen are dressed the same way - A glazed hat like the French  - A light blue tunic. Trousers of the same fitting quite tight to the calf and being continued into the half boots. like stockings. 



They have a white belt round one shoulder which suspends at the opposite side of the waist a short stout sword - The peculiar cut of the trousers gives them a very odd appearance but I daresay it will be much more comfortable when they have much marching on dusty roads. The officers dress I liked very much - the same as I had seen at Vienna -

At my evening meal which I took early I was requested to go into the fourth Com-  
partment of the same room as I had dined in the day before. (p 157) I found the table laid and ordering my supper; sat at the window till it came - The house just adjoins the river which is here crossed by a bridge and there is a nice view of the Castle and Mountains from this spot. It was just about sunset and there was enough light to let me see the cause of a terrible tinkle-tinkling on the bridge. It was the herd of goats coming home for the evening - The goatherd walked first and after him came a great big goat. This was followed by an immense number of others of all sorts and sizes - There was no one driving them they seemed to follow the leader without the least compulsion.



Being in the neighbourhood of the mountain streams I got some ~~some~~ delightful trout. They are prepared by simply boiling them fresh from the river. The addition of potatoes with skins & salt butter was a pleasant change from the meal & bread. While I was eating the <sup>8</sup> officers came in to their mess. There being no barrack accommodation for such a number, some live in the inn. They were a much rougher and uncivilised set than many others I have seen, and nearly quarrelled with each other several times. One or two sat and eat as sullen as you like. They supped on potatoes & butter & wine! They did not appear to notice me. though one sat down on each side of me. The people of the inn seemed annoyed and afraid of them. I sat till I had my cigar and left them at their wine. They were most young men and seemed to belong to different regiments.

24. At 5 A.M. I got into the Cabriolet Plat of the Stells wagon. Beside me was an officer whose wife & children two nice little girls were in the interior. He was a very pleasant man and was a strong contrast to those I had seen last night. Who chonts step in and sit down



between us but the loquacious man of the morning before? The officer could speak French and I told him what kind of a chap he was but this was unnecessary for he commenced to make himself at home very shortly - In fact from being amusing he became a perfect nuisance and we both refused to speak with him so he betook himself to the driver and leaned forward to converse with him at great personal inconvenience. He was a knowing chap and had nothing but a bundle with him from which in a while he took a great store of brown bread & high cheese and offered us a share. We however declined his bounty. We were glad to get quit of him in the afternoon.

The road from Landeck to Feldkirch is over the Arlberg and at its highest point is 6200 ft above the sea. The first <sup>part</sup> runs up one side of the valley Stanzenthal. This is more picturesque and interesting than wild, being similar to those in Styria - the sides of the valley being covered with pines and several old châteaux rising up from the hollow. Some parts however where the valley becomes narrowed are grand and wild.



There is one point which is very striking. We had got up a good way on one side and the glen with the Rosana flowing through it was away down below us many hundred feet. A subsidiary valley joins at this part so as to leave a kind of open space between the mountains. From the centre of this hollow a huge mass of rock shoots up, the summit of which bears the castle of Wisberg. So perpendicular are the sides of the mountains and so narrow the gully that this castle is approached only by a covered bridge stretching from the side of the mountain to the crag. After this we lose sight of the romantic country, Oberenthal. After this the ascent is very steep and rough and at the top there is a kind of level plateau along which the road runs over the top of the mountain. Here there are no trees. It reminded me of the moors of Scotland. Long flat barren looking. There was no heather but small shrubs and beautiful grass. There were plenty of cattle feeding. On each side of the road in little hollows were great fields of snow in August. Indeed it never entirely leaves the pass. The cattle were standing on it and



looking it with great relish - This was a  
 fête day and at two small villages which  
 we passed great numbers of the peasants in  
 their holiday clothes were waiting outside  
 the churches for service - Many of the cottages  
 had small altars decorated with flowers at their  
 doors - We had got our Melange (coffee and milk)  
~~at~~ Flisak a village about 5 miles from Landeck  
 And as the horses had to rest (Stilloggen time)  
 I had an opportunity of seeing an altar rigged  
 out at the inn door. A common deal table  
 was brought out and covered with a white cloth  
 then a cigar box concealed by a towel was put  
 on the centre - Two brass candlesticks with burning  
 candles at each side - On the cigar box a  
 nicely(?) dressed doll (the virgin) with a smaller  
 doll in her arms - Several glasses and jugs of  
 flowers and sundry ornaments were added -  
 A canopy like the cover of a street stall at  
 a fair completed the chapel - We saw dozens  
 of these as we drove through the village.

The road up the Arlberg was so steep that  
 almost all the passengers came out and walked  
 One was a German student who could speak  
 a very little English and was very anxious  
 to learn it - After we got up to the top



of the Mountain we went down the opposite  
 side in splendid style. I was often afraid the  
 horses would trip and send the conveyance  
 spinning into the hollow. We got to Stuben  
 at the bottom about 12 o'clock. It is a  
 poor looking collection of stables and other  
 houses a few beer-houses and the inn. It is  
 only these as a station. It is situated in the  
 same barren kind of land as occurs at the  
 top not a tree to break the cold bleak aspect  
 of the place. The side of the village next  
 the road leading over the Mountain is de-  
 fended by a high and strong rampart. This  
 is to protect it from avalanches and snow  
 drifts which are whirled from the pass &  
 which on one occasion completely buried  
 it. The Post coach coming the opposite way  
 had just arrived & there was a respectable turn  
 out at the table d'hôte of the old inn or tavern.  
 The room was a curious place on the second floor  
 not unlike the cabin of a ship with its small  
 windows. The dinner was good enough for hungry  
 men but was anything but elegant. In fact since  
 I came into this district the fare has been homely  
 and very unlike the set out which one meets  
 at the post stations on many of the great roads



We had soup and then boiled beef. Then salted hork - (inedible) then disguised veal and after a kind of concoction of eggs like a bad omelette. For my own part I should much have preferred my usual Kalbs wittetles & wine. But this was the dinner prepared and we eat it with great avidity even tho' it was two noon. I had however got accustomed to dine between 11 & 1 and a drive of 6 hours with nothing but a glass of coffee and an occasional half bottle of sour wine is not a bad whether. (The melange or coffee & milk, is mixed before being served and is frequently presented in a small tumbler).

In about an hour we started again. By this time the day had overcast and it came on to rain a thin drizzle which quite obscured the view, and the officer and I being only covered by a hood got ourselves a thought moist. However we pulled up the apron lighted our cigars put a bold face on the matter and looked out to the mist. It was no go however so we soon drew in our horns or heads & wrapping ourselves in cloaks retreated as far as we could into the corners to avoid the rain. During the afternoon we passed through Dalaas and Bludenz the latter a considerable village.



The road now turns down the valley of the El or Wallejan and soon becomes beautiful again. The valley is very picturesque near Bludenz and not far from this another opens into it called the Gross Walsen Thal. Hereabout we begin to have evidences of manufactures for at the mouth of this stands a large mill.

We were rather damp by this time and it needed a considerable amount of the ~~Wassers~~ Kirschwasser for which the valley is celebrated to keep me in order. It is not very nice stuff but I took it on principle. The valley becomes flatter and tamer as we descend.


It was twilight before we arrived and at 8pm we drew up before the Post. The house was another specimen of these queer, old, straggling, insane looking inns which are to be found in most of these half towns half villages - The street in which it stands is occupied principally by stores, magazines and carriers quarters (for Feldkirch is a great seat of manufactures) The pavements are only causeways and are covered over by the second flat of the house which projects into the street and is supported by large pillars, so that the pavement is like a tunnel.



A large wide court leads into a yard which was nearly filled with carriers waggons in all stages of packing and unpacking. Boxes and bales were lying about. The whole lower story of the building is occupied as stables and stores for barrels bales &c. From the wide court a stair leads up to a covered corridor running round the stable court and leads to the kitchen - Spice hall and bedrooms. We took supper very soon and I was shown into a cleaner and snuggier bedroom than I expected.

25. I was glad to see a clear and bright morning. When I rose I was agreeably surprised to find my room window commanded a most beautiful view. I little anticipated that <sup>the</sup> bustling business looking town of the night before was so nicely situated. I took my coffee and went out to see the town - It was Sunday and I had called a halt on my journey for the day, though there was no attraction to cause one to stay. I first went to the church (Parish) it is a Gothic building with little pretensions to anything but gloom. When I went it was quite crammed with peasants



and many who could not get in were standing on the steps and around the door following the service while a few groups at a short distance seemed to be improving the opportunity as a market day. The costumes of the Tyrol people are very curious and as it was Sunday they had on their best. The men wear a jacket, often of black velvet sometimes a short coat. The vest is usually red or striped - They all have a belt, about a foot broad in front, of dark blue cloth ornamented with steel buttons and embroidered with white thread or silver lace. Many have a kind of oval medal at the front. They have knee breeches, white or grey stockings and shoes. The hat is topped with a very broad brim  at one side or back usually hangs a tassel. A large brown pipe is a sine qua non and even in the church they held the hat in one hand the pipe in the other. As a whole they are stout well made fellows. The women have the most extraordinary rig I ever saw. There is nothing very remarkable about their frocks except that some had the breast shaped like



the bow of a ship - sticking out to about a level with the chin. But it was the headresses that amused me. I don't know how to describe them - some had things like little black pillows or hassocks on the back of their head; but the oddest of all was a little cap (black), fitting

all of a bright scarlet or pale blue color and all cotton of course.

I stood at the door of the church with my hat off - till they carried round the host when the people outside fell on their knees



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Women at Feldkirch.

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I stood at the door of the church with my hat off - till they carried round the host when the people outside fell on their knees



when not having an extra supply of trousers I moved off leaving the good people at their devotions. I looked in before leaving and could hear a terrible row of fiddle & drums & trumpet and in a cloud of smoke the priest raising the host above his head - I now went to the Military Chapel, a neat and light edifice - The whole Military band had just begun to play Haydn's Hymn. I never heard such enchanting music - The band played with great taste. it was a large one - and the whole Chapel rang with the music. The ~~soldiers~~ then joined with their voices and the effect was magnificent - After this the church dismissed. The regiment formed in the street and marched off.

In this street and some others there are some very curious old houses. no two windows of which are alike. One will be an oval with a peaked roof and a ball on the top another square a third round topped. It gives the streets a very quaint appearance. There is an old castle on a height beside or rather in the town it is now used only as a barracks.



Being satisfied with the town I took a stroll into the country leaving it by the valley of the Rh as we had entered the night before. I was surprised at the number of public works on the banks of the stream it put me in mind of the Kelvin. One of them a large building had the signs "Kaiser. Königl. Privat. Baumwollen Spinnery. von Ganahl und Söhne. They are water mills driven by the stream and number about 40. They are for cotton, oil, & wood sawing. About two miles above Feldkirch there is a covered bridge over the river of which I took a sketch as it is a good sample of these structures. On the roadside I observed rather a good stone figure of the Virgin. I suppose a kind of boundary or household god. She bore the inscription - "Lum translatus Anno 1840." but where she came from is not mentioned.

After table d'hôte at 1. which was rather a meagre set out. I went a short way on the opposite side of the town but tho' warm & clear the air felt sultry and soon it came on more violent peals of thunder which rattled among the mountains for



more than an hour and fearing rain I returned. It soon went off and I sat down to write home. While engaged I heard a deep noise behind the inn and looking out saw the regimental band take its stand opposite a ~~large~~ guard house a few paces from my window. They stood and played most beautifully for about an hour. All kinds of music. I remained in my room the remainder of the evening. I took a little supper at 8 and at 9 pm took my seat in the diligence for Clair. I had the interior place, for two, all to myself and laid myself down to court sleep. I had just, as I thought, got into a nap when I heard the door opening and for the last time showed my passport; at least for a long time. This broke my slumbers so I took naps and looked out at the moon at intervals and at

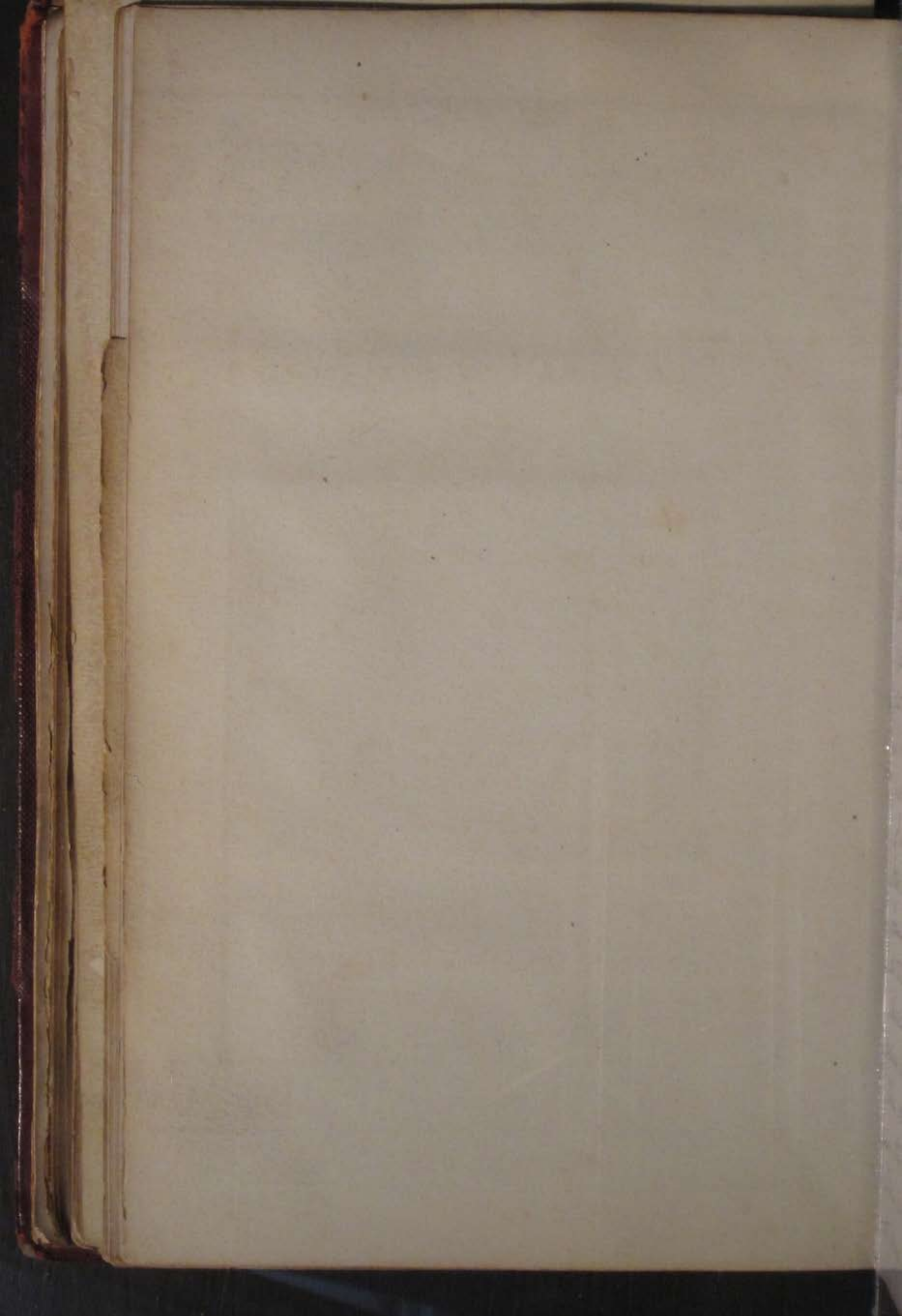
3 A.M. 26<sup>th</sup> arrived at the post inn at Clair or Coire. No one was up, but the Conductor took me to the public room a large salle à manger with one or two cafes. I soon took my station on one of these and laying my carpet bag for a pillow





Bridge at Stoddardville







made myself at home. Just then a half  
 asleep boots came in with a candle to  
 see what was the matter so telling  
 him I wanted to be roused in an hour  
 I soon topped off to sleep - I was wakened  
 by a noise and found it still dark but  
 a slight sensation of life was seen in  
 the room - A traveller was ordering breakfast  
 and a young lady devoted to the book-  
 keeping interest was making up the hotel  
 bills not far from where I was asleep.  
 One or two others came in and after I had  
 given myself a slight polish I sat down  
 with 8 or 10 to breakfast. the like of which  
 I had not seen since I left home - Rolls  
 hot & cold, toast, and honey, with Coffee.  
 I laid in a good stock and leaving my  
 bag in charge of the inn people, at 5 a.m.  
 found myself in the Banquet of a diligence  
 or the road to Splygen - It was now a fine  
 clear morning and the hood of the banquet  
 being thrown back I had a capital view.  
 The banquet is a hooded seat on the top and  
 in this diligence was placed at the back.  
 There were steps behind and when we came  
 to any hill I could get down and walk



without any danger or inconvenience. The other occupant of the seat was a very pleasant young Hanoverian Officer who could speak English quite well. The first part of the way was flat and uninteresting until we reach Reichenau a small group of houses at the junction of the two Rhines - the rivers are crossed here by two covered wooden bridges which are of one long span 237 ft. The waters of the border Rhine are quite ~~muddy~~ <sup>clear blue</sup> - of the Hunter Rhine quite muddy and when they join there is a curious jumbling and streaking until they mingle. Reichenau is celebrated as the place where Louis Philippe taught, in disguise, as a school master after the revolution - The road now runs up the valley of the Hunter Rhine. It is a broad and rather barren vale but rendered very interesting from the immense number of old and mostly ruined feudal castles which are perched on the cliffs on the opposite sides - How their owners ever got them built or even got access to them is a mystery to me they are perched on crags which seem literally inaccessible - Some are so old and weather



beaten that they seem to form part of the rock on which they stand. As we went along we met several parties of peasants with a cart of trunks and bundles. We were told this was a kind of emigration exodus. One single woman had a great crowd with her. She had heard of California and was setting out for the golden regions. The greater part of the little village from which the canoe was accompanying her part of the first day's march. At the upper third of the valley there is a fine view up the Oberhalbstein valley with Mount Albula in the distance. Near this the valley becomes almost a desert from the violence of the mountain streams which bring down the debris of slate rock and convert the whole plane into a slate quarry. Near this is thus is a handsome little village which we passed through and before us we saw the huge barrier of mountains which we were about to pierce. The upper part of the valley is completely barred across by the range of mountains which stand across it. No mode of passage appeared to ~~view~~ unless we had mounted over the tops of them. As we draw near a narrow



chink comes into view which cleaves the mountain from top to bottom. Through that cleft the Rhine rushes from the higher country beyond and through it is the Via Mala.

This fearful defile the wildest in the country is one of the things which cannot be conceived till it is seen. The precipices on each side are as sharp and clean as if they had been cut. The chink in some places is not wider than a stone cast. The height often more than a 1000 ft and what makes it more terrible is that sometimes the one of the other side overhangs the road on which you walk, for the cleft is often oblique.

This rift is 4 miles long and is crossed by three bridges to lead the road from side to side for convenience. The road is for the most part scooped out of the side of the precipice and in some places is tunnelled.

When we came to the foot of the Defile most of us came out to walk and thus see the real grandeur. When we entered the cleft the sun was suddenly shut out and on looking up only a narrow strip of blue sky was seen between the precipices which nearly met many hundred feet above head.



This part is called Verloornes Lock - the lost  
 gulf. The road is carried along a groove or trench  
 in the face of the precipice more than 200 ft.  
 On turning back and looking out at the open  
 end of the gulf the valley beyond enlivened  
 by sunshine has a pleasing contrast to the  
 gloomy shaded place we were in. An old  
 castle which is built at the opening also  
 has a fine effect. - There is a low parapet  
 wall to defend the off side of the road which  
 is here only broad enough for one carriage.  
 On looking over this wall you see many hun-  
 dred feet below the Rhine boiling and foaming  
 through a passage it has cut out of the rock.  
 It is so deep down that its dashing is barely audible.  
 Beyond the first bridge the ravine widens out  
 into a kind of basin but shortly contracts &  
 becomes wilder than before. - The scene from  
 the middle bridge is awfully sublime.  
 The bridge itself, is a light and graceful arch  
 which spans the chasm and is about 400 ft.  
 above the river. The road near it is roofed  
 with trunks of trees to ~~prevent~~ ward off the  
 stones from the top. Here the slit is oblique  
 and when you look upwards you see the cliff  
 of the opposite side bending over your head.



When you look over the parapet of the bridge at one side you see no river at all for the two sides of the cleft which it spans approach so close over it that the little slit which remains has been filled up with stone which have rolled down. I threw down a stone and it did not slip into the river so that the Rhine actually rolls through a tunnel of solid rock and you could only ascertain its presence by the subdued thundering noise, and by the sheet of foam and spray which pushes out at the lower end.

At other points the river appears like a narrow strip of water. All this wildness is rendered more remarkable by the obscurity caused by the height of the sides of the precipices. The road again runs in a gallery tunnelled out and here the defile is not broader than 30 feet. At length at the third bridge the decreasing depth shows that we have gained the high country beyond and have walked through the bowels of the mountain.

Soon the country widens out, we get the rays of the sun again and, mounting into our places, the diligence emerges into the valley of Schams whose green and



smiling meadows and neat white cottages  
 present a strong contrast to the dark &  
 gloomy gulf through which we had just passed.  
 In this valley are the villages Tolin and  
 Andeer and a number of old feudal castles.  
 This district is protestant and the people speak  
 a dialect called Romanth a corruption  
 of Latin - but anything I heard was just  
 curious German - Above Andeer the valley  
 of Rhams is closed by the gorge of the Rofla  
 which is not nearly so deep nor wild as the  
 Na Mala but more picturesque from the  
 wooding and verdure on its sides. On leaving  
 this second ravine we reach the vale of the  
 Rhinewald 4500f above the sea. It is a cold  
 desolate plain covered with short grass and  
 supporting a vast number of flocks and herds.  
 We reached Splügen at half past 12. Here for  
 the last time I was tempted to leave my path  
 and visit the sunny slopes of the southern  
 face of the Alps. The Hanoverian officer was  
 luminous on the extreme beauty of Como &  
 neighborhood - I have since regretted I did  
 not spend 10 days more in that delightful  
 country - 5 days would have allowed me to get  
 to Como, Milan, Maggiore the Bernardino and



back to Splügen. I don't think in any part of my journey I enjoyed myself more than that week in the Tyrol. As it was I went with the others into the inn where we met the contents of the diligence coming from St. Italy. Splügen is a little village situated on the Rhine at the point where 3 roads meet from Chur. over the Splügen and over Bernardino. The inn flourishes from the number of travellers going to & coming from Italy. We had a capital and moderate table d'hôte.

By good luck there was one place to spare in the diligence returning. and I took it and we started on return to Chur at 1 pm. My companions in the interior were 4 Italians and one Frenchman. One of the Italians was a wild uncountable looking fellow. They could all speak French so we got on pretty well. Nothing of any consequence occurred on the way and we arrived at Chur at 7 pm. traversing the road I had seen to such advantage in the morning.

Chur is an ancient walled town which owes its prosperity to being theemporium for goods from Austria. Switzerland and Italy having in it the junction of all the high roads to these countries. The yard of the Post inn is quite



a sight from the number of diligences arriving and going off in all directions - There is nothing very much worth seeing in the town itself. The town church is a curious old building and the architecture of the houses is old fashioned.

27<sup>th</sup> This morning at 5 left for Ragatz. In the diligence were a Swiss family the man overseer of a mill who was quite full of the great Exhibition. He and his whole family were for London next year - Off the road to Ragatz I can only say I saw nothing. It was dropping a thick misty rain which quite obscured the view - The valley of the Rhine is flat and broad here and in many places is quite destroyed by the violence of winter streams which cover the whole plane with loose stones and convert it into a desert. These tracks of torrents are called "ruines".

In about 2 hours we drew up before a spacious and handsome inn called the Hof Ragatz - Here the arrangements would have done credit to the first Hotel in London. I had now got into the stream of Travellers. English Castles on the doors - The Times - Soaps on the wash stands "old brown Windsor" An English waiter - Nobby chambermaids - waiters




with white neckcloths - ringing of bells &c &c.  
I was not prepared for this and was not  
a little amazed with it all after the quiet  
and homely fare I had had for some time.

On looking about me I saw misses with  
parasols walking in front or in the garden  
Young England with canes and plumed shoes  
Old ladies on camp stools - I was quite  
stunned - However I got myself put in order  
and asking the way proceeded to discover  
the Baths of Pfeffers - This excursion is of  
such an extraordinary nature that it is dif-  
ficult to know where to begin -

The road lies along the bank of the river  
Tanna which enters the Rhine at Rappatz.  
The Baths are situated about 4 miles up the  
river and the path leads along the glen  
down which it flows - At the first the  
valley is open and beautiful but it soon  
narrows and its sides get high till it has  
become actually wild. Near the baths the  
precipices are 600 ft high and nearly shut  
out the light. In this dark moist and gloomy  
spot are placed the Baths two square building  
damp dark uncomfortable places with about  
300 apartments - It is more like a prison



or dungeon than a bath house. At the upper end is the Pump room a vaulted apartment half filled with steam. I met several people walking up and we went together. They were Lombardians. The ravine is just broad enough to contain the building which is thus almost buried. We were now taken to see the Source. At one end of the pump room is a door through which we enter — by all the world a place that would do credit to Pluto. Just above the house the sides of the ravine get closer and closer till the space becomes about 6 feet wide while overhead the precipices overlap and convert the gully into a tunnel. The river jammed into that narrow bed makes a deafening roar and frequently dashes up the spray over the whole place. There is not as much space on either side as would rest the feet of a Cat, but a most extraordinary path has been made along the face of the rock by fixing iron bars into it and placing a plank along them  so that you walk on a light plank overhanging the river below. If you hold on the narrow rail by one hand and look



up you see the rocks meeting over head and  
 the light admitted by one or two narrow  
 chinks. It is so dark however that you can  
 only see a few feet before you. After going  
 up a piece you see the other end of the  
 tunnel like a star glimmering in the  
 distance. But to render the whole  
 more infernal the place is quite filled  
 with a stifling steam which ascends  
 from the hot spring at the upper end  
 in fact to have any idea of it you must  
 conceive a tunnel with half a dozen steam  
 engines all roaring and steaming. It is  
 quite bewildering. The hot spring is in  
 a natural cavern at the further end  
 of the gorge. The guide put a lamp in  
 to show the steam coming up. It is like  
 a gigantic Caldon boiling. The water has  
 little or no taste and is so hot that it cannot  
 be taken till cooled. You can't remain long  
 looking at the spring for you are in a  
 vapour bath and soon perspire freely; on  
 coming out into the spray of the river  
 again it feels very chill. Altogether it  
 is the most fearfully wild spot I ever  
 was in. It is truly infernal.



Along with one of my Lombardian friends  
I returned another way by ascending a steep  
stair formed up the face of the precipice



could speak French and were very agreeable  
people. They had a great fancy for Scotland



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up you see the rocks melting over head and  
the light admitted by one or two narrow  
cracks. It is so dark however that you can



is the most fearfully wild spot I ever  
was in. It is truly infernal.



Along with one of my Lombardian friends I returned another way by ascending a steep stair formed up the face of the precipice out of the roots and trunks of trees which grew on little jutting points - having gained a considerable height we crossed to the other side over a natural bridge formed by the junction of the two precipices over the river - On reaching the summit we had a fine view of the gorge below - At one place there is a crane for letting provisions down to the establishment and on looking over the cliff at this part you see the roof of the two houses 600 ft below.

Table d'hôte was about one o'clock: I said to my companion that I felt ashamed to go to dine with such a lot of people in my uncostly clothes. To tell the truth my wardrobe was pretty far through with my weeks knocking about. I went to rub up a bit and when I went into the Salle à Manger I found a large room full of people most handsomely arrayed. I found a place kept for me by my polite friend - and was introduced to his wife - Both could speak French and were very agreeable people. They had a great fancy for Scotland



and asked about Highlanders and the Highlands. They thought the Scotch were an illused people.

After dinner I ascended the hill behind the town on which the Convent of Pfeffers is built. From the top there is a fine view of the valley below. The convent is now converted into a Lunatic Asylum.

Thren hand. I went into it and asked for the resident physician. He showed me all over the establishment and seemed to be well informed about all the establishments and their medical officers in Scotland. He laid great stress on their not using restraint.

One of the patients was a Mad Monk. a great strong fellow who had some insane notions on revolution and hearing I was from England laid off on the Magna Charta.

It is a nice airy establishment and seems to be under good management.

In the evening for the first time since I left home I had an opportunity of getting a cup of tea. And I amused the Lombardian lady by showing her the process of making. They were taking the usual meat supper. I relished my cup of tea and toast amazingly.



While sitting at tea I became acquainted with a very amusing man an Englishman who had just arrived - He had come with two friends young men who were the greatest boobies I ever saw - They were constantly calling out to the waiter - "Bring those chops" and seemed to be thoroughly sick of travelling - They had not the slightest notion of where they were or where they were going leaving it all to the other man who knew little more but had a most mobile tongue and thought he knew only a little French he got on swimmingly - I recommended him to visit the Via Mala and pointed out to him the roads &c. - He was quite tired of his companions and was going to give them the slip whenever he could manage it -

2<sup>nd</sup> - This morning at 7 left for Zurich in the baggage of the Diligence - Besides me were a lady and gentlemen - the latter a good specimen of the used up. He had just come from Rome and assured me there was nothing in it - There was also two men from Oxford who had a great notion of themselves and showed a great contempt for me - chiefly because I had



managed to get one of the good seats with my face to the horses - They hardly would change words with me but on finding I had Gurney in my pocket they came down a peg and condescended to ask a sight of it.

The drive to Wallenstadt is beautiful but presents nothing to call for description. It is along the valley of the See. At 9 we embarked on a steamer on Lake Wallenstadt.

The lake is 12 miles long and its scenery is very grand - On one side there ~~are~~ are immense perpendicular cliffs about 2000 ft high. At the bottom on one or two spots there is just enough shore for the planting of a house. On this side at an opening in the cliff there is a small village - On the opposite side the mountains are not so steep and at the mouths of several small valleys are beautiful little villages. The dark crags on one side, the green slopes and cheerful villages on the other, and the dark blue water of the lake have a fine effect - There were several very nice French and Belgian people on board with whom I made a passing acquaintance. One old Parisian couple amused me very much.



At the other end of the lake we got into a kind of canal boat and were whirled by the current along the canal of Linth which carried us into the lake of Zurich. where we again got into a steamer and started for Zurich at half past one.

The scenery of the Lake is beyond anything, beautiful - It has no pretensions to grandeur - The mountains on its banks are not high and slope gently down - They are varied by every kind of crop - Grain of every description - Vineyards, orchards, gardens. Small plantations, pasture lands, all mingled in pleasing variety - But what strikes one most, is the immense number of houses either grouped together as a village near some creek or stream or scattered as farms and villas over the hills - The whole shore is literally dotted with white and colored cottages of most picturesque appearance - Factories and water mills are numerous along the banks and you could hardly land on a spot where you would be half a mile from some clachan or farm - The whole scene has a most lively appearance - The only object worthy



of note is the bridge of Rapperschwyl a wooden erection built of piles driven into the bottom; it is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile long. We passed through it by a draw bridge. We arrived at 5 pm - and I went to the Hotel Baur a splendid House -

I here got letters from home; then went down to the border of the lake to enjoy the breeze and walk on the quay which is shaded by acacia trees.

29. The town is much finer in situation than in itself - In fact there are no striking objects in it. It is active and bustling - 15000 - Its position is most beautiful situated at the point where the Limmat drains the waters of the lake which flow in a clear and rapid stream through the town - The finest view is to be got from the Cat Bastion the remain of the old fortifications - This commands a fine view of a large part of the lake and of the surrounding country - During the day I effected an Exchange of my hat for a wide awake and taking a change of linen in my knapsack sent off my bag by post to Basle.



At 4 pm started in the steamer for  
Horgen. Several guides offered me their  
services but I had made up my mind  
not to engage one until I got to Lucerne.  
I landed at Horgen at 5. No one seemed  
to be going the same way with me so I  
asked the way to Zoug and thanks to my  
previous practice made out what I was  
told, though the language was anything  
but pure German - I found there was a  
short cut by a foot path but as it ran  
zig-zag through a wood I preferred to stick  
to the made road. I calculated on reaching  
Zoug at 8 by which time it would be getting  
dark - I met few people on the road till  
I came to a hamlet about half way. The  
view from the top of Mount Albis over  
which the road runs is very fine. The  
day had overcast a little and there were  
squalls ruffling the water so that it had  
a different appearance from the day  
before. I had not long to contemplate the  
scene for the day was fast wearing away  
and I dreaded rain. I met a pedlar with  
whom I walked for half an hour. He left  
me to visit a small village near the road.



Soon after this I came to a place where the road branched into two so I was in a fix which way to go - A large Hotel stood invitingly at the convergence and a few drops of rain began to fall - I determined to push on and asking the road swept down a most beautiful valley which I descended with great speed and came to a village at the bottom - I still kept on and passed through it though it was getting on to twilight.

Not long after I left this I heard shouts and laughter in a wood which the road skirted and in a few minutes I saw behind me on the road a company of four men and two women - They had two guns and three umbrellas - However formidable the weapons of the men those of the women betrayed the pacific nature of the party. They were not long in making up to me and said they were going to go on an excursion - I was glad to have their company as it was now dusk and we met no one on the way - It seemed that the longest part of the day was still before us and in an hour it became quite dark and to complete the evening it came on to rain



Fortunately the peasants were very kind and one of the women gave me a share of her umbrella so I was not much wet. We got to Yung at 8½; it was pitch dark and the people at the gate of the town sent a man with a torch to conduct me to the Hotel de Conf. - I lost no time in ordering a check & sat down in the salle à manger alone. No one came in during supper but to make up for want of company the damsel in attendance staid and gave me the news of the place. A rather surly looking waiter looked in once or twice but took no further notice of me or my entertainer. - I was rather tired so giving my coat to be dried I retired.

30. When I rose in the morning to see if the rain had cleared off alas! my window commanded a view of a cloud of mist and a rose bush peering through it. I popped into bed again in the hope that when I got up again it would have cleared off like our own Scotch mist at this season of the year. When I rose a second time only a few more branches of the rose bush were visible; so I dressed with the melancholy determination to halt for one day. I went



down to the Salle and opened the day with a good breakfast. While at this meal a ~~passing~~ came in from a travelling carriage, cold and uncomfortable. However the rain having ceased I went down to see the lake. The mist had been blown away from the surface but still hung in beautiful wreaths round the mountain tops. I walked out on a little jetty planted with acacia trees, at which a market boat was loading. The scene from this was great and beautiful. The little Antiquarian town with its wooden houses lay behind - On the other side of the lake are the bold precipices of the Rhigi and the land of Tell.

While sitting here a young man with moustaches came down the pier. Being alone I gave him the "time o' day" and we entered into conversation. He spoke English and was intending to visit the Rhigi. We soon agreed to take a machine together to Aeth. The road skirts the lake and the views along it are very fine. During our drive I found that this German was not the companion I should have chosen had I been placed in circumstances to choose.



He had been in Scotland and was enamoured of our country but had found out the difference than an Englishman has

Andreas Anderg, the father of Melchior (see below) daughter Isabella and sister of some - guide by my cousin Allan Maclean and

The Disaster on the Jungfrau

FROM MR. C. E. Mathews, who was formerly President of the Alpine Club, we have received some details about the two guides, Johann and Andreas Anderegg, who lost their lives while ascending the Jungfrau. Andreas was the second son of Melchior Anderegg, the most famous of guides, and was thirty-three years old. Writing of him, Mr. Mathews says:—



He was trained by his father. He served me as porter when only eighteen, and was rapidly coming into the front rank. He inherited many of his

Of Melchior Anderegg's portrait we also give Melchior Anderegg lived. He is sixty-nine



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so we engaged a boy to carry our bags up -



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He had been in Scotland and was enamoured  
 of our country but had found out the  
 kind of feeling than an Englishman has  
 when he knows he is being overcharged in a  
 foreign country - He had no good will  
 to the English, talked of John Bull and  
 his stiffness and reserve, and then drew him-  
 self up with an air of haughtiness that would  
 have done justice to one of his ideal J. Bulls.  
 He also hinted to me that I was honored  
 in travelling with a person who could  
 speak the "langue du pays". Such an in-  
 tolerable spirit as this I couldn't stand long  
 and I resolved to give him the slip when-  
 ever I could do so with credit. Upon  
 other matters I found him agreeable enough  
 and keeping off the debatable subject we  
 had a pleasant drive. We got to Arth  
 in an hour and took a check at the  
 inn. I was slightly amused to hear "Oh!  
 Susannah" on an old piano in the next  
 room. Two or three parties of English and  
 Americans were just about to start for  
 the Rigi and though the music was still  
 thick yet we determined to try our luck  
 so we engaged a boy to carry our bags up.



the ascent is steep and was quite slippery  
 from the rain that had fallen. The foot  
 path is a narrow one through close growing  
 bushes. In spite of the mist and rain  
 I had frequently to wipe my neckchief  
 to wipe away the perspiration which  
 poured down my head. By the time  
 we reached the first station or resting  
 place we had outstripped the cavalcade  
 which had set out before us. but was coming  
 by a winding mule path. After this the  
 path was more tedious than steep, from  
 the number of loose stones lying on it,  
 in fact it bore a close resemblance to a  
 streamlet course. The ponies used  
 in ascending pick their way among the  
 stones with wonderful precision while we  
 pedestrians twisted our feet in a way  
 that threatened a severe sprain. The  
 ascent after the first station consists of a  
~~steep~~ path winding up the face of the  
 mountain which is divided into 12 stages  
 at the end of each of which is a small orchi  
 called a chapel and marked Station 1. 2. 3. &c  
 After the 12<sup>th</sup> the path emerges on a plain  
 and on which numerous herds of cattle



are grazing - It then rises over a steep swelling hill at the top of which is seen the much wished for Koulu. On the road many peasants were toiling up or lightly skimming down, with creels on their backs in which all the provisions and other necessaries are carried to the top. The whole mountain echoes with their wild cries which had a most extraordinary effect from the mist concealing their persons till they were close on us and then the height was exaggerated into a giant with a stick like a pine - At the inn there was only a two bedded room to spare and tho' I had an aversion to share the same room with a stranger I had to make the most of the circumstances. The company assembled at supper was most amusing and a greater degree of good fellowship I never saw among such a multitude.

Here were Germans of every state French Belgians, Dutch, English Irish & Scotch & Americans not a few. The inn journal exhibits the signatures of every nation caste and profession. There were two



supper table the whole length of the Salon - which was agreeably heated by a wood stove.

At one table sat a party of two English ladies and four gentlemen before whom an urn was hissing and tea pot and cream jug eggs, ham, toast, honey and all the paraphernalia of a tea dinner - This group was soon enlarged by some of the Americans and also by a good sprinkling of Germans both ladies and gentlemen who seemed as eager to try the charm of tea made by an English lady as all the English are to dine at Table d'hôte. The desire for a solid supper was the motive that drove me to the other table.

The bitter cold of the mountain was a good appetiser - After this I took a glass of brandy and water hot as also did most of the others - retired rather early -

The loft above my room was resounding with songs and laughter from the guides who were located in the attic. During the evening I had more a passing acquaintance with several pleasant young Germans one of whom was a member of a Munich Students Club.



Also a German with two very nice daughters who was  
 very amusing. He confided to me that if he had found out  
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 In general if one is frank and open to a foreigner in  
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I was startled from sleep by a most curious  
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Also a German with two very nice daughters who was very amusing. He confided to me that if he had found out that I was an Englishman instead of a Scotman he would not have spoken to me from some scabby insult he had received from an Englishman - I tried to disabuse his mind by shewing that there were varieties of character in the English as well as other nations but he preferred to be allowed to dislike the nation as a whole. He was very friendly to me having been told that Scotland is the "Overland" of England - I was very much struck with the way I was often treated on telling I was a Scotman and not an Englishman. There is often a sympathy with the Scotch as a conquered nation whose rights are withheld. A gentleman from Lombardy I met at Ragatz looked on the case as one similar to his own when he said "our nationality is destroyed" I more than once tried to shew the oneness of the nation and that Britain owed as much of her mercantile greatness to Scotland as to England. But I experienced that the Scotch were received with a cordiality I did not see bestowed on Englishmen. In general if one is frank and open to a foreigner in travelling there is little formality shown on either side.

I was startled from sleep by a most curious sound, the shuffling of many feet in the room above and on listening I heard the uncouth notes of the Alp horn summoning all sleepers



from their couches to watch the sun's approach. It was still ~~dark~~ grey and stormy - but the whole inn was bustle and excitement. Already on looking out at the window I saw the people pouring out in expectation. The cold was intense but we pressed and hurried out and soon the whole household joined. The company of last evening were still more curious. for every kind of cloak plaid & wrap were called into use and those who felt still too ~~cold~~ arrayed themselves in bed covers carpets and whatever they could lay hands on. Every one was in motion jumping, running, throwing about their arms <sup>with</sup> every kind of evolution that could keep the blood moving.

The view from Riji Koulun has been so often described in Guide books that it is needless to waste time on it. Suffice it to say that what ought to have been a magnificent panorama of country was as seen by us nothing but endless miles of rolling banks of white mist some hundreds of feet below us. The sun at length rose over the mist in the far east of a deep red color sad and watery. Before his beams however the vapour rolled off in part and disclosed every now and then mountain peaks and lakes in every direction. The snow clad hills kept the hoary mistel close to them and were only visible for a few minutes at a time. Though the view



was not what is usually seen in clear weather yet it amply repaid our trouble in ascending for we saw every point of it in successive glimpses. and the amusement made up for the rest. When Robins was fairly up we all returned to breakfast. And then started off to descend to Weggis. The path we followed lies on the opposite side of the mountain and is nearly a counterpart of that of ascent. It is not quite so steep in many parts but is consequently considerably longer. As we got down we came into the mist and soon lost sight of each other and were constantly forming and breaking up little parties according as one went quicker than another. The height of the Koulm is 5000 ft. The descent was made much more rapidly than the ascent and in many parts we jumped from point to point <sup>of path</sup> with the aid of the Alpen stock. To me it was even more fatiguing than yesterday's climb and on arriving at Weggis I was very glad to sit down to a glass of wine in the inn. The half of the company on the Rigi who were going in the same direction as myself soon arrived. While waiting for the steamer, that from Luzern arrived bringing a number of passengers all bound on the excursion we had just finished. Here



was a general meeting of friends and former travel  
 companions - I met the French Lady & the French and  
 Belgian gentlemen from whom I had parted at Zurich  
 and who were coming to the Rigi by a smoother route.  
 All was anxious to find out the nature of the  
 view and the probability of clear weather.  
 After waiting about an hour the steamer arrived  
 and the whole company embarked for Lucerne  
 where we landed in about an hour. It was  
 very cold and damp and the exertion we lately  
 experienced made it more disagreeable. The scenery  
 of Lake Lucerne is very grand and quite a  
 contrast to that of Zurich. The latter is what  
 would be termed beautiful; the shores studded  
 with picturesque villages every few miles and  
 the whole teeming with industry. On Lucerne  
 the banks are steep and rugged, in most part  
 being the inaccessible sides & precipice of mountains  
 whose snowy peaks tower into the skies now  
 and then however relieved by breaks which disclose  
 in the bosom of a fertile valley a thriving  
 hamlet such as that of Meggis the support of  
 which however depends on its being a leading  
 station in the great route to the Rigi & when dingy  
 foul weather travellers often prefer to wait for the  
 return of clear skies, to being frozen in the meantime  
 on the chilling Rodel.



In the Schwitzer Hof at Lucerne I soon removed all marks of the muddy walk of the morning and after strolling about the banks of the lake sat down to a dinner at table d'hôte most splendidly set out and enlivened by the animating strains of an accomplished band of musicians. After dinner I paid a visit to the church which has nothing very remarkable in it and then went with one of the English young gentlemen I had seen on the Rigi to see the Swiss Lion - With some little difficulty we found out the garden in which it is - It is the figure of a large lion wounded to death but still in its dying grasp holding firmly the fleur de lys committed to its charge - An emblem of the Swiss guard which was nearly all butchered in the service of the unfortunate Louis... The figure is cut in the first style and speaks its own tale without description. It is hewn out of the face of a huge mass of <sup>rock</sup> ~~stone~~ and lies under a canopy of the same stone from which it is formed. A near approach to it is obtained by entering



an enclosure the fate of which is kept  
 by one of the old Swiss Guard of Louis  
 at present ~~the~~ one of only 3 survivors.  
 Of himself a curiosity worth going to see  
 On our return to the Hotel we found many  
 guides waiting for engagement. One came  
 up to me and asked if I wanted his service.  
 I asked his name and what was my  
 astonishment to find before me the very  
 man I was wanting. Nicholas Andregg  
 who had acted as guide to my Uncle Henry  
 and sister previously. I at once engaged him.  
 I took tea with the English ladies and gentlemen  
 before mentioned and had a long consultation  
 as to what their route should be. Having a little  
 more time at command than myself they agreed  
 to go by the Furka Gorge. Two passes I should  
 have liked much to have seen but my time was  
 fast passing on and I could not accompany them.

September 1<sup>st</sup> This morning at 6 o'clock  
 left the Schwytzer Hof with Andregg my guide.  
 He is a very good specimen of a Swiss guide  
 when honest and obliging. A little tiny fishy  
 built man with an constant expression of good  
 humor on his face. His costume was simple  
 but characteristic - a short tailed coat of brown





*Andregg and I*







coarse woollen stuff trousers and waistcoat of the same. A low crowned broad brimmed wide awake hat and a parchment covered knapsack completed his wardrobe. For myself being bound on a walking excursion I was just as simple. I had sent my travelling bag from Zurich to Belle and left my hat there also having taken a wide awake instead and had nothing to cumber me but a top coat & small knapsack. Thus equipped we set out for Winkel a hamlet situated on the remote side of a promontory which juts into the lake between Lucerne & my destination. A few people were beginning to enter Lucerne even at that early hour and the churches were open for matins for it was Sunday. We got to Winkel at 7 and took a row boat for Alpnach a hamlet on the opposite side of the lake. A very middle aged looking young man who said he was a student agreed to come across with me but he was so filthy that I did not care to make his acquaintance.

The beauty of the sail is beyond description and <sup>the brightness of the sun</sup> was enhanced by the dullness of the last 2 days. Besides the natural appearance of the scene it was enlivened by boats of peasants in their holiday dress rowing over to service at Lucerne.



and the stillness of the morning was only broken by the distant church bells. On many of the rocks a few feet above the water are small figures and crucifixes on passing which all the peasants take of their hats more religiously.

We arrived at Alpnach at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 and there breakfasted and were ready for the road at  $9\frac{1}{2}$ .

After this, the road, which is quite practicable for driving, runs in the hollow of a wide fertile valley in which are a number of beautiful little villages which we passed in succession.

Sarnen at  $10\frac{1}{2}$  Lachseln at 11 Gyswyl at 12 and Luzern at  $1\frac{3}{4}$  where I dined.

Up to this point the path lay through a succession of beautiful views, which Andrej varied by taking me through several pathways away from the highway, but none so striking as to merit particular notice. Such a long walk would have been tiresome had it not been for the numbers of groups of peasants all in their best attire going to or coming from church at one of the villages. The costumes are very striking and varied. The matrons have a different head dress from the young women but the variety of finery would beat my pen. One thing I remarked that the unmarried women wore



a long pin like a silver skewer stuck through a knot composed of the "back hair" which Andry told me was never in the least cut until ~~they~~ marriage when the hair is differently arranged. A few of the costumes were neat but most were ~~gaily~~ without the former quality and to say the least were "remarkable".

Shortly after I arrived at Lengem Inn I was joined by my German friend of the Rigi & his two Daughters. We dined together and very soon exhausted our catalogue of French & German words indicative of our admiration of the scenery. We started at 3 and I kept company with them the rest of the day every now and then however leaving the mule path to get a better view or a shorter path. The road now skirts along Lake Lengem a small sheet of water which has been considerably reduced in size by draining to obtain level acres of arable ground a possession of no mean value in that hilly country. In three quarters of an hour we were at the summit of the Brünig and after this our road was steep & rocky and our progress more slow. During a part of the descent <sup>from the Brünig</sup> we wound through a thicket of dwarf trees on emerging from which on a platform of grass on the edge of a lofty



precipice, there was instantaneously brought before our eyes as if by a magic wand, the whole vale of Meyringen with its river flowing through the middle and closed in on almost every side by inaccessible steep slopes over the edges of which in many places foaming torrents were pouring as if to submerge the whole valley underneath, and lying peacefully in its bosom the village of Meyringen. We made a rapid descent and got to the Hôtel de Sauvage at 5½ having passed over about 30 miles since 6 am 5 of which were by boat. The village of Meyringen has no intrinsic beauty or merit.

As I looked from my window the moon illuminated two waterfalls behind the church spire which often cause great damage to property during rains or when the snow is melting. My German friends went to the other Inn as I had not their company - There was an English family in the room when I was at tea. We exchanged salutations but being rather fatigued I soon went to rest.

Sep 2<sup>d</sup>. This morning after taking coffee set off at 7. it was beautiful weather and everything was looking fresh & green. Just as I was leaving the village my German friends came up with



me. I soon parted company for a short time in order to shorten my way by a ferry across a stream. The stream was very rapid so that any boat must have been hooked down if it attempted to cross. The banks were too low & too often flooded to admit of a bridge at that point tho' there was one further up where the banks were higher and by which the Mulet path led. The contrivance for a ferry was very ingenious and is common on the rapid currents of the country. A rope is stretched across between two stakes at a few feet above the water - A second rope moves freely back & forwards on it by means of a travelling pulley. The end of this rope is attached to the side of the boat about 2 feet from the bow. The force of the current and the power of the rope cause a diagonal force across the stream along which the boat moves until it reaches the bank. By now changing the rope to the opposite side of the boat the force is reversed.

We now ascended a steep hill to see the fall of Reichenbach. Here the ingenuity of the inhabitants is again shown forth. For what with natural wood & artifiically planted



hedges the magnificent waterfall is completely  
 hid from view except from a chalet, built  
 beside it, which is kept by two young women  
 who kindly offer you a "morning" of Schuapps  
 at the same time that they mulct you in  
 road money or toll. This was the commencement  
 of a series of impostures and imposition from  
 which there was no escape. In fact to any  
 person it would seem that half the population  
 were beggars in one form or another. At every  
 possible place there is a gate over which  
 is placed a sentinel in the shape of a white  
 headed old man, a blooming child with alps roses  
 & strawberries, or a hideous object with a face  
 like a second head hanging under the chin.  
 If you do not buy their curiosities they at least  
 expect some batzen & I don't know how it is  
 but however foolish I never did nor was with  
 any one who could pass through two gates in suc-  
 cession without putting the hand in the pocket.  
 This custom of begging does not arise from want  
 for it is carried on in the most thriving part  
 of the country and by clean and well dressed  
 children but from the liberality & prodigality of  
 the great mass of travellers. And who can resist  
 the smile of a merry child ~~as~~ as they offer you  
 their wild flowers and prints.



After being bedewed with the spray from the Reichenbach we continued the ascent and taking leave of the vale of Meyringen we passed along the course of the Reichenbach into the hollow leading to Rosenlaui. At this moment the first ice topped mountain came into view the Wetterhorn. The rays of the sun were reflected from its peaked summit with such sparkling brilliancy that the eye could not rest on it more than a few seconds at a time. Though thoroughly heated with the walk I almost thought myself cooled by a breeze from its frozen sides. Along the narrow but beautiful hollow of Rosenlaui there is no distinct path but it was all the pleasanter for we wended along the banks of the stream on the fresh herbage which was cropped as close as velvet by the numerous flocks of goats which browse there. At 9<sup>1/2</sup> we reached Rosenlaui inn. I found a Frenchman with his wife & daughter just taking leave to proceed onwards. I met them again the same day but only for a short time. The glacier of Rosenlaui is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland tho' small in comparison with others. It is of the purest pale green color



and not in the least coiled with debris like those of the Scheidee. It is a rugged mass of pure ice which occupies a deep or steep valley in the side of the Mountain from near its top to within a few hundred yards of the bottom of the vale of Rosenlaui. On its lower edges are several little caves formed by the melting process which is always going on more or less during the summer and at bottom of deep perpendicular rents in the rock on which it rests is seen or rather heard the foaming of the torrent which goes to form the stream we had just crossed above.

When seen from the opposite side of the valley with the Wetterhorn towering above bare & barren contrasted with the smiling verdure which cloths its base, it forms one of the finest objects in nature.

Although it was only 11 o'clock & horns exertion and the knowledge that I should have no other opportunity made me quite voracious for dinner so I soon destroyed my appetite by means of Kalber cottage mit Salaten, bread & cheese and wine iced by the glacier.

And an opportune meal it was for the walking after this was no laughing matter. Not a cloud in the sky shaded the nearly



direct rays of the sun aided by the vivid reflections which were each moment cast on us by some new glassy peak. The road to the top of the great Scheideck was steep and difficult and to me in some of the worst parts was more annoying by seeing the ease of my German companions on their sure footed ponies but whenever we came to a level piece of grass or smooth ascent I had the advantage and shot ahead and was in view of the magnificent panorama until they came up. I perspired very freely and found that by far the most refreshment was obtained by frequent and small draughts of fresh water from the springs and not the snow streams. Brandy I carried with me but found it heated me & made me soon thirsty but as I put myself entirely under Andreas's guidance at his recommendation I took a sip occasionally after a draught of water. In this manner I reached the chalet at the summit of the Great Scheideck at half past one. My intention was to have gone down to Grindelwald & spent the night there but this was changed for another plan. At the chalet I found a considerable company



all halting and refreshing themselves with the cheer of the place. It was the most misadventured attempt at a roadside tavern that I ever saw. To be sure it was at a great height and many miles from any store of provision. This hotel *des Grand Scheidee* consisted of a log house of one apartment which was the bedroom kitchen & travellers room. the beds being hid from view by a tattered screen. One end of the house was occupied with the door and a window the other with the beds & a fire or stove. The company was disposed at two tables, the travellers at one & along side the guide Muletiers & servants. The cheer was rather abundant than varied consisting of coarse bread & cheese with wine and milk and every one was eating as if they were the choicest dainties. The more of the company were English and were bound for the Faulhorn Alp to see the sunset & rise. As I was not so fortunate at the Rigi and as the weather was fine Audrey & I set off with the rest for the same destination. Though we were already at a great height we saw the mountain towering above us. One of the young men who went up had sprained his foot so he had hired an ass to take him up which afforded us great amusement on the way.



The ascent was very tedious there being no regular  
 path; occasionally for a short distance a goat  
 track for a part of the way. As we got up the  
 cold became intense and the last half mile  
 it was so precipitous that we had to move  
 in a zigzag direction. We crossed several sheets  
 of snow which even the heat of the summer sun  
 had been insufficient to melt. After a climb of  
 3 hours we reached the inn on the top at 5 pm.  
 Here a scene took place that defies description.  
 The proprietor who is also sole waiter was a kind  
 of quick nervous person of cheerful disposition  
 and constantly in a flurry. But he got into a  
 perfect frenzy at seeing the arrival of far  
 more guests than he had beds to give. Of course  
 we all demanded beds. What was to be done?  
 Here we were at least 2 hours descent from  
 Sundelwald like to drop with fatigue perishing  
 of cold fainting of hunger. It was a regular  
 scramble. I along with 3 others discovered a bed  
 room with 4 beds. we immediately took possession  
 and locked the door took out the key and went  
 to look for eatables. We commenced with a glass  
 of Brandy. After about half an hour of constant  
 gabbling in English French & German we got something  
 settled and came to the conclusion that we



must just make the most of Circumstances &  
 those who had no beds were to sleep on the  
 tables - sofas or chairs there were none - I  
 thought myself fortunate in getting a bed.  
 Scarcely had we got the accommodation settled  
 when other three made their appearance &  
 the squabble was renewed for other quarters of  
 an hour. No sooner was this quieted when  
 we began to get anxious for provender when  
 to quell this further attempt at insurrection  
 our odd entertainer informed us that we should  
 have supper in an hour and in vain did  
 we call for something interest, he was in  
 the kitchen superintending the cooking.  
 So in spite of the cold which was like to  
 wither us where we stood we went out to  
 see the sunset. Of all the scenes in Nature  
 that was the finest I ever beheld. It can never  
 be effaced from my memory. We were standing  
 on a mountain peak 8000 ft high. On one side  
 our view was confined by the whole range of the  
 Bernese Oberland the Yangpau in the centre  
 at a short distance from us. There were 6 or 8  
 peaks shooting away up from the elevated  
 range whose tops were carved in every kind  
 of shape and all clothed with the purest ice



sparkling like crystal and each moment receiving some new tinge from the now setting Sun. Just as he faded from our view over the mountain the brilliancy of the scene was magical. After he quitted our sight his rays still rested on the higher peaks and which, before of a dazzling whiteness, were now glowing like molten iron becoming gradually darker and more purple as the evening stole on. On the opposite side the view was very different. At our feet almost perpendicularly down lay the lake of Brienz and at a short distance that of Thun and every here and there where there was a break in the highland scenery some sheet of water peeped into view. The villages also lying in their quiet recesses lent a charm to the scene. But fatigue, hunger and cold will overcome the most enraptured admirers and shortly after the Sun had set the example we hurried into the Cabin to supper. We sat ourselves on each side of a table which occupied nearly the whole room. The room had been heated to a great warmth by the stove which was now nearly red hot. And the change from the intense cold made us glow as if we had fever.



From the construction of this extraordinary place  
 the door of the room opened directly into the  
 air so that when it was opened we had a  
 view of the Yumfran but to make up for this  
 pleasure it at the same time admitted a  
 breeze from her frozen garment which made  
 us all shudder like as if ague struck. This  
 was very frequently repeated as our queer  
 host came out & in every 2 minutes to re-  
 port the progress of the supper. The Com-  
 pany to the number of 25 or 30 ~~where~~ all in  
 the highest spirits and were laughing and joking  
 as if they had been intimate from childhood.  
 All reserve was thrown aside. When placed at the  
 table waiting for the banquet we had leisure to see  
 the company and the place. The room and furniture  
 were of the most homely description. The room  
 occupied the whole under part of the house except  
 a small bedroom which opened from its upper end  
 and which appeared to recede into the rock against  
 which one side of the house rested. The windows  
 & doors were of the rudest kind and the roof was of  
 bare rafters somewhat tinted with age & cobwebs  
 Two tables with benches on each side ran the  
 whole length of the room leaving a passage  
 from the door to the bedroom in the centre.



In one corner was the glowing stove with a bundle of faggots beside it. in another the Cupboard of the establishment - The upper story of the house was laid out in bedrooms to reach which we had to leave the supper room and walk round to the back of the house entering by a distinct door. The kitchen byre & stable lay in a small out house at the side - The house was built against a low precipice so that the roof was on a level with the hill above and thus was sheltered from the North & East winds.

Of the company about half were English & Scotch the rest Germans. There were 3 miserable specimens of English at whom all the company laughed - they were behaving like imbeciles - One young lady and gentleman were evidently cracked. The foreigners were amused at them, the English ashamed, the Scotch disgusted. After we had sat a while we began to get impatient and insubordinate shouting to the host every time he came in - We then took to stamping our feet like an audience impatient for the commencement of a performance. When at last the first dish appeared we with one accord clapped hands and cheered vociferously - We set to work and soon cleared off that. Others that succeeded were as rapidly dispatched for the Mountain



The air had appetized us - We really did credit to the  
 to All this time the entertainer was dancing about  
 a whisking his <sup>napkin</sup> towel into every ones way - Laughing  
 & talking and sewing ~~like~~ all at once. But  
 & every thing has an end and so had the supper  
 & to this succeeded coffee and cigars and now ~~some~~  
 & began to retire to bed and the ladies all disappeared  
 & We then put an additional faggot on the fire  
 & got some brandy toddy & began to get comfortable  
 & Snatches of songs were sung jokes & fun - There  
 & was a queer old German from Lubee who had  
 & been in England and was greatly pleased with the  
 & country and manners - could quote Shakespeare  
 & sing songs - After a little brandy and cigars he  
 & began Rule Britannia, God Save the Queen,  
 & Hamlets "To be or not to be" and after each performance  
 & the room rang with cheers & laughter. In the  
 & middle of one of our shouts the bedroom  
 & door at the head of the room opened and the  
 & a poor English lad in his night shirt appeared  
 & and demanded less noise. The German caught  
 & up a stick & shouted "Angels & Ministers of grace  
 & defend us" which of course increased the uproar  
 & roar and the unfortunate wight retired to bed.  
 & In a while however those who had no  
 & bedrooms began to roll themselves in plaids

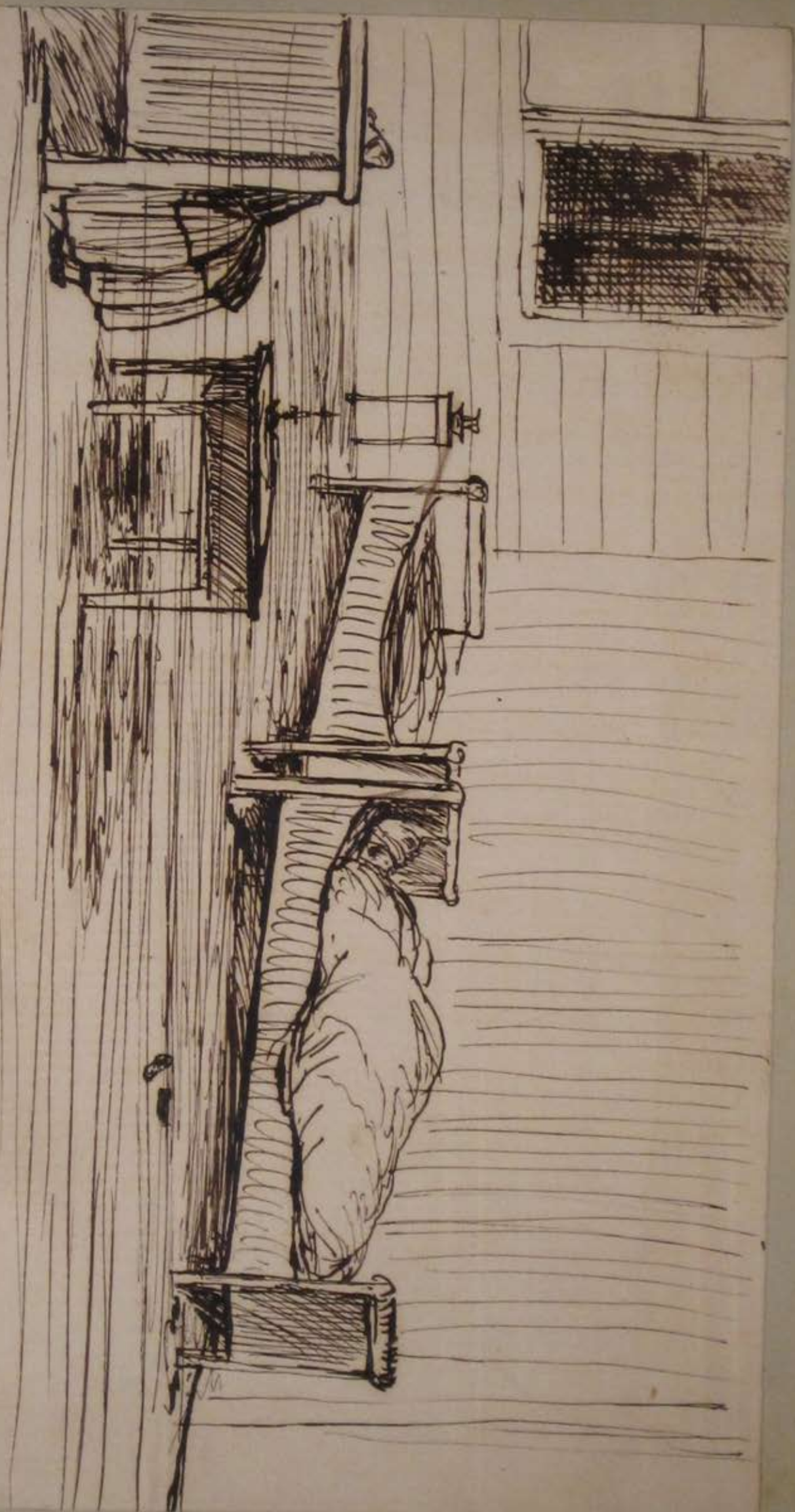


Faulhorn Inn 8000 ft.





The bedroom on the Tenthorn





and compose themselves near the stove, and I retired to my room leaving my bedroom friends to follow - My bed was the most extraordinary specimen of furniture I ever reposed in. It was a low box filled to the brim with straw acc<sup>2</sup>ret on the top of this & a sheet above all. An elevated bundle of straw represented the pillow so that when I lay down I bent into a semicircle my head & feet being the two extremities. Once of that form it was in vain to attempt to change it. Every motion was accompanied with a draft of air which nearly froze my body. On the top of me by way of covering was a huge feather bed slightly damp and intensely cold & so heavy that when it came down on me it was moulded on me and any attempt to get out of it must have been by creeping out at the head of the bed. Any trial I made of kicking it partly off resembled digging my feet into soft clay. So I was glad to remain quiet and let what heat I could - I had just fallen into a dose when I was wakened by a most extraordinary appearance - At the side of the bed, opposite me, was a person of the other sex engaged in making down the bed, and as the candle was set on the table, apparently



she was going to pass the night in the same room.

Mr Pickwick & the lady with yellow curl papers immediately occurred to me, only this lady was evidently a female domestic, and the scene was changed inasmuch as I was already in bed and waited by the top covering, and the bed had no curtains. The tactics of that gentleman immediately suggested themselves to me, and as I was not very fluent at German I gave a hem! to shew I was there, and kept on my night cap in order that the lady, if she retained her reasoning powers, might judge from its conformation, that I was a male. Insign of my surprise when she looked round she only laughed and proceeded with her occupation. Time was precious. I must put a stop to the farce - I was about to argue the impropriety of the step and had just prepared a German sentence to open the conference, when to my relief she succeeded after great exertion in rolling into a bundle, top covering, carpet sheet &c, thereby shewing me that she was only employed in removing a bed from the room.

But after cogitating a moment it occurred to me that other 3 young men were coming up to bed soon & having first got the key I considered



myself as custodian of the bedroom, so I told  
 the lady in the gentlest way I could in German  
 to lay down the bed as it was engaged for a  
 gentleman down stairs. After a little talk  
 we came to an arrangement that she should  
 leave it after telling her master. She then left  
 me in undisputed possession of my appartement  
 with "Schlafen Sie wohl". I was again visited  
 in a short time by the advent of my friends  
 who laughed heartily as I told of my rencontre.  
 The fatigues of the day soon drove me to a sound sleep  
 from which I was wakened in the morning by our  
 eccentric waiter who told us we must get up if  
 we wanted to see sunrise. It was still dark  
 P. the gray light of morning scarcely entering our  
 odd appartement. We groped about for our clothes  
 and shoes and when we attempted to wash ourselves  
 our fingers got quite benumbed with cold.  
 The scene of Fiji Condem was enacted over again  
 but the cold was still more intense, and the view  
 more beautiful inasmuch as it was quite clear  
 in fact just what we had the night before  
 only differently tinted and lighted from a  
 different quarter. We all returned to breakfast.  
 I then took leave of my German friend & his two  
 daughters whose company I had much enjoyed



the last three days. They were about to go another route - I now started in company with three young Englishmen who were going the same road with whom I travelled for a short time. I had met them the day before at the Chalet on the Great Schlegel and had rendered them assistance in explaining their wishes to the Muletier as they had a limited command of French. We started at 6 am. On the descent to Grindelwald a part of the path was what we had come up the day before - At first it was very steep but after it left the old track we began to wind down in a serpentine direction - Every turn brought us nearer the foot of the valley and the further we got down the more powerful became the rays of the Sun. Thus with the exertion of jumping as we frequently did to relieve the harassing feeling of constantly walking down hill soon brought us into a perspiration and we were glad to take occasional shelter from the trees and bushes which now began to shade the path. Grindelwald in its sweet and fertile valley came into view and presented a peaceful scene and strongly in contrast with the cold, bleak, and barren spot where we had passed the night. In two houses we were



in the inn at Grindelwald and thus in this short space of time we had passed from the temperature of freezing to that in which we were glad to get shelter from the heat. Here I regaled myself with some "coteletes de mouton" & wine, and then set off en route to Wengen Alp 6,600 ft. The three Englishmen had ponies, so we formed a kind of cavalcade - Where the path was narrow and steep only one could go at once and when we made our entrance into any hamlet we had this order - Audrey went first as pioneer - I walked next then came the other guide a strong, wiry, muscular, man of an exceedingly jolly disposition - He had a fine voice and was singing all day long bringing out the falsetto notes of the Swiss songs with peculiar clearness - The three ponies came next and then bringing up the rear came the driver cracking his whip, shouting till the mountains rang with echoes - And when musically inclined singing second to the other's airs with great taste. In this way the fatigue of the journey was whiled away - the party sometimes dismounting and resting, sometimes walking afoot and leaving the ponies to run after us. As long as our route lay along the side of the valley



and even a good way up the steep the whole  
 country was studded with cottages houses of  
 every kind of shape most tastefully built  
 and variegated with all kinds of tints. The  
 valley is very fertile and the people apparently  
 in good circumstances. Every house has a little  
 garden attached - flax & Indian corn occupy  
 the principal part of the cultivated ground; oats  
 & barley are also grown. Higher up the whole  
 is clothed with the most beautiful carpet  
 of green - And here the chalets of the vachers  
 or dairy people are placed, of a less pretentious  
 construction than those in the valley. Still  
 higher are rude log huts for the temporary  
 occupation of the vachers during some time in  
 summer - for shelter to the herds and for  
 storing the dried grass which is cut when  
 quite short and cannot be stacked like hay  
 In consequence of the frequent cutting of the  
 grass in the lower parts and the browsing  
 of the flocks of goats in the upper the  
 whole is kept as thick and close as velvet  
 and resembles more a nobleman's lawn than  
 a Swiss mountain side. And contrasted with  
 the pure white snow towering upwards presents  
 a scene which must be seen to be imagined.



In many parts of the ascent of the Western Alps is no joking. The ascent occupied  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours and this continuous mounting was rendered still more fatiguing to me in consequence of my limbs having been considerably tired by the long descent of the morning. But the situation of the path is such as to take away all thoughts of fatigue. Remaining along a mountain in the close vicinity of the Oberland proper each minute a new scene of grandeur breaks on the view and the attention is no sooner called to one point when a shout from a party in advance announces something still finer. But even if one were to tire of Nature's never ceasing wonders, the inhabitants contrive that every available point shall be made an object of attraction. Here, just as you have ascended a steep and rough goat track & have determined to rest a while on the top, there stands a chalet with a projecting roof to shade you from the sun under which is a table & benches and no sooner have you sat down & partaken of the goats milk than two damsels dressed in the picturesque costume of that part of the County commence a duet accompanying themselves on a dulcimer & harmonicon while one girl lends a tone of falsetto, the other deepens with a bass.



then, right opposite the perpendicular crags of one of the stupendous range, stand a man with an alps horn to rouse the sleeping echoes of the mountain and while listening to the repetition of the clear but dying notes you are startled by a shot from a cannon, which dies away for several seconds, then, while beginning to think it is a failure, there opens up a cannonade which would do credit to the broadside of Nelson at Trafalgar. A little farther on you are regaled with wild strawberries and cream and in fact every point where the traveller is likely to pause is occupied by some station.

At one o'clock we reached the summit of the Wengern alp 6,600 ft. and there took our last view of the alps on the eastern side of it, the sight of which had so enraptured us the last 2 days. Jungfrau 15,700 Two Cigars 13,000 & 13,500 Schreckhorn 13,000 Fuster Aarhorn 14,000 Wetterhorn 12,000 ft.

We now commenced the descent and came nearer the Yungfrau & its companion Alps. For a good part of the way the descent was gradual and though sometimes rough enough, was in general over goats pasture land. This was the situation in which I generally got ahead of my companions and often leaving them



company I walked forward a good way to get a rest till they came up. After I had got a good way in advance I was laid from them by the brow of the hill and here I lay down on the grass to contemplate the scene. I can never forget the feeling that came over me. Such a scene has been described to me by eye witnesses, I have read of it in various works, but words and expressions come far short of the illimitable grandeur of it. The mind is lost in trying to comprehend it. There are many scenes where the presence of a companion is a great help to its enjoyment when you like to expend your admiration in attempting to outdo the author in appropriate epithets, such are many of the scenes I had passed through, here a word breaks the enchantment if it is heard at all or attended to. Language is unable to convey the feeling the mind enjoys.

I was lying on the brow of what in other places would be called a mountain, beside the others it was a hill, clothed with the brightest green; it sloped gently down for some distance and then became a precipitous descent, at the very bottom, again sloping for a short way into a narrow valley or rather rent between it and the opposite rock. The distance from when I sat



to the bottom might be about 2 miles. The opposite side of this valley was formed by a perpendicular rock which towered away above where I sat and rather overhung the valley so that a stone from its brink must fall into it without any break - This fearful precipice which made one almost giddy to look at <sup>was</sup> the side of the Gneiss - It was so high that at its edge the ice commenced. Away above this the sparkling crags shot up into the sky. Not a particle of verdure was visible from the valley to the glittering peak. Not a sound disturbed the solitude except the musical tinkle of the goat bells from the hills behind me or the deeper tone of the Cow's bells in valley below. I was roused from my reverie by a sudden sound like distant thunder and Andrey starts up crying the "Avalanche" I looked to the Mountain opposite and saw a cloud of dust and spray but was too late to see the falling mass - Several others succeeded at intervals but I only heard the rumbling of their descent. And now the cavalcade which I had left came in sight over the brow of the hills the guides shouted their wild cries till the whole valley rang again. We formed the old line of march & proceeded as before.



In a short time another cavalcade came in view. It was a party coming in an opposite direction. After we had passed this we came to the chalet where we were to dine. It is situated just where the best view is had of the avalanches of the Geyfran and during our repast several came down. Numerous falls of ice & snow of various sizes take place during all the summer season. Like all other resting stations on the Swiss tour this chalet proved the meeting place of various parties whom I had seen several days before and who had arrived at the same spot ~~some days before~~ by another route. This is one of the places where it is a regular practice to place dressed Chamois before the Traveller. accordingly we had an opportunity of tasting it. I did not relish it much. it was strong and heavy however we made a hearty

meal and washed all down with some wine and then proceeded on our way. It was all done here now and for some time the descent was gradual, winding down towards the beautiful gorge in which Lauterbrunnen lies. Whether it was the reasonable meal which had raised our spirits or the gorgeous sky and scenery which exhilarates as I don't know probably both shared,



but for the next half hour we strolled on singing and performing Swiss cries with great credit.

Another Alp horn gave us another specimen of a splendid echo but we were getting tired of the performances of others and were rather vain of our proficiency in La ho-o-la. This kind of work went on as long as we kept on pretty smooth ground but an effectual stopper was put on it when we commenced the descent immediately behind Lauterbrunnen. It is so steep that each pony requires a guide to lead it and the travellers have to dismount. So high is it that the Church & the town though a considerable distance from the bottom appear to lie quite under the hill. This was the most fatiguing part of the whole day's work. The path was like the bed of a mountain torrent, the loose stones slipping and twisting the feet in a most painful manner. The shaking & twisting was so continuous, not a break of a level piece even for a yard, but always winding down zig zag with the same point always in view and never seeming to get nearer it, that several times we threw ourselves down on the bank and panted for breath. At last the bottom was gained & such a jolting had I got that.



I felt all trembling. In a short time we reached the Inn - Lauterbrunnen is beautifully situated ~~in~~ in a valley or rather gorge between the steep we had just descended and a still more perpendicular mountain on the other side. Indeed a little higher up it is a bare precipice of great height & over the edge of which is seen falling in graceful drops the fall of Staubbach. During the rainy season or when the snow is just beginning to melt this is one of the most magnificent falls in the country. even in any season the gracefulness of its form and the light fleecy clouds into which it melts before reaching the bottom renders it an object of great beauty. A short rest, a glass of good beer & a cigar recruited us after the late fatigue and we indulged in a voiture & pair to drive us to Lucerne Interlaken. Our guide mounted beside the driver. Andrey stood behind and at 6 we arrived at our destination. After getting shifted we had some tea which was very reasonable at that time. There were other English people taking tea who were evidently staying at the inn as a boarding house. and who only walked about the immediate vicinity not



travelling - There were also two others who supped after the foreign fashion - One was a young man with a velvet shooting jacket, <sup>corduroy</sup> ~~velvet~~ trousers and faded frockcoat and a shirt not of the first day. He wore no whiskers but had a black goat like beard. He and his companion talked German & I saw him look several times over at us as we made remarks in English - I looked on him as a German student in his vacation tramp. Tho' dressed in that odd way his manners showed him to be above a low class of society - After tea we went out to view the place. Except the beauty of its situation Interlaken has nothing to recommend it to a traveller - Indeed were it not for the style of the houses, the language of the inhabitants and their dress you might think yourself in an English watering place - Coffee rooms with the Times & Punch, Smoking saloons, Billiard rooms, tea parties in verandahs, English girls with Swiss hats and parasols, Nursery maids with their babies, Romantic misses taking sketches of the Jungfrau, Sounds of pianos, & "Still so gently" issuing from open windows, crowds of insipid young ladies walking about with spoony young men, gentry of gentlemen with their newspapers, anxious looking maams with their fans and poodles, and a hundred



often at centers of artificial society, far stronger  
on the feelings of one who has just arrived from  
the tour of the Oberland - But letting these  
things aside the view from one part of the village  
is very fine where the Gungfraw is seen filling  
up the gap between the two sides of the valley  
along which we had come from Lauterbrunnen.  
When we returned to the Inn the full moon  
was shining with great brightness and illumined  
this scenery with a pale blue tint in beautiful  
contrast to the lurid redness with which it had  
shone an hour ago when gilded by the rays of  
the setting sun.

Sept 4<sup>th</sup> - After breakfast paid off Andreyg - 18 Shillings  
23 Franks  
11. Ger Florins.  
The guide charge is 6 franks p. day and if at distance from  
where engaged they expect a days wage of return money.  
The English gentlemen were in a terrible fury - their  
horses costing much more than they expected. However  
it was too late to complain now - I think they paid them  
120 Mk for 4 days exclusive of the guide - We then  
set off in a disgusting Omnibus! for Lake Thun where  
we got in half an hour. And embarked in a steamer.  
The Lake is exceedingly beautiful but not so striking  
as Mullenstad though of the same kind. During  
the sail the extraordinary German we had seen  
at supper the night before made up & spoke but



That was our astonishment to find that he was no German but an English gentleman who had been travelling for alone a year & had spent 8 months in rambling about the Swiss mountains. He adopted the fashion of a German student because it was more adapted for a pedestrian stroll and being a thorough master of the language he often had a bill half the size of an Englishman's. This of course only refer to out of the way places & to some of the second or third rate for in all the best part of the country there is a regular charge not, as used to be stated, for German French & English in gradation but all alike. For instance at the H. Baur at Zurich & the Schwabische Hof at Luzern there is a code of printed prices - Besides we compared bills of several places we had been at and tho' he was always taken for a German his account only differed from mine in some items which I had gotten & he had not. It is quite true that in a hundred things - which mount up to good sum in the end, an Englishman pays more than a native of the country in which he is travelling - so that at the end of a tour a German's expenses may be the half of an Englishman's. But if he chooses to drink fine wines instead of the vin de pays, and Bier von London at München instead of Bairisch Bier



and take tea at night instead of supper at table d'hôte of course he must expect to pay extra for them. But if he "do in France as France does" and in Germany as Germany does" he will just pay the same as France and Germany - I did this and my bill was a perman one. An Englishman's item "pour le service" is always large because in his own country he is accustomed to pay for it and looks on it as mean to cut down this part of the bill. Hotel Masters knowing this often put service in the bill at the same rate as in this country though a foreigner would not permit this. But even this is now better regulated at several ~~of~~ Hotels it is stated in the printed regulations hung up in the Hall that service is included in the bill. But if you choose you can avoid this extra imposition as I did several times where I was not satisfied. At Interlaken I was charged 1½ franks but I cut off the half and the man was contented with a frank - I have left a hotel giving the waiter <sup>10 Kreuzers</sup> twopence when bowed out, and after having given a waiter 2 franks (5<sup>s</sup>) have had a bill signed "with many thanks". At Bremen in the Goldenes Lamm the service for 6 days was included in the bill at 4/. In the Castle & Falcon Lodge for ~~these~~ days at 4/6. The Goldenes Lamm is I believe the first hotel in Bremen. With examples




like these no one need grumble at impositions on  
 the English - If a man is stingy he may cut these  
 items down to a mere nothing; if he give a third  
 or at most a half of what he is accustomed to  
 give regularly in his own country he will be  
 accounted liberal and will go off with the good  
 wishes of all - A young German in the same  
 circumstances as I was, costs travel far cheaper  
 than I, because he knows, and can live in <sup>low</sup> second  
 class Inns - By the time I got to Dresden I was so  
 far master of the Anglo-German type of the  
unknown tongue that I thought I might venture, on  
 the recommendation of a young German who frequently  
 went to Dresden on business, and in defiance of my  
 almost invariable indicator Murray, to try an inn  
 in the Stadt Naumburg - here I had the advantage of  
 seeing the arrangements of an inn of the kind  
 still I was glad to turn my back on it. A solitary  
 traveller can easily stand the familiarity of  
 waiters sitting down beside him at supper and  
 pumping him - but when it comes to comfort the  
 case alters - the second night I had to change  
 my room because a shower of rain coming  
 in at the open window had drenched my bed;  
 my night shirt shared the same fate and was  
 not to be found; I suppose it was at the Naumburg



True the bill was small but then the dirt.  
 Let a German give what he likes I'd give  
 the double for the chance of a clean bed.  
 What is some consolation for an Englishman  
 to know that the blankets under which he  
 lies, by their physical construction, are  
capable of being frequently cleansed? But  
 who ever thought of washing a feather bed once  
 a week, month, or year? And then who can  
 tell the luxury of a soup plate and cream jug  
 of water as your toilet apparatus standing on  
 the table beside the ink stand? At the higher  
 end you often have a more liberal supply of water  
 than will suffice for a damp polish. At all events  
 you find a bell in the room wherewith to summon  
 the attendant. In the others you may have to  
 sally out, call to the ostler in stable underments  
 your room to inform the chambermaid and after  
 the chain of signals you may expect a decanter  
 of the pure element - So much for Inns - Then  
 Drivers, Porters, Commissionaires, all try to impose  
 a little on the John Bull - but if you have what  
 you agreed or know to be just and persevere he  
 will go away - If you speak German tell him  
 you won't give him more - if you don't change  
 your shoulders to show you don't understand him.



This long digression from the town has arisen from the conversation with our new companion.

Mun is beautifully situated on the further shore of the lake. The inn and several houses are most romantically placed. We found there was no conveyance to take us to Berne till the evening unless we hired a private carriage. ~~One~~ Bernan<sup>2</sup> was no private carriage man - I was inclined for a walk broiling as it was, being initiated into it by the last 4 days, the English lady had been flush of money but had got a dumper by the poor fare in the morning. While not very certain what to do a man came up and told us the market boat was going to Berne would we go? We were not sure what kind of thing this was - It w<sup>d</sup> be better than walking. Would he wait till the English man's trunks were carried down to the river side? (the misery of having much luggage). He would send a man to help them. So while they were getting down their traps, goatbeard  & I ascend to the church to see the prettiest church yard in the country.

It is situated on a knoll above the village to which you mount by a long flight of steps. From the terrace round it you have one of the sweetest views of Swiss beautiful scenery.



When we arrived at the river side we found  
 the market boat a large flat bottomed tub  
 something like an immense fishing cottle.  
 It was seated round the sides and a bench in  
 the middle. Over it was a coarse awning  
 formed by large hoops and canvas on them.  
 It already contained about 20 peasants returning  
 to Berne after market. They formed a very  
 picturesque group but were very plain looking.  
 Our arrival with the Englishman, Portenanteaux  
 caused quite a sensation as it was quite unusual  
 for travellers to take that ~~route~~ mode of conveyance.  
 But we were not looked on as Milords for our  
 German Englishman commenced to speak to the others  
 and those who were not so fluent redeemed their  
 character by taking a mid lunch of hard  
 biscuits and pears and then smoked like Germans.  
 But the mode of propulsion of this batteau  
 was the oddest I ever saw. We were floating  
 down a stream which leaves Lake Thun and  
 passes by Berne. This water is so rapid  
 that we were whirled away down it at  
 the rate of some 6 miles per hour. and when  
 we came near the rapids on the stream  
 our velocity was greatly accelerated  
 so that no oars were required only one



at the stern to guide us in deep water and two men at the bow with poles to keep us off the numerous stones which peeped their heads above water. In some of the rapids the channel was only 5 or 6 feet wide and there the force of the current was so strong that whenever we were spun out of them the boat was nearly turned completely round with the powerful eddies and it took some pushing & pulling to get the boat in proper direction for whirling through the next one. In some places also the boat leaved very much on one side and took all the skill of the pilot to right her again; but I had little fear of a capsizing as I had no doubt the pilot had some principle in guiding the boat in a small whirlpool as the sailor has in putting up the helm in a stiff squall.

On these occasions the younger of the women would start and cry out and afford many opportunities of gallantry to their country lads which was exceedingly delightful & refreshing to behold. The stream runs through a fertile valley on the sides of which whole villages were beating and preparing the flax.

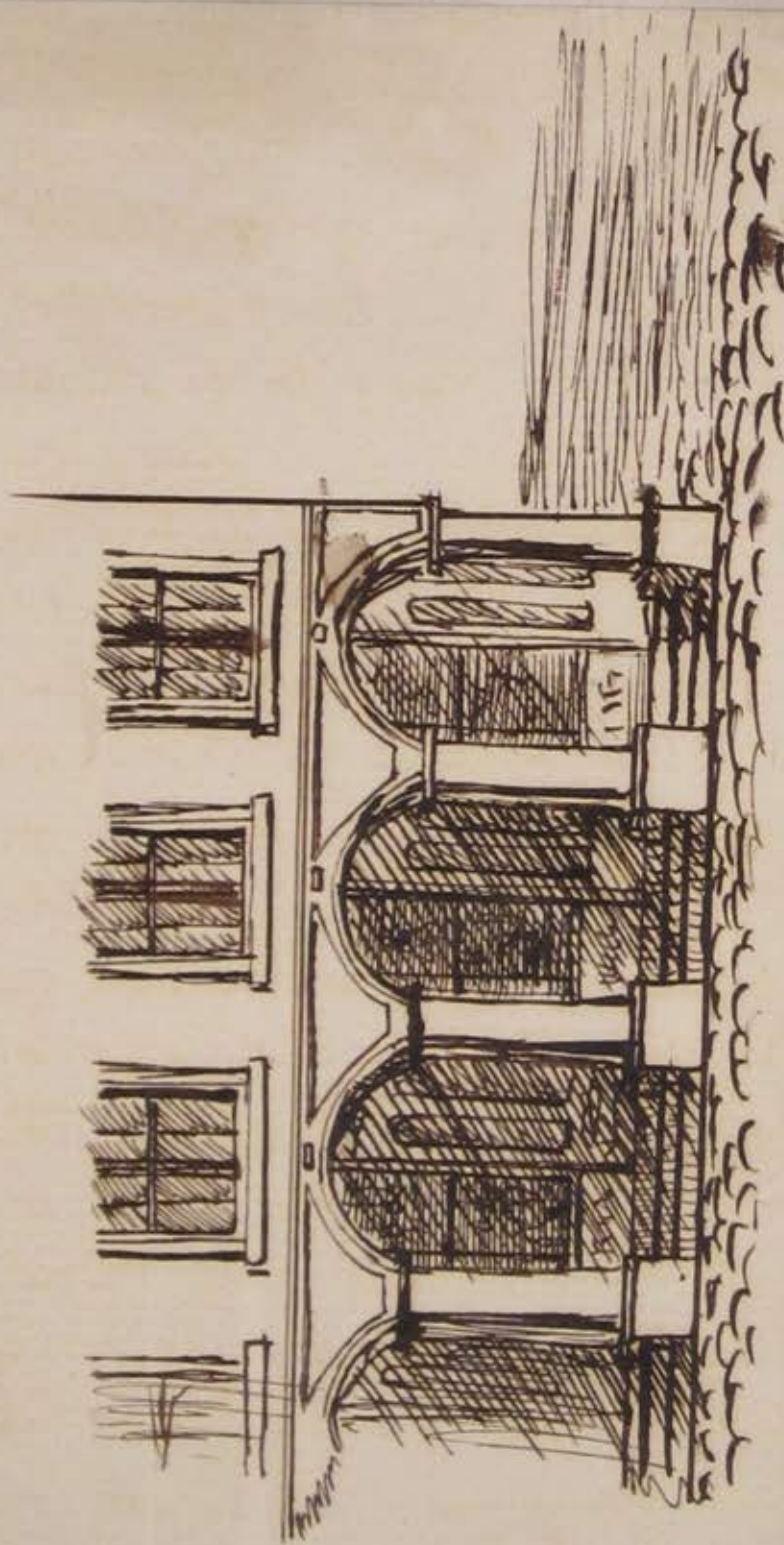


After a pleasant and interesting sail (during  
 which I got a card of introduction to the first  
 swordsman in Heidelberg from our friend  
 and exchanged the civility by giving him one  
 to a gentleman with whom I had become  
 acquainted in Leipzig) we arrived at the  
 foot of the rock on which Berne stands.  
 We got a man to carry our traps to the  
 Gasthof zum Storch. On the way our  
 friend asked the people in the boat how  
 much they paid and found that it was  
 just half of what the boatman asked  
 from us. He remonstrated but the man  
 kept firm as he had agreed to take us  
 for the charge he now made. So we had  
 no more to say. But it was cheap enough  
 1 florin or rather less than 2/- And one of the  
 pleasantest trips I ever made. The English  
 lads took places in the diligence for Susanne  
 and we all took dinner and sallied out to  
 see what was to be seen - I changed my  
 mountain costume for my full dress the  
 change consisting in leaving my broadbrimmed  
 moorwake and substituting a blue cap -  
 But our new friend made an entire  
 shift on his habillement and as we were going



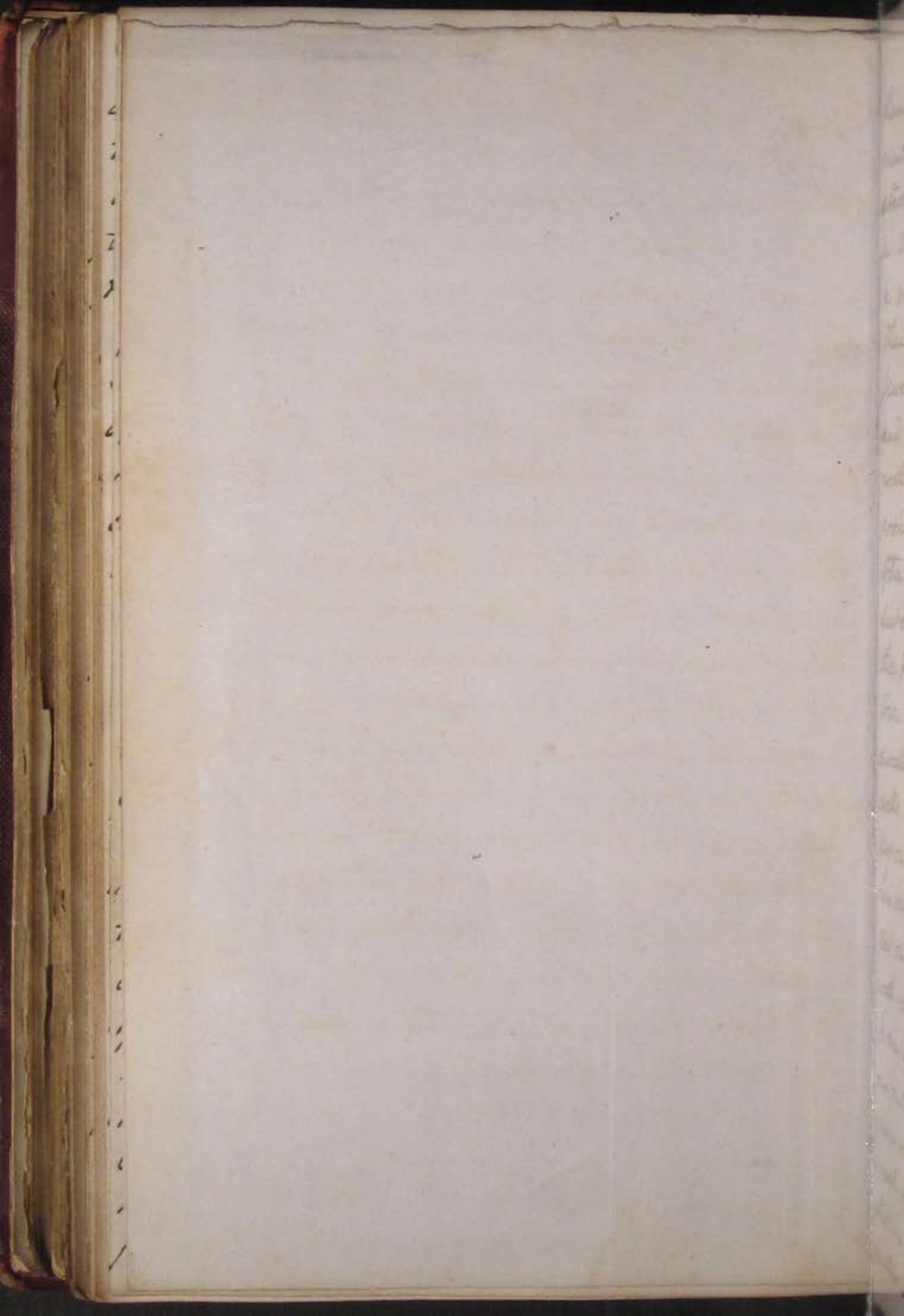
to a promenade concert he made himself quite  
 to killing - figure to yourself a robust well made  
 young man about 5ft 10 - Dark eyes - good  
 nose (I don't know what style) no whiskers  
 about a stinging beard (à la chamorro) his  
 face decorated with steel spectacles his head  
 with a cap - His clothes had slunk in his  
 portmanteau or he had grown a bit. His boots  
 which extend 3 inches up from his feet were  
 visible under a pair of bright brown trousers.  
 His vest was velvet - And his coat!  
 was the brightest pea soup color with broad  
 tails which extended down half way his knees.  
 Thus bedecked we sallied out and of course  
 took our stand in the middle of the principle  
 street gazing up at the clock on the old gate  
 tower to see the cock crow & flap its wings  
 when the hour struck - As it was 5 minutes  
 to six of course we attracted a little attention.  
 About as much as if a choir of dressed party  
 of Chinese & Hindoos were standing in the  
 Tongate gaping at the Tortoise faces -  
 We didn't care and thought like Bala Niall James  
 that we needn't care how we looked none  
 knew us - Our patience was rewarded by the odd  
 pantomime which the clock performs every hour.





Part of a street and pavement with a Piazza at Berne.







Rome is a very curious town; all the pavements are two or three steps higher than the street and are covered by piazzas <sup>arcades</sup> so that in the rainiest weather you could walk a great distance without being wet.

There are a great number of lapidaries Jewellers Watchmakers and furriers shops and indeed fancy warehouses of all kinds with a great display of goods such a would make a very gay sight in any other town but the effect is much subdued by the shops being all under the <sup>covered</sup> piazzas - The ensign or arms of the town "the Bear" is displayed on every available point - Gates, statues, public wells, in fact every erection that can support one is garnished with a Bear - Live bears are kept at the city gates dead ones in the Museum - bears of wood iron & stone adorn the architecture

In many of the streets there are more than one fountain of pure spring water which gives in warm weather a very cool and agreeable feeling. In the very centre of the street is a channel 3 feet wide with a constant stream of this pure element.



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The town stands on a lofty rock rising per-  
pendicularly from the banks of the river  
near down whose streams we had floated  
The river makes a circuit round the base  
of the hill forming a kind of peninsula  
Near the edge of the most projecting part of the  
hill stands the Cathedral and between it and  
the very brink of the precipice is an enclosed  
space planted with Acacia trees, provided with  
seats and surrounded by a low parapet wall  
to prevent any one popping into the river below

This space was now thronged with visitors  
some of whom I had seen during my route  
in the centre was a capital band of  
musicians; and this was the promenade concert.

The coup d'oeil from this platform is very  
fine and tho' I had been wandering among  
the finest parts of La Suisse I could not but  
admire it with intense satisfaction. From  
this spot I took my last look of the Oberland.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the evening.  
We saw our 3 English lads away - and then  
wandered about in the dark - heard the  
bears growling - penetrated into a house!  
took for the hospital found it a *Sphaerobolus* -  
returned to the inn and retired to rest.



Sept 5<sup>th</sup> After breakfast this morning I took leave  
 of my friend and again started alone on the  
 back ~~thruout~~<sup>banquet</sup> of the Supplement diligence  
 for Basle. It was a delightful morning and I  
 enjoyed the journey amazingly. I had a very  
 agreeable companion in the banquet a Belgian.  
 The first half of the road was rather stale  
 after what I had come thro'. A little of it  
 was quite enough but some hours of  
 sameness sent me to a nap. The houses  
 along the road were exceedingly beautiful  
 some of them most tastefully built and  
 with nice gardens round them. Indeed  
 in all the protestant cantons the houses  
 are of a much superior kind and the  
 people in a much better condition than  
 in the Catholic. This kind of thing went on  
 with little variation except a sip of brandy  
 and a cigar till we arrived at Soleure  
 about one o'clock along the dull street  
 of which we rattled to the "Poste Suisse Saal".  
 Here we alighted to dine at Table d'hôte  
 in which was nothing out of the common  
 except one of the young women in waiting  
 whose beauty came up to my bean ideal  
 of a Swiss girl. I confess I had been



disappointed with the appearance of the  
 female sex in Switzerland - I had a notion  
 (however absurd) that with all the picturesque  
 costume there should have been some kind  
 of beauty in the inhabitants but I was  
 woefully disappointed, a more ~~pleasing~~ looking  
 set of females it was never my lot to see.  
 However the young lady under consideration  
 was an exception and thus drew more attention.  
 In fact if you had watched the gentlemen  
 at dinner you would have found that what  
 time they could spare from their plates was  
 devoted to admiring her. She wore a brown  
 muslin frock - a low bodice of black moiree  
 with short sleeves, her arms being clothed  
 with loose stiff white cotton sleeves, a  
 white (article of dress the name of which I  
 ignore - Chemisette?) fitted close up to the  
 throat a black silk handkerchief tied  
 over the head in lieu of a cap completed  
 the costume of the serving beauty. Our  
 meal was soon concluded and we returned  
 to our places and cigars. After this however  
 the route got much more interesting and  
 at one part where the road winds down  
 a very steep hill into a confined valley



was very peculiar. But in truth the day's excursion was rather tiresome especially with the feeling that I was leaving the mountain scenery. An incident occurred however to break the monotony. A stage after Solene we came to a Country post village past which the Supplement could not be taken so we passengers in it had to dismount and pack ourselves into what conveyances the post house could produce. On turning out we numbered 19 - viz 4 Ladies & 6 gentlemen. To accommodate us the post master (Herr Post Meister) had a phaeton! licensed to hold 4 inside and a kind of conveyance the like of which never was built. It was like an easy chair for two, the legs of which were prolonged up the height of bed posts and on these were hung black leather curtains. This was placed sideways on two wheels so that one arm of the chair (as it were) pointed to the horse the other the opposite way. The driver sat on a small perch on the anterior arm so that he appeared as if glued to the front curtain. It was hung on easy springs so that if the passengers lay back the machine was nearly capsized.



if they leant forward they would have fallen out  
 had it not been for a leather strap, passing  
 from arm to arm, like in a baby's chain  
 in either case the conveyance swayed  
 backwards and forwards like a ship at sea  
 Added to this the horse was of a peculiar  
 disposition and performed a great part of the  
 journey by sudden plunges forward during  
 which he shewed a peculiar liking to the  
 gutters and to restrain his vehemence the  
 driver had to hold him in till his face  
 was blue, then he would coolly walk on to  
 the intense disgust of his driver and he must  
 nearly have dislocated his shoulder joints in  
 flopping him. These movements, however har-  
 assing to the Jehu, were very amusing to  
 the beholder for what with the extraordinary  
 motions of the horse and the rocking of the  
 "petit voiture" any unprejudiced spectator must  
 have come to the conclusion that the horse  
 and machine were afflicted with some kind  
 of St Vitus' dance. You would see the animal  
 toiling along; then suddenly you would hear a  
 roar of laughter the machine would rock &  
 then be obscured by a cloud of dust out of which  
 you would presently see ~~the~~ tearing up to you.



I had a very advantageous position for seeing these evolutions - The fact was I was travelling, standing on the back board of the phaeton in the manner of a flunkey - When we 10 who had occupied the other diligence attempted to get into the two conveyances it was a regular clamor - Three gentlemen squeezed themselves into the "petit" - One got up beside the driver, the 4 ladies got into the phaeton and another gentleman the husband of one wedged himself between two on the back seat - here was I "de trop". I tried the "petit" the driver's seat, the inside - there was no room - I gave vent to my feelings of anger in string of invective terms from the German & French languages hurled at the "blockhead" of a post master, finished off with a volley or c-r-r-r-r-r sending in an explosion in which the word "Collier" might have been distinguished - Having thus calmed my mind and not caring how I travelled provided I got along and enjoyed myself, above all being burdened with no baggage but the little knapsack I carried on my back, I jumped up on the back board - cried out to the announcement of the native "All right drive on Coachy" lighted a cigar and smoked calmly for the next half hour, exchanging salutations with coachmen who passed - It was



in this exalted position that I watched the Anti  
 of the little conveyance behind - This sort  
 of work did pretty well for the first hour  
 or so but after the novelty of the thing I  
 began to look for the next change town so  
 that I might get a seat in another carriage.  
 But at the next post we found there was  
 no other carriage, so I was invited into the phaeton  
 and the gentleman in it kindly sat on the door  
 to make room for a seat to me for a while.  
 It was certainly very odd kind of travelling by  
 post but I was quite prepared for it by what  
 I had seen in other parts of Germany before.  
 The next post came in two hours, then we  
 alighted & refreshed ourselves with bread & wine  
 and also got a new conveyance, an Omnibus  
 in which we continued till we arrived at  
 Bâle about 9 pm. It was dark when we were  
 a little more than half way from the last post.  
 The only striking part of the road was in the  
 sudden descent into a valley between high mountains.  
 Immediately on getting out of the 'bus I went  
 into the "post office" and found my carpet bag  
 which I had despatched from Zurich - I then  
 marched off to the Trois Fleurs Hotel - It is one  
 of the largest I ever was in - a splendid house.

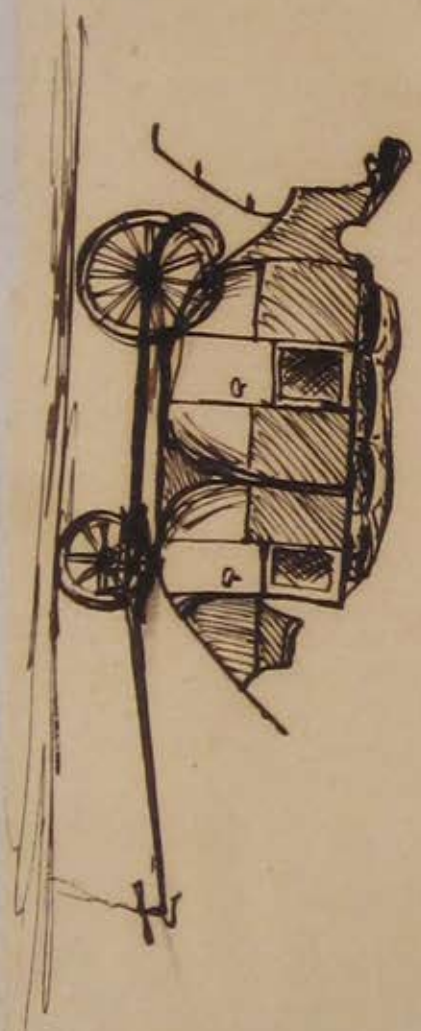


*Le Supplément à Bâle*





*Le superbelement à Balle*





I went to the Salon for supper - I found it an immense room stretching the whole length of the house - the windows overlooking the Rhine. It was divided partially into three compartments. One the largest in the centre was covered for supper - One end communicated with a handsomely fitted up withdrawing room in which were chess, backgammon & newspapers - At the other end was another compartment the table covered with various sets of tea and coffee dishes, Silver vases with spirit lamps under them causing them to hiss and steam.

At this latter part I indulged in a nice tea and then retired to bed - Before sleeping I devoted a short time to mending abrasion in my clothes, sewing on buttons & which had rather suffered by the violent method of washing.

Sept 6. The more important object at Bale is the Cathedral - Belonging to the protestant church it was not open during the week so I had to fetch the Castellans - As I was going in I met two of the ladies who had been fellow travellers the day before so they took the opportunity of viewing it - Its effect as a cathedral is much impaired by its being divided and seated like a protestant church.



264  
Its principal interest lies in its age and style  
and in the associations of it with the name  
of Zwingle the reformer many reminiscences  
of whom were brought before us by the keeper.

A small yard at one side of the Cathedral  
is surrounded by a corridor of stone which gives  
the place a sombre and monkish appearance.

But by far the nicest part of the visit to the  
Cathedral is the view from a small platform ex-  
tending between the building and the brink of  
a precipice at whose base the Rhine flows.

The windings of the river are seen for some  
distance above the town and at the foot of  
the hill on which the Cathedral stands is seen  
Basle with its picturesque bridge, the Trois Rois  
not an unimposing spectacle at one side of it.

I had not long to sit for after seeing all I could  
I set off for Strasburg at 11 o'clock per Rail.  
where I arrived at 6 pm. I was glad when I came  
to the end of it for I had left highland scenery  
and had been going over perfectly flat fields  
of Tobacco. Any time you put your head  
out at the window you were sure to see a  
field of Tobacco which has a close resemblance  
to docken leaves - and no one wd like to travel  
for 5 hours with docken before, behind, & on each side.







Sept 7. I rose betimes and went out to see the Cathedral again. It is truly a splendid structure. the carving of the Spire is just like lace work - the organ was pealing when I went in and made a splendid resounding. A great number of common people were in at Matins - Most of the females had either red cloaks or red petticoats which had a curious effect - After leisurely viewing the interior I ascended the tower. While resting on one of the balconies two men in houses came near me - We exchanged "Bon jour"; One of them a strong fellow was very talkative and seemed determined to acquaint me with my movements. He remarked that I was not a Frenchman and asked what Countryman I was, "Corsais" I said. "Ah! c'est l'île de Napoléon" donnez le main he cried and shook hands most frantically. I was at a loss to understand his enthusiasm when he said. "Moi je suis Corsais - je suis Gendarme Corsais -" "Pardon, monsieur," I said, "il n'y a pas de Gendarmes in Corse." - "Mais oui je suis Gendarme Corsais." I saw there was some mistake but could not at the time find out to the man wanted me to take a "morning" of beer he was so amicable - this I however declined



When we got to the clock he acted as Master of Ceremonies introducing me to the clock keeper as "Compatriot of Napoleon - I then found out the error and said "Oh non je suis Anlais. Becassais"; if you had seen the face of disappointment of the man at that. He soon brightened up however and said "non comme André Wagay pas peur". So we shook hands again & mounted to the top. The Spire commands a fine view of the fortification and surrounding country. I found Strasbourg rather a lively town - All the costume and manners are rather German than French - except the military. I was rather astonished that I had not to show my passport at all either in entering or leaving the town.

At 11 o'clock I started in an omnibus for Kehl the railway station on the opposite side of the Rhine. Just after we passed over the bridge of boats and "tête du pont" (which by the way was demolished) we were driven into the Souane station - Here our baggage was thoroughly searched but all being in regle we proceeded on to the station. The country between Kehl & Heidelberg is flat except in the pretty gorge leading to Baden - The tobacco fields were again in abundance relieved however by the vineyards



which clothed the hill sides - We were again in Germany and the language and money were German. I arrived at Heidelberg at 8pm. As it was Saturday - I lost no time in hatching to the hotel changing and setting off for the School of Medicine - It was vacation time and of course there was nothing to see but the Museum which is a very complete and useful collection of Anatomical & morbid specimens - It seemed a very nicely arranged school and I understand has been well attended of late years. Having satisfied my Curiosity and strolled about a little I returned took a meat supper & retired.

Sept 8<sup>th</sup> Sunday - During the night I was awakened by an extraordinary shuffling in the next room - and soon I heard sighs and groans as if of a female in pain, then there was retching and vomiting very severely - Here thought I is a case - Should I offer my services? I was not such a master of German as to be able to open a colloquy without some thought So I lay still a few minutes and commenced an imaginary Conversation - The first two sentences got on well, but at the third I began to get sleepy again and came to the conclusion that I was dozing - In this comfortable idea



I lay still till I was roused again by a start - I commenced anew the phrase in right earnest but relapsed very rapidly into slumber - I suppose I tried this for some ten minutes till I was effectually roused by the door next mine opening and shutting & some ~~one~~ going down stairs. This thought I is some one going for a doctor - I soon heard footsteps coming up stairs so I bolted out of bed opened the door and had the following interesting elegant and idiomatic dialogue - "Halloo" Mein Herr, ist jemand krank in diese zimmer "Ja mein Herr" - "Haben sie da Arzt" "Ja" - "Ah! das ist gut" - Having got this satisfactory information I returned to bed and slept quietly till morn - After taking coffee I went to the Hospital to have the benefit of a visite with Herr Chelius - But I found that he rarely came on Sunday so I went to one of the internes & introduced myself He was very civil and showed me the whole Medical part then handed me over to the internes of the surgical part - I asked for the student to whom I had an introduction (the swordsmen) he was out of town but was well known - The Hospital is old but well arranged



The wards all open from corridors which run round the building, and the doors leading to them can always be open and so there is a constant ventilation - There is a very nicely laid out instrument room with a perfect Museum of Surgical instruments -

After seeing the Hospital and the building of the University I went into the Jesuit Church there was pretty good Music I only stood a few minutes and then went down to the main Church or Cathedral and imposing old structure on one side of the Market Place - There were great numbers of people in their best attire apparently getting into omnibuses or waiting for them for a Sunday trip - The Church is divided by the centre into two compartments in one of which a protestant congregation meets, in the other a Roman Catholic. Thus while the protestant clergyman is reading a chapter on the other side of the wall the organ is sounding and bells tinkling during the elevation of the host - Though I did not understand the sermon I went in and sat during the Act the clergyman seemed to be preaching very energetically - There were somewhere about 500 present - At the conclusion there was a collection.



After this I went to the English Chapel a small unassuming room in which I found about 80 or 90 ladies and gentlemen all clad in the newest style and grandest dresses. I felt very small in my shooting coat and cap. But I was "en voyage" and did not care. I had no book and the gentleman next me did not think proper to let me share his. The clergyman was of style termed cold-headed a discrimination on the origin of evil.

After dinner I went to see the Castle, one of the finest ruins to be seen any where. I was already tired of seeing the insides of palaces, castles, museums &c. so I made up my mind not to spend my time in roaming through the old rooms but rather to walk about and view the building from every different aspect. But my curiosity first led me to see the Run. The young lady in attendance told us (for there were some others in at the time) of the good old times when the enormous barrel was filled every vintage and when safely stored the bourgeois & bourgeoises used to walk on the top, and it was so large that it would make no mean waltzing saloon.



In fact I'm pretty sure it was this latter part that she deplored more than the former for she gave several introductory steps of a waltz and if it had not been Sunday night I'm mistaken if she would not have been obliged to take a turn of the "light fantastic" For her part I dare say Sunday would not have come in the way for a band of musicians in the garden were preparing for a promenade concert - I don't remember the measurements of it but we had to go up a flight of stairs to get on the top of it, it can contain ———

This was the only part of the interior that I visited except several subterranean passages which led from the under part of the castle to the town through the ruined fortifications. The most curious part of the ruin is a large tower which had been undermined and a train of gunpowder exploded under it on the occasion of a siege - but the masonry proved too solid for the explosion which however was so powerful as to cause the whole mass to slip into the fosse where it stands or rather lies entire. Many parts of the castle are





quite in repair, having many historical associations connected with them - but these I did not spend time with - The view of the town and river from the white terrace in front of the castle and still better of the castle town & the river at the foot from the terraces of the garden are beautiful - It is one of the most picturesque spots I ever saw. Several large rafts of wood came floating down the Necker as I sat admiring the scene and it was amusing to watch the manner in which the pilots guided them through the rapids & between the arches of the old bridge. The sun was fast setting down and shone beautifully on the old building and on the spires of the churches of the town while crowds of people were pouring over the bridge to the rural side, to take their Sunday evening walk or to sip coffee and smoke in the pavillions which overlooked the river. After enjoying the view I did not wait for the Concert but followed in the wake of several people who were going across the bridge thinking there might be something going on, on the other side but they all seemed bent on coffee and smoke.



The places of resort are summer houses whose sides are formed of vines creeping over a trellis and from which huge clusters of the most delicious grapes hang down like cornices and roof decorations. There are a few yards of bank between the road and the river and it was literally covered with grapes. None of them seemed ripe or I don't know what I might have done - at all event I won't have patronised a pavillion. As it was I took a short walk to see the opposite Castle in all its splendour -

I then returned to the hotel to write - As I sat at tea I saw not far from me a little stout man whose face I thought I had seen before - He came up to me and I recognised the German with whom I had breakfasted at Zurich. He had come to Heidelberg that day and was on his road home to Bremen - He however proposed to stay at Heidelberg another day -

In the morning while at my coffee at 6 Am Sept 9 - I saw my friend of last evening who had made up his mind to accompany me as far as Frankfurt - We went into the Rauch-Zimmer (smoking saloon) of the train and had a cigar very comfortably



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the country we passed this was flat and fertile and there were some very pretty towns and villages on the line but it was but a Railway view after all. Nothing remarkable happened - We arrived at Frankfurt at 10½. I left my bag at the station and went to the hotel where the German was going to stay washed and then we called out to see as much of the free town of Frankfurt am Main as could be seen in a forenoon. The German first led me to the great Fair - It fortunately was the fair time so I saw the town in its best time. Inns and lodging houses were full, the street crowded with Germans of all state with Bohemian, Polish &c &c. so that there was abundant variety of costume - Many of the dwelling houses were converted into temporary magazines and a large open space on the banks of the river was quite filled with booths of all sorts of goods the most conspicuous of all was Meerschmann cut into pipes "Beyar splitzen" &c My German friend had large dealings with one of these pipe merchants - He assisted me to choose a nice cigar holder of Meerschmann



He then left me and went to finish  
 his own business in the town. — After  
 strolling about the fair, attending sales &c  
 till I had thoroughly done it. I stepped  
 into the old Cathedral just as two young  
 Englishmen were entering. There is nothing  
 remarkable about the Church except its age  
 and one or two very old works of art it  
 contains. The Castellan was in wrath at me  
 because I found out from Murray and told the  
 other two, things that he could not make them  
 understand. After this we visited the Chamber  
 where the Diet sits a very handsome hall  
 used on other occasions as a Church. — And then  
 the old town hall containing a number of  
 portraits of the Emperors of Germany and some or two  
 very excellent pictures. After this I took them  
 down to the fair and there left them. — I  
 then went in search of the Statue of  
 Ariadne and in doing so from some wrong  
 direction I walked about most of one side  
 of the town and thus saw it to be a much  
 finer clean and elegant town. — I also saw  
 the <sup>Monument</sup> ~~Statue~~, outside of the adjoining <sup>Friedburg</sup> gate  
 erected to the memory of the Hessians who died in the siege of  
 the Statue of Ariadne by Dannecker is situated





*where my friend was & heard the bands play*



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<sup>Friedburg</sup>  
erected to the memory of the Hessians killed in the siege 1758.  
The statue of Ariadne by Dannecker is situated



in a garden belonging to an English gentleman  
 a Mr Bettman - The public are freely admitted  
 It is a most beautiful work of art representing  
 Ariadne, reclining on the back of a lioness,  
 a perfect model of the female form - The  
 whole is of white marble and the effect is  
 heightened by the windows being of blue stain  
 glass which causes the light to be soft & mellow.  
 After this I made for the hôtel to be in time  
 for Table d'hôte for I was right ready for  
 it - To my dismay as I passed several  
 of the large hôtels on my way to that  
 where my friend was I heard the bands playing  
 giving me evidence that dinner was  
 fast disappearing to these melodious strains  
 And when I got to the platy where it was  
 I found I was half an hour late - So I  
 popped into an unpretending Restaurateur  
 to get what I could, where I saw tables set &  
 about 40 ladies & gentlemen of a decent but not  
 high class all busy at work devouring  
 while in a corner there were some half  
 dozen others devoted to the profession of Music  
 who were giving dance to the victuals in the  
 shape of inspiring airs which they produced  
 from violins, harp, sacbut & I don't know all what.



varied by an occasional song. The dinner was no great thing but consisted of several courses. Soup, beef - "beals", vegetables (sauerkraut) &c. and then "mett spise" or a sweet meat, consisting of bread pudding, together with half bottle of doubtless wine. If it was not of the first class it was cheap 1/2. Besides one is the better of seeing all sorts of living especially when travelling on independent principles - Here was I walking about mixing with the Merchant on 'change in the rich City of Zurich and that with a wide awake & a chamoin stick. And to tell the truth I woud have had little chance of getting served in a fine Hotel till the others were near done - So I sat my dinner at a table with another who came in late, with whom I had a kind of jabber about the "Wunder schön Ansichten in Schytzerland" - I was sorry my plans compelled me to leave so soon for Bin sure I coult have spent a day there with great pleasure, but I had the same feeling with almost every place so I kept to my resolution and took my place for Miestaden when I arrived at 4½ pm - I no sooner got to the Hotel de Poste (Aigle) (Zinn Adler) than I washed & dressed - In 10 minutes appearing in my full dress (as at Berne) for the promenade concert



To any one not prepared for the appearance  
 of the place it must have seemed a kind  
 of large bleaching or washing establishment  
 for one of the gutters on the streets in  
 many parts rose a perpetual steam, and  
 one stream which ran through the town  
 looked like the refuse water of some large  
 factory - the people get warm water here  
 without heating it - the difficulty is to get  
 cold water - from these observations I was  
 led by the cars to the promenade - in other  
 words I heard the sounds of music - pointed  
 and went in the direction till I came to the  
 Kur Saal. This building being almost as well  
 known as the Exchange here or Westminster Abbey  
 need not be particularly dealt with - It occupies  
 one side of a large square - ~~the~~ other  
 two <sup>are formed</sup> of rows of gaudy shops under a colonnade  
 the fourth is open and the public road runs  
 along it. A smaller square inside this is  
 formed by Acacia trees - The side which is  
 formed by the Kur Saal is divided into three  
 compartments communicating with each other  
 the centre is a lofty ball room of great size  
 surrounded by a magnificent <sup>marble</sup> colonnade under  
 which are chairs of state and all kinds of seats.



Numerous chandeliers hang from the figured  
 roof and mirrors are placed in every nook  
 giving quite a magical appearance - There  
 was no ball that night - Sunday is generally  
 chosen - It was only occupied by a roulette  
 table and by groups of ladies & gentlemen  
 walking up and down - Large folding doors  
 of glass opened into the garden behind which  
 the dancers are in the habit of retiring to  
 take an ice or coffee - On one side of this  
 "grande salle" was a lesser one fitted up luxuriously  
 with ottoman chairs &c - and a gaming table  
 in the centre - This was the grand attraction.  
 In the middle on both sides sat the bankers who  
 in turn played the cards - And most stoically  
 went on paying out or taking in according to  
 the chance of the game - "Messieurs, faites le jeu"  
 "Messieurs, on fait le jeu" - Messieurs le jeu se fait  
 During these expressions the stake is played and  
 anxious are the glances cast at the bankers  
 and other players - suspicious ones at those who  
 are gaming - enquiring ones at the cards with  
 pinholes pricked in them to see the probable  
 color of the card - At last the stakes are down  
 the breath is held in suspense while the  
 cards are dealt - and then the unmoved voice



of the banker called out - "Houze gagne - it  
 perde le couleur - or words to that effect - then  
 follows the paying out and drawing in pile  
 of silver and gold with instrument like rakes  
 Many hundred pounds must have been played.  
 It was most exciting to watch the players &  
 there were several ladies ~~some~~ of them English  
 just to have a trial at the famous Kursaal.  
 One in particular seemed to have great interest  
 in the game and evidently was there for gain  
 Her face was flushed and she stared eagerly  
 at the play of those who seemed gaining  
 she kept her card of pinholes most religiously  
 and seemed to play only when it showed a good  
 chance - several times after losing a few dollars  
 she rose from the table and walked in the  
 garden apparently to cool herself but in a  
 few minutes she always returned. A great  
 many gentlemen threw down a dollar to take  
one chance and stopped good or bad, having  
 left home with this item in their pocket took  
 Kursaal Wiesbaden. 1 dollar if they lost they came  
 away if they gained they took their prizes to  
 the supper room and eat the proceeds. This  
 certainly was the most sensible way of  
doing the Kursaal for I saw several en-



- tied into play who looked stupid and sorry afterwards - The roulette did not seem quite so exciting at least the play never was very high - At the side of the building opposite this facing room stood the supper room the great resort of the dancers and gamblers and the public in general - After viewing the interior I walked out in the garden immediately behind where were a great number of small tables & chairs & people to correspond sipping coffee - ices - & smoking while a good band entertained us with music. This is the regular evening life of a baile except when changed by the ball & theatre - To my astonishment I knew nobody - But all whom I had met travelling before were coming home some other way - After spending an amusing evening I went home I was expected to see more visitors, but indeed it was getting towards the end of the season.

Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> - I rose betimes this morning and went out in search of the Kochbrunnen or principal spring - I walked leisurely along till I came to a plantation where I saw several saddled asses ready for mounting - I was not inclined for Ass-manship so I turned into



one of the walks and began to wonder where the spring was - I saw a gentleman coming along in a morning dress - He had a decent German looking beard so I took off my hat and asked in German if he could tell me where the spring was - He did not lift his hat in return and gave his head a shake as if to intimate he did not understand me - "Pardou, Monsieur" ~~saying~~ vous ne l'et la source I said determined to try French - What was my amazement when the man said - "I don't understand German nor French, did you ask me something" - He was an American and took me to the hot spring where he was going himself - It was most amusing. The road is lined on each side with trees and knots of people were standing together or walking about with tumblers of hot water in their hands - seasoning their conversation with a sip of the liquid. The place where the spring rose was covered with a kind of Portico. And all around huge clouds of steam rose so as to obscure the drinkers I applied for a tumbler - The water tasted something like salt and water warm - But I soon threw it away - The people seem to have considerable fun in it -



After doing the water drinking I went back to the hotel and ordered a bath - being determined to do as Wiesbaden does - I was shown into a little room with a floor of *Synai* - on which were 2 chairs, a bit of carpet, a pair of slippers, a dressing gown of cotton, a bath towel, a comb and a bell pull. At the end of this little floor were two baths into which 3 steps led from it. It was a double bathed room - The baths were of smooth stone - They were oval holes, about 5 ft long 3 ft broad and 3 deep - The water they contained was most uninviting bearing a marked resemblance to chicken soup half cold - flakes of grease coating the surface - I stripped and went down one step, it was pleasantly warm, but the fluid looked disgusting; I hesitated and was about to withdraw thinking myself a fool to macerate myself in chicken soup of the second day, when, the steps being greasy, I accidentally slid down and fell all my length in the water - Now I was in I determined to remain - so I performed numerous porpoise evolutions for about 10 minutes and then began to weary & wondered how people could spend time in that tub - It struck me a companion in the next talk would have been an improvement - Or a cigar & the news.



For amusement I drew the plug and lit in the warm water. but this soon got too hot so after being pretty well boiled I came out & dressed and left the place to the amangement of the bathman who expected me to lie in steep about an hour. After this I had <sup>earned</sup> ~~earned~~ my breakfast. and after it a cigar in the garden. This is the regular life of a Wiesbaden bather. I underwent it for 18 hours & had plenty of it. Wiesbaden in itself has no attraction except the Karsbad & water. But the neighbourhood is beautiful and the drive down to Biebrich pretty good. At 10 am I started in the omnibus for Biebrich to get the steamer on the Rhine. The omnibus was full and certainly was not a pleasant mode of conveyance. We got to Biebrich in about an hour and after waiting on a floating pier about half an hour the steamer made its appearance. When we embarked the river was anything but striking the banks on both sides being quite flat. The steamer and passengers quite came up to my idea of Rhine travelling. Herds of veggens hastening down, on the way home. Here I met two of my former companions. The extraordinary Englishman I had met at Ragatz. He had arrived there in a post wagon



analogous to our foot chairs, with portmanteaux, hat boxes, umbrellas &c. and altogether looked a great man - In this steamer he was returning home in the dritte platé his luggage having dwindled down to a bundle tied in a red saphin, his shoes out at the toe - his coat torn and presenting altogether a melancholy toilet - His shirt was concealed by a double breasted waistcoat, nothing being visible but a miserable triangle of shirt collar which drooped over a worn out neckcloth. In fact he looked a regular do-finger and his tongue went as fluently - When at Ragatz he was accompanied by two young men who appeared to have very little notion of travelling. As he was I had advised him to go to the Via Mula & he told me he had gone alone - but in walking to it had taken what he considered a short cut through a wood and had wandered in it and only got out by happening on a place where he met a woodman who led him on so he did not see the Via after all - He told me he was tired of his companions and paid the place from Geneva to Paris after which he took a short tour and was returning home in an original state with a very dilapidated pencil - He was rather forward and talked me



reasonably loud. so every one near had the benefit of his conversation — Though slightly lame in person and since he had lost none of his propensities for he spoke as if addressing a meeting he made me tell him my adventures — He seemed in easy terms with a good Bishopric of very extraordinary extension — nearly as shabby as himself and quite as free and easy — he informed me that there was an independent congregation somewhere about Hothamham and one of the free men of the present day in that Church — The two seemed also to be familiar with a party of ours and possessed few good specimens of the race — Between my companion friends — the Ecclesiastic, and the Jew, we had some Capital fun — The other person I knew was the German who had been with me at Frankfurt. but he was unwell and at my advice he rolled himself in his cloak and lay in the Cabin most of the day.

The first part of the sail down was doubtless tame but as we got into the rocky gorge through which the river sweeps the scenery was very fine. I must say that in a while it grew tiresome for though new views were presented at every winding yet in many cases they were of the same kind — Poughkeepsie and



ragged rocks towering out of the river with some  
 feudal and now haunted castle on the very peak  
 in the low grounds at their base a thriving  
 village with all sorts of quaint architecture  
 and in the intervals the more sloping hills  
 clothed with terraces of vines from the water  
 to the very top. Several of these views are  
 exceedingly striking and beautiful and indeed  
 the whole river at this part is picturesque  
 details I do not mention preferring to refresh my  
 memory from Murray as it is more fully  
 described there. Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein are  
 the most remarkable spots on this tour but  
 though well worthy of a visit and a day spent  
 in the neighbourhood I could not afford time  
 for it. From the river the fort looks imposing  
 and impregnable but I understand that a  
 visit to it is still more interesting. As  
 a whole I was rather disappointed with the  
 Rhine probably on account of the undue  
 expectation I had formed of it - perhaps on  
 account of my being somewhat satiated of  
 scenery during a two months tour the latter  
 part of which was through Switzerland also  
 on account of the very rapid and unsatisfactory  
 manner in which I was travelling for I have



no doubt that had I landed at one or two of the villages on its banks stayed a day or two on my way strolled along in the vicinity that it would have been much finer - However I was only on the way down - The terraces of vines form a most remarkable feature in the scenery and one which of more varied would be very striking but as it is give an <sup>app</sup> feeling of monotony - The hills on the banks of the river present the appearance of a regular succession of low stone walls rising one above another; and on the top of them are stakes at equal distances round which the vines cling - the whole having somewhat the appearance of fields of staked peas - Through ignorance I expected something picturesque in the "vine clad hills" fancy my disappointment at being a succession of tiers of stone walls. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the vine when trained over a trellis or bower with its broad delicate leaves shading off the rays of the sun and its luscious clusters sparkling in ripeness, almost dropping wine - Nothing can be more monotonous than to see the same plant in a large field or popping its head over a set of stone dykes.



Scenery depends very much on the kind of  
 weather the kind of companions and the state  
 of the mind - The weather was very fine  
 a gentle breeze, rather cool in the evening  
 but very pleasant. And today the truth the  
 aforementioned companions helped to pass the  
 time besides which we had table d'hôte which  
 I made up my mind not to lose for any scenery  
 as I was almost famishing when it appeared.  
 Verily the Wiesbaden steep had appetized me -  
 When I took my place my legation's friend  
 sat himself beside me. Just on the other side  
 was a party of English who hardly interchanged  
 a word; a striking contrast to the other who com-  
 menced his conversation in a loud strain intending  
 to draw out the others - Just then an old lady  
 evidently a spinster came in looking for a place  
 so the loud man got a seat for her beside him  
 and began to entertain her with his exploits  
 She listened and talked most perseveringly and  
 altogether caused a great deal of amusement.  
 They talked about French cooking and French wine  
 and to show his taste the Gentleman called  
 out "I say Walter bring me a bottle of the  
 Sparkling Moselle" The waiter having no  
 such wine he changed his mind & had a Rhein



of Ordinaire - to the great amusement of the  
 Ascetic Englishman opposite - but in the end  
 he was forced to speak to contradict an assertion  
 of the other who after a little argumentation  
 proved himself right. I found I enjoyed the sail  
 a great deal better after dinner. After a very  
 pleasant day I took leave of my companions and  
 landed at Bonn at 6 - I had not time to walk  
 about much that night but what I saw of Bonn  
 led me to think a great deal of it.

Sept. 11 - In the morning I was awakened  
 by an unusual bustle outside and on getting up  
 I saw by the square in front of the Hotel that  
 it was market day. for country people with  
 all kinds of saleables were taking struces in it.

Bonn is a well built clean and thriving  
 town. not unlike some I have seen in Belgium.  
 A great many English reside there. and  
 there are several English boarding schools. The  
 country round about is quite flat except  
 a hill called the Krenzberg where there is  
 a church and crypt -

I immediately went off to see the Hospi-  
 tal which adjoins the University - these  
 with the School of Medicine are most  
 beautifully situated in a large park with



avenues of trees round them - In front is a  
 square surrounded by trees stands a statue  
 of Goethe in Bronze - Then the University  
 a handsome building with a splendid  
 library on one side and a compact  
 small hospital on the other. Then a  
 small flower garden. From this a large  
 green field studded with trees with roads  
 and seats surrounding it, extends to a stream  
 at the other end - In the centre stands  
 the school of Medicine a handsome and  
 compact building, thus isolated from all  
 inspection - If any situation could tempt  
 a person to study medicine it is the  
 Anatomische Saal at Bonn - The most  
 remarkable part of the University is the  
 library one of the largest I have seen  
 at least belonging to a University. In the Hospital  
 I did not see much for it was vacation time  
 and there were only a few patients - The Intern  
 was a very obliging young man and both showed  
 and explained all the arrangements. The  
 school of Medicine consists of dissecting rooms  
 Museum containing very good specimens and  
 a lecture room - the town is too small to  
 be a very good Anatomical school.



After seeing these I walked out to the Kreuzberg  
 a flow hill with a church on it. There  
 is a straight road to it planted on each side  
 with trees which form a pleasant shade.  
 A number of very nice houses with gardens.  
 At half a mile out from Bonn this road is  
 interrupted by the chateau of Poppledorf which  
 is given by the King to the University and is  
 now a Museum of Nat. Hist. while the  
 grounds are converted into to Botanic gardens.  
 Not far from this is a straggling village viz  
 poppledorf and close to it is the ascent  
 to Kreuzberg a canevaged steep road  
 with trees on each side - A more gradual  
 carriage road has been formed farther  
 on. The chapel was attached to a convent  
 (1600) and contains valuable relics and is  
 consequently a place of pilgrimage - In  
 the vaults are a number of natural mummies  
 of unburied monks some of them 400 years  
 old and though shrivelled - quite undecomposed.  
 The spire commands a fine view of  
 the Rhine. the Dachenfell on one side  
 and on the other in the distance Cologne  
 Bonn and its environs are very beautiful.  
 After dinner I set off per train to Köln



when I arrived at about 5pm.

After getting a room in the Hotel de l'Esplanade looking to the river I set out to see this famous town. But truly it is distance and imagination that lends enchantment to the view, for I had not walked half an hour before I was disgusted. True there are some splendid shops, but then the streets are ill paved lanes, the pavements are not flagged and are above from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet broad and at the corners of the streets there are none at all so that if you don't hear a cart coming round the corner you have every chance to be ground between the wheel and the wall. But indeed one has little fear of that for the noise of these half built carts and carriages echoing through the narrow streets is enough to drive one distracted. And then the gutters - there is no slope in the streets and apparently no scavengers so the refuse water stagnates in the street and the stench is horrible - I had to walk about with my nose stopped with my handkerchief - In or near the Juichik's place are ~~from~~ about 10 dozen shops where



Jean Marie Farina's Eau de Cologne is made each maintaining that it alone has the proper recipe - Altogether there are about 80 shops which have the only true Farina recipe. Many of them have hired commissionaires who stand at corners frequent Steamboat and railway stations to bring purchasers to their shops - Why it is called Eau de Cologne - Wasser von Köln. I can't tell. It must either be in contrast to the real water which has such a powerful effect on the nose of a stranger - Or rather from the necessity of carrying a powerful perfume with one through the streets - The fiftth of Cologne is well known "Ye Nymphs who reign o'er sewers & sinks the river Rhine it is well known doth wash your City of Cologne = But tell me, nymphs, what power divine shall henceforth wash the River Rhine."

So Coleridge the poet thought --

I went straight to the Cathedral - I was quite prepared for its appearance from the description and picture of it I had often seen - But the immense size and magnificence is very striking. The half built tower is fast



going to ruin so while masons are toiling at building up one side the other is crumbling to dust - with even bushes growing from the corners of the windows

It will take a long time to be finished. A mason who was working at a stone for a window told me he took 8 weeks to it - And pointed out a window which had taken a year to build - However the work is going on systematically now and they are using better stone so as to prevent decay - The Choir is the only part finished - It is really superb -

As I had only a few hours of day light and had a great deal to see I listened to the advances of a Commissionaire who offered to show me all for 2fr. He told me he could show me the interior of the Choir and then show me the other sights. This was the first Commissionaire I had used in my tour and I certainly was cheated in the end - He first told me the Choir ~~would~~ be opened in a short time then said it would not be open again that evening - He understood French so I gave him a bit of my mind paid



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him a franc And let him about his business  
preferring to discover these kind of things  
than to pay for the information & lose time.

After viewing the Cathedral I went down  
to see the bridge of boats. It was quite  
a promenade being quite covered with  
people walking up and down to get the  
cool evening breeze from the water.  
A small toll is paid even for foot passengers.  
From this point Cologne looks a different  
place from the nasty hole it really is.  
High above all the other erections the  
tower of the Cathedral towers up and the  
number of spires rising above the roofs  
of the houses have a fine effect.

In general the views of the Rhine are  
far finest from conspicuous point of  
the banks - but this is an exception  
Cologne should be seen from the river - if  
you land the delusion vanishes and  
the reality is forced on your eyes, ears  
and nose.

Sept. 12. I again visited the Cathed.  
this morning and heard part of the Matins.  
I then went to the Police St. Ursula - where  
glaucy spectacle: are games and sales



in which are (reported by tradition to be) the bones of the 11,000 virgins who accompanied that chaste lady on her travels. At all events bones are there, dirty stinking bones combined in the shape of crosses wheels, stars &c. and several skulls decorated with gold and tinzel - A charity school of some 4 or 500 boys and girls were chanting their prayers the only thing remarkable in it being that they sang terribly out of tune. After seeing another church I returned to breakfast and as I had done all the lions I wished I set off for a trip to Aix la Chapelle. The country along the line of rail to Aix is rather pretty and the tower with its great domes a little in a hollow has a curious effect -

Resdaining the use of a Corn. I pushed on along the principal street of handsome houses but bearing no marks of bustle, till I came to the theatre a handsome building & evidently one of the principle lions of the place - I soon found my self in the Marché Place and old square with a fountain in the centre on the top of which stands a bronze Charlemagne - In fact Aix



has Charlemagne as France has Henri IV - 1353  
 On one side of this place stands an old  
 handsome edifice the Rathouse - built  
 on the site of Charlemagne's birth place.

But the grand edifice is the Dome or  
 Cathedral built on the site and of the matter  
 of the original "Chapelle" erected by Charlemagne  
 about the year 800 - The present nave was  
 built by Otto III in 983 and the Choir in 1400.

The description of the church and its contents  
 would take far too long - There is the nave  
 an octagon with a high cupola - in the  
 centre the grave of Charlemagne - The whole  
 interior is ill lighted and sombre the light  
 coming principally from small windows  
 in the roof. The relics it contains are highly  
 prized and are such as to excite the greatest  
 curiosity and of authentic are certainly  
 very remarkable - they are publicly shown  
two days every 7 years at which time  
 there is a pilgrimage to Aix. But as they  
 are at other times visible for £1. being  
 alone I cannot afford it - they purport to be  
 the swaddling clothes of Christ - The scarf worn  
 at the Crucifixion and many most astonishing  
 relics - the bones of Charlemagne &c &c



The pulpit is a splendid specimen of carving in Ulm Ivory & inlaid with gems.

The Bliesenbrunnen or Pump room is situated in a nice Boulevard planted with Acacia trees. It is a handsome Porch supported on pillars which extend as a colonnade on each side. The heated vapour is constantly ascending from the font so that when you enter the Portico you feel nearly suffocated by the smell of rotten eggs - I tasted the medicinal water but quickly spat it out - fudge - I got a vapour bath gratis for the Porch was filled with Sulphureous steam. On each side of this font of drugs was a Caffé and Restaurateurs and I suspect that most of the patients would prefer the dietetic to the medical treatment. From this I went to the "Neue Redoute" a ball room, Reading Concert room and a gambling saloon - As it was the forenoon there had not yet come into vogue except the Reading room where for the first time I saw Punch! The ball room is handsome but small compared to that at Wiesbaden. Much pleased with my visit I returned in



the afternoon to Köln. At 9 pm. I set off in the steamer for Arnheim. I met a very pleasant young man travelling in the same way as myself with knapsack - free & easy. These steamers on the Rhine are divided into 3 places - Erste - Zweite and Dritte. The last being our storage - the second being the Cabin - the first a kind of state Cabin with small beds. I generally went in the zweite because the beds in the Pavillon looked uncomfortable and because my temporary companions were going in the second - else during a day trip I should if alone have gone by the bow. Some one has railed against our country men for always choosing the dear place of the Rhine steamers when the bow is the place for a view - this is often the case; not by any means always - but most of our country men who are travelling with friends prefer the zweite to the noise and smoking of German students even though they are gentlemen - At all events at night I should never hesitate again. I got a comfortable sofa and slept pretty well wakening occasionally when the steamer stopped at any place.



I observed that a young Englishman who evidently thought himself too good for the place had engaged for himself and tented the whole pavilion a small slice cut off from the end of the Cabrio.

He rose pretty early and my friends & I taking advantage of his absence used his pen. to wash &c. - After Daylight the sail was tedious the banks being continuous masses of sand with a village or two here & there.

The Dutch Custom house examination was a break for a short time - At length at 11<sup>1/2</sup> on Sept 13 I arrived at Amsterdam.

Having booked my carpet bag to Rotterdam to be left till called for. I had no encumbrance to my walking except a small kind of Knapsack and a short Alpenstock (a strange companion in Holland!) so I made straight for the railway but found the train had started so I was nailed till 5 pm. However I had a good opportunity of seeing a Dutch market town with plenty of country people in their clean caps & dreses - The streets were very clean the houses and shops perfection and the women so tidy that they seemed as if they could not have been working - their round fat



good natured looking faces hedged in by a perfect "chevaux de frise" of a grill. The whole was all the more striking to me as I had just come from Köln. I looked in vain for the round bottomed amphibious dutchman but all the men I saw were clothed like Germans - The only specimens of the old dutch small clothing were those I afterwards saw at Amsterdam. And Schevening - I was amused at the paintings exhibited on the Surgeons shops. generally a Roman soldier or knight or other fierce character exhibiting a brown furred tongue. In most respects Arnheim was similar to all the other towns of the same class in Holland and if I had paid my visit to it on leaving instead of on entering Holland I should have tired of it in an hour. As it was every thing was new so I got up the Dutch appearance well. After satiating myself with externals I returned to the Station and lined my stomach with some beefsteak and excellent wine. The saloon at the Station was very handsome and I believe used as a ball room; there was a piano &c.



I had intended stopping at Utrecht but owing to spending the day at Arnheim I passed through it direct to Amsterdam.

The country between Arnheim and Amsterdam ~~was~~ is flat and low but not so wet and marshy as I expected - There were nice gardens clumps of trees and very firm fields but all without a slope.

In passing through Utrecht I saw the spire, but from the distance I did see nothing remarkable about it - I went in the third class which was open and so saw to advantage whatever was to be seen - But I must say that the greatest attractions were within the carriage. I was sitting beside several Germans who had come from Cologne two of whom could speak English but none of them Dutch, consequently they considered themselves as much in a foreign country as I did - But what amused and delighted me most was the costumes of the peasants - The women were almost all pretty: not what in our country we would call beautiful, but I never saw so many



pleased, good natured looking, cheeky  
cheeked girls and women in so short  
a time. There was one really handsome  
young woman in the carriage whose dress  
was as attractive as her features.

There were several striking peculiarities  
in her frock and bodice the which  
I forget but her head dress was  
wonderfull. She wore a cap closely  
fitting the back of her head but not  
coming far forward. The edging was lace.  
Her black hair was parted in two and  
was kept in that position, instead of  
combs, with <sup>by</sup> an extraordinary kind  
of (braid?) It was composed of an  
oval plate of Mass gilt which oc-  
cupied the top of the brow where the  
hair commences, to which were linked  
in succession a number of smaller  
plates some silvered, which surmount  
the head like a wreath or crown.

She wore large gaudy earrings -  
the whole of these sparkled in the  
sun when she moved and made  
her appearance very remarkable.  
I'm afraid I should have thought



these ornaments rather tawdry if it  
 had not been for her handsome face  
 and sparkling eyes - I found this  
 dress was not ~~peculiar~~ uncommon  
 for several others arrayed in like manner  
 came in but none could vie with the  
 beauty who sat beside me - At 8 pm  
 we arrived at Amsterdam by which time  
 it was dark. As we drove to the Hotel  
 in an Omnibus I thought the whole  
 town was a succession of small hills  
 but found these ups and downs were  
 the bridges over the Canals - As I looked  
 out of the window the appearance  
 was very remarkable - The whole  
 of the streets consisted of broad Canals  
 the sides of which were planted with  
 trees and between the trees and house  
 was a narrow causeway - The effect  
 was heightened by the pale light of the  
 moon which was reflected from the  
 Canals, and called up to my mind  
 the "beautiful Venice" - At two Hotels  
 I could get no room so we had  $\frac{1}{2}$  a  
 hours drive during which we passed  
 through a square filled with theatres



jigsaw both. dancet &c. - in fact it  
 was the fair and what with the  
 and the  
 Canals  
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curcum chairs &c were mathematically  
 and painfully neat and exact - the  
 windows pushed up and down with  
 a cash and the bed had curtain  
 and blankets !!!! The table had a cover,  
 the basin stand had soap - the room  
 had a bell, and the boots brought a  
 boot jack and slippers! What a contrast  
 to my night at Cologne, with a sandy  
 floor, and a feather bed like a hay  
 stack on the top of me!

Sept 14 - At breakfast this morning  
 met one of the Germans who had been  
 in the train - two others who were strangers



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beauty in  
we arrived  
it was d.  
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Hôtel du grand Döden.  
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out of the window the appearance  
was very remarkable. The whole  
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juggles bottles - dances &c - in fact it was the fair and what with the lights, the noise, music &c and the glittering of the lamps in the Canals it had an extraordinary appearance. I got a bed in the Grand Hotel. After a capital cup of tea I was shewn to my bedroom with the appearance of which I was delighted - It consisted of a sitting room with a sleeping room off it - The floors were carpeted and not a speck on them - The blinds curtains chairs &c were mathematically and painfully neat and exact - The windows pushed up and down with a catch and the bed had curtains and blankets !!!! The table had a cover, the basin stand had soap - the room had a bell, and the boots brought a boot jack and slippers! What a contrast to my night at Cologne, with a sandy floor, and a feather bed like a hay stack on the top of me!

Sept 14 - At breakfast this morning met one of the Germans who had been in the train - Two others who were strangers



came in - They were students from  
 Nottingham - We all agreed to take  
 a Commission and see the town thoroughly  
 In walking to see the Amstel gate  
 I remarked the all important operation  
 of cleaning going on - Servant maids  
 on their knees picking dirt from between  
 the Causeway stones and then washing  
 them - Throwing jets of water on the houses  
 Drunkling everything and every body  
 that came within their range -

I remarked also the curious kind of  
 Carts - like sledges, with no wheels and  
 in front a little barrel of water from  
 which by the motion of the vehicle  
 a little water was constantly jerked  
 to lessen the friction of the sledge.

I was wofully disappointed with  
 the Canals. for daylight <sup>showed</sup> them to be of a  
 green color - Stagnant, and when stirred  
 up by the rudders or oars of the boat  
 gave out a horrible stench - They are  
 kept from becoming altogether putrid  
 by the tide which is let in for a short  
 time at high <sup>low</sup> water - The water used  
 in Amsterdam comes from a distance



in large water boats — The docks were well filled with vessels and several small frigates excited the admiration of the Germans who had never seen the like before — It was very common to look out to the Zuyder Zee from the terraces of the harbour — I had the feeling that a very little wind would blow it over Amsterdam. The quays are lined with sailors boarding and drinking houses and are plentifully sprinkled with shoe blacks who annoyed us not a little by their importunity. Here as in other parts of the town even in many of the best houses there is a crane or windlass at the top of each to hoist up furniture and provisions there being apparently an objection to their coming in at the street door. We next visited the Synagogue — There was a large and handsome square building. At the door of each was a wash stand in a small robing room where every one washed their hands and put on an article like a blanket before going in — They all kept on their hats



and kept talking the whole time so that it looked like an exchange - There were no females they being in the gallery and half conceals behind a wire screen they appeared to be engaged in needle-work. It was altogether the most tremendous assembly I ever saw. The features of all were well marked. The hooked nose and curly hair &c. - I never saw so many people who looked so like brothers - After this we visited the exchange a large square building. What was my astonishment to find it filled with little boys some dressed like soldiers many with little guns &c. &c. marching up and down and making a deafening noise with drums and whistles. Many pentel children in the same absurd costume with servants. The whole seemed to be quite expected for the head of the exchange often arranged the processions and evidently contemplated the whole with intense satisfaction. When we got far enough off to hear each other speak the guide explained the unexpected meeting on exchange.



Some years ago a child by some way or other was the means of bringing to light a plot against the government - In return for his information he was asked what reward he would like - He said "to get playing a drum in the exchange". Since that time it ~~has~~ been customary for all the children in Amsterdam to go and play at soldiers in the Exchange on the Anniversary of that day - We next visited the Palace formerly the town hall to which we had admission for a small fee: we waited in the entrance hall some minutes then went on - It is reported to be built on 13,695 piles of wood.

The chief attraction since the removal of paintings to the Museum is the Marble Hall a room of large size and very lofty completely lined with Italian marbles. It has a very grand and imposing appearance and is used as a ball room - The other sight of most importance is the view of the town and docks from the tower. It is a most strange sight - the town lying quite flat of a crescent form quite cut up by its canals & 200 bridges



the trees & projecting houses with the 8 chimneys - And in the distance the ship canal leading to the Texel and the Zuy der See - We next visited the picture gallery a very fine collection of Dutch paintings - They were chiefly portraits and groups of men - Most historical or natural pieces and groups in ordinary life. The works of the first Dutch artists are there - Rembrandt. Van der Helst. Paul Potter &c but for particulars, Murray will recall them better than my recollection - -

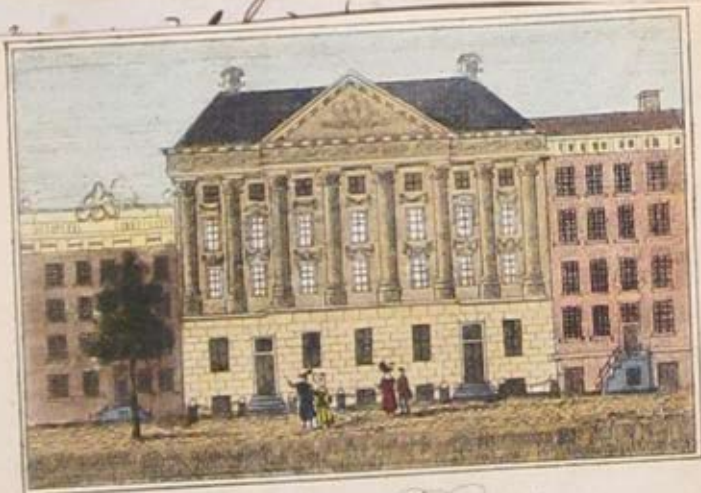
After this we went to the Zoological Collection or garden - But on the way we went into an oyster shop & had a royal luncheon of oysters bread & butter and half & half to the delight of the Germans but this stuck to my stomach the rest of the day - Well the Zoological gardens are very good especially the collection of Birds, snakes and lizards - It seemed that the Jews Sabbath was now over. Saturday afternoon, for great numbers of ladies and gentlemen with their families were walking about there.



There were a great many very handsome



*Palais du Roi*



*Music Royal*

... was to me a most barbarous language. The only way I could get understood was by making a kind of combination of German and broad Scotch when I often succeeded.



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of Birds, Snakes and lizards - - -  
 that the Jews Sabbath was now over.  
 Saturday afternoon, for great numbers  
 of ladies and gentlemen with their  
 families were walking about there.



there were a great many very handsome  
 girls - I was rather struck with the  
 Jewish style of beauty - the prominent  
 features dark hair and piercing eyes -  
 And after we came out in going home  
 it seemed as if all the Jewish pop-  
 ulation were turned out in their holiday  
 dress - My oysters adhered so firmly  
 to my gastric organ (or I felt as if they  
 did) that I was quite unfit for dinner  
 so I smoked a cigar (which are to be  
 got very good here) in my room - And  
 in the evening went to the Theatre  
 where I heard the Opera *comique*  
*Monsieur de la Reine* - there  
 being a French performance every  
 alternate night - But though to  
 please the better classes and for the  
 French residing there this was the case  
 one cannot converse with the shop  
 and other people except in Dutch  
 which appeared to me a most bar-  
 barous language. The only way I could  
 get understood was by making a kind  
 of combination of German and broad  
 Scotch when I often succeeded.



On they way home from the theatre we met mobs of men and women "happy and dancing and singing at a furious rate. - In fact many of the streets near the shows presented an appearance similar to the Saltmarket on a Saturday night of Glasgow fair.

Sept. 15 - Sunday - After breakfast went out. - Was struck by the appearance of the streets - Shops all shut. People dressed going to church with prayer books in their hands. - Everything looking like our own Sunday - A few sailors and shoe blacks loitering about.

I went for a short time into the Old and New protestant churches (the Cathedral in fact. - The organ was very grand and with the whole of the congregation singing made a fine sound. - I then went and heard a plain good sermon in the English reformed church - a plain church with wooden rafters - pretty well filled.

I took a glass of port wine at the Hotel the fine I had tasted on the Continent and as I had seen Amsterdam pretty well left by rail at 1½ for Haarlem



From what I have heard the benevolent institutions of Amsterdam are very extensive and numerous - Asylums for every kind of decayed and diseased persons. Deaf Dumb. Blind, Mad. lame - &c &c but as these would have required more time and interest than I could command I had to pass them over -

The country I passed over between Amsterdam and Hadrlum is the most extraordinary land I ever saw - The rail was on an embankment about 8 to 10 ft high the whole way - On either side were perfectly flat fields divided into an infinity of parallelograms by narrow ditches filled with clean water - There were no hedges the larger fields being separated by broader ditches which were on a higher level than the field and its ditches - In many parts of the fields were small windmills which worked curious kind of draining machines, composed of a spiral tube - which elevated the water from the smaller to the larger and higher ditches - These in their turn



are emptied into small canals which unite into a larger or a basin from which the water is pumped by large Windmills on the dykes into the nearest part of the open sea - And thus the country is kept bailed dry - In these pasture grounds very fine cattle were feeding.

But in a while the country became still more watery for the fields soon disappeared leaving on each side of the embanked rail a wide expanse of water: on one side a prolongation of the Zuyder Zee called Het Y or Yai on the other the remaining water of the Haarlemmer Mer. or Zee - It looked as if we were going per rail into the sea along a sandy beach when the tide is out.

After we left Amsterdam and as we got near Haarlem I saw some very neat boxes of villas with square compact gardens - Of course it was not the season to see the celebrated blow of tulips Hyacinths &c. which are to be seen in and about Haarlem.

At the Station I was woefully beset with drivers and porters - worse than any place except a seaport. I tried to push thro' them but they clung to me like bees



The absurd part of the matter was that I  
 had nothing to carry, but I was the only  
 traveller who had arrived, and to say the  
 truth my appearance was calculated to  
 draw attention for in a perfectly flat  
 country considerably below the level  
 of the sea I was travelling with a  
 knapsack on my back and an Alpenstock  
 in my hand! It was quite evident then  
 if I did not fix upon one I should need  
 to make a kind of triumphal entry  
 through the town accompanied by an  
 idle mob (there were no later trains) and  
 that on a Sunday afternoon - the place  
 was as quiet as a desert - the road quite  
 straight and I was sure of finding the  
 inn in a few minutes but I was sur-  
 rounded by a crowd uttering fearful volleys  
 of gutturals and murdering English in  
 a most savage manner. One however  
 came up and in intelligible English offered  
 to conduct me to the Lion Inn. so  
 I got quite of my quite - I found  
 at the door of the (Gronde Leeuw Lion) or  
 Madame Gathard a jolly, fat faced  
 good natured looking little lady who



welcomed me in good English - gave me a variety of information and got an order for dinner at 5 - till which time I went out to view the place. Haarlem is just like any other Dutch town - Being Sunday there was no traffic. The streets are all squared and parallel - the houses as clean and neat as if newly painted. at the window of every house is a little mirror which enables the ~~big~~ people inside to see all that is going on outside without being seen in turn - It is made of two mirrors meeting at a point and then slightly diverging. placed in the middle of the window. ~~each~~ side looking a different way -

Thus.



Instead of window screens in many instances the lower panes of the window are darkened by a sheet of colored glass laid against the pane or by a plate of semi transparent porcelain with some device in relief.

As I walked about I found that the people were setting out in one direction. I was again much struck with the



clean tidy dresses and in general pretty faces of the female portion of the Community. Here as in Amsterdam and Rotterdam there are some very curious costumes belonging to various kinds of Clubs - Chans. Asylums &c. - Here are two girls with lace frilled caps - brown casset jowls black aprons - and yellow chamois leather gloves extending up to the very shoulders - There are some wrinkles more like pantaloons than anything else the one half of their dress being black the other scarlet - and when several play together they make a curious group.

I followed the stream and found it led out of the town gates into a kind of wood at the end of which was a large Caffé where people were sipping coffee and beside it a regimental band was playing some beautiful airs. The elite of Haarlem and neighbourhood were here riding driving and walking in a kind of circle round the band in the intervals of the music. This is the way they spend the interval between morning service and dinner - I staid



here some time - In a short time I saw  
 a crowd running together - I went too &  
 found a man rather beery had been  
 knocked against a tree by a carriage.  
 He was bleeding at the nose - and the by-  
 standers were keeping him in a sitting  
 posture - He was quite faint - I told them  
 in French & German to lay his head down  
 they did not understand but seeing I  
~~made~~ was telling them what to do they  
 said something in Dutch which I thought  
 to be asking directions - I said in English  
 "Lay down his head" - with no better  
 success. So I gently pushed them away  
 laid down his head opened his shirt  
 and made signs to take him into the  
 Caffé which they soon did & I left him.

The soldiers I saw there were heavy  
 fat, short unfighting looking men very  
 like those of the Belgian Army. But  
 in this very town the Dutch showed a courage  
 in defending it against the Spaniards which  
 has seldom if ever been excelled.

My hostess had provided a capital  
 dinner which with some excellent  
 wine prepared me for evening service



The great Church of St Bavo stands in the Markt Place. It is an imposing structure. The first thing which struck me there as in Amsterdam is a large pile of small stools. These are hollow boxes with a hole in the top. Into these are placed small earthenware chauffers of burning charcoal. These warming-pan footstools are used by ladies & common women even in the hottest weather & seems as essential to them as a pipe to the men. While the males inhale the smoke of tobacco the females fumigate themselves in an air bath of Carb. Acid. They are not confined to Churches, theatres &c but are used in private houses I believe and in the public rooms of Hotels I know.

Every one has heard of the great organ at Haarlem and though I did not hear it as it may be heard on week days by giving the organist a fee £1. still I should not have heard it at all if I had not been there on Sunday. The tunes were simple psalm tunes and when joined by the congregation (there must have been <sup>or 2000</sup> 1500) the effect was truly sublime. The



noise was reached by the high roof and the simplicity of the service in the splendid edifice was all the more striking.

When the sermon began I left as I did not understand a word. I perambulated the streets. There were not quite so many people walking and as the house windows were temptingly near the street. I had the impudence to divide my time between looking at the people passing and staring in at the windows. Those passing were such as I formerly alluded to while the family groups were to me very curious. In almost every instance the foodman was sitting in shirt sleeves with a pipe (the class of people I allude to was the better kind of shopkeepers, the houses apparently of from 4 to 6 rooms) chatting on the table and ~~several~~ families were at tea. Others were apparently at "Questions" or Sunday tasks, while many of the younger branches seemed to be tumbling about. As the evening drew on the people disappeared from the streets and I returned to hear the conclusion of service at St. Brevins.



There were several ~~parapet~~ paintings - The Music was as before very fine - The church was very dull being only lighted with two or three chandeliers near the pulpit - I returned & had a cup of coffee - The Landlady said that I should go and see the machine for pumping the sea of Haarlem which is now nearly effected - but finding I could not manage it and get away per early train I declined and bade her good night -

Sept. 16. After breakfast started for Leyden when I arrived in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. At the station met two young Englishmen whom I had seen at the Palace of Amsterdam. They had sent their baggage to Rotterdam and were taking a run through some of the towns - They certainly had a most systematic way of seeing the towns, and this we adopted on the present occasion. We went from the railway station to the town and entering the first respectable street continued in a straight line till we had gone through and emerged on the opposite side - A proceeding



occupying from 10 to 20 minute in general  
 We had thus as they said seen the heart  
 of the town and divided it into two parts  
 which were to be discussed at leisure  
 returning to the centre then make our  
 way back to the station, and thus had



the advantage of being  
 twice in the centre where  
 the most interesting objects  
 generally are to be found.

They despised the use of Commissionaires  
 and often managed pretty well - but we  
 were much the better of Mr Murray.  
 In our peregrinations we came on the  
 old tower or castrum (of Caesar?) from  
 it we had a view of how the land lay  
 and so were at no loss. The main  
 street is very handsome, an immense  
 length - the principal building is the  
 Town hall a quaint old style of architecture  
 with the projecting points gilded. The  
 University was shut as it was vacation but  
 I went through the Anatomical Museum  
 which contains many specimens of great  
 interest time did not permit of a visit  
 to the Botanical Garden or Nat Hist. Museum.



Leyden seemed a dull town at least there  
 was not much going on at the time we  
 were there. The opinion of the Englishman  
 was summed up in 'We've seen the whole  
 town thoroughly and a very clean nice  
 town it is. Now let us make for the station'  
 so we walked back and had leisure for  
 a chat till the train came up. I was  
 mulcted in half a guilder = 1/- for letting  
 my top coat - stick - and small bag lie at the  
 station till I came back. In the course  
 of conversation I happened to remark that  
 the stages were so short, the inns so clean  
 and comfortable, and the country very agreeable  
 that I thought it would be rather a good kind  
 of place for spending the honey-moon!  
 One of them replied - "Yes it would" for the  
 country is so stale and flat that you would  
 have nothing to admire but your lady -  
 which she w<sup>d</sup> take as a compliment, &  
 then she couldn't get fellows of you for  
 it would require years of study & practice  
 for an Englishman to learn as much  
 Dutch as to enable him to change words  
 with a Dutch woman - for your lady  
 would have all the talk to herself.



We were not long in being whirled to Hague  
 (La Haye Graven Hage) the residence  
 of the King. We bi-sected the town in a  
 manner similar to that adopted before &  
 found it a bustling showy town and as  
 I put up for the night I cast anchor at the  
 Alte Doelan where a very handsome young woman  
 who spoke English fluently took me to my  
 apartment - The room was sumptuous &  
 augmented a stiff bill - Two windows, with  
 curtains, looking out to the square with  
 trees round it - handsome chair & sofa &c.  
 However having refreshed my self with a  
 wash. and changed the wide awake for  
 the cap I started anew to see more of the  
 town - The Hague is a very nice town.  
 There are some very fine streets in it  
 one a kind of Boulevard with trees - a  
 regular promenade, with the public office  
 hotels &c on each side. It leads out of  
 the town to a wood with old trees, walks  
 ponds, an enclosure with deer &c &  
 a very pleasant place to walk about  
 in the heat of the day - It is the  
 grounds round the "House in the wood"  
 a Summer palace -



The main street of the town is lined with handsome shops. Caffees, reading rooms &c &c. Near it is the Market place a scene of bustle and activity. There is nothing remarkable about it - a dreadful smell of fish &c. Stalking up and down like masters and over seers are to be seen several tame storks which are held in such veneration that they are protected by the authorities. They have a house built for them where they can retire to rest after the bustle of the Market. They are kept at public expense like the bears at Berne. The Palace stands at one end of a street, which street runs between the palace and the gardens and Greenhouses - It is a poor looking residence for a King - The Nyver berg (hill of the pond) is the most curious part of Hagne - it is a piece of ground about 8 to 12 feet above the level of the surrounding country but so gradual the ascent that it could hardly be noticed were it not famed as the hill. This wonderful mountain is about the breadth of two ordinary streets being bounded on



one side by a row of houses - <sup>& two rows of trees in front</sup> in fact the continuation of a street - on the other by a pond or broad canal which separates it from the Binnenhof or inner court of the old "Counts' Palace". This is a curious mass of Gothic and other architecture of different ages and ~~was~~ the scene of many historical deeds - Executions - imprisonments &c. At present it is used as the Court of law - Beside it stands the Museum and picture gallery - This contains many fine paintings - I was so pleased with the collection and arrangement that I again visited it next day - Of the many splendid works of art two are impressed on my mind principally (I suppose) from the unusualness of the subjects - The Poor Potter's Bull - The young animal is so admirably placed & finished that you almost believe it alive - I could hardly leave it.

Rembrandt - A professor demonstrating a dissection to his pupils - I wish such eagerness to listen were always shown by students at a demonstration. The Anatomist holds in his forceps the flexor Sub. digitorum. The subject is admirable and beautifully painted



Dinner was at five an ordinarily good table d'hôte. My two friends having gone away in the evening I was alone. So at dinner I picked up with an old buck who was alone. Afterwards we went out to a caffè had a cup of Coffee. petite verre. & offered him a cigar. he threw it away after a few puffs remarking he could only smoke a particular kind of cigar which are not to be got in Holland. I was going to the theatre so he came with me. It is a very handsome little theatre. The play was french "La femme du peuple". In fact everything seemed frenchified. My friend got tired. not understanding the plot but I staid as it was a capital play.

From what I had seen of Hague it was evident that it does not owe its present prosperity to commerce or Manufacture but to the residence of people of fortune. It is decidedly the handsomest and nicest town in Holland -

Sept: 17<sup>th</sup> - This morning I rose at 7 to walk to Schevening a sea port in the vicinity. Passing the palace I entered a straight road with trees on each side



It appeared very long. the trees seeming to meet at the end. Beside the trees on the edge of the foot path on both sides the road seemed to be cut through a dwarf forest so that it was a very pleasant change from the perpetual ditches. It would have been very tiresome 4 miles of monotony had it not been for the groups of fish drivers coming up to market. At the end of this road on each side was a dune or sand hill about 20 ft high the barrier of the country in this quarter. On ascending it I saw from a short distance from its base, the Blue Sea extending as far as the eye could reach and then lost in the horizon. It had a most curious effect. Inside the Dune I was plodding on in the sandy flat without the slightest intimation of any sea being near. On ascending the hillock the whole expanse bursting on you. What a fresh smell of sea! There was a nice breeze and numerous odd looking vessels were cruising about others landing fish. Passed through the village which seemed to consist of lodging houses, breakfast rooms, and a sprinkling





of ordinary shops. not so clean as some other Dutch towns. Immediately above high water mark there was a smaller dam or bank of sand on or behind which were numerous villas and fine lodging houses or "pensions".




There was a gap in this bank which constituted the entrance to the shore. The shore is entirely sand and from the immense thoroughfare, through this gap, of carts barrows &c. it has to be divided into roads of entrance and exit and these are paved with boards. If you attempt to pass along side these you sink up nearly to the knees in loose sand so progression is no easy matter. From 10 to 20 yds below this the sand gets hard from being covered with the sea each tide and from this the shore looks quite flat and as it was ebb tide there was an immense expanse of sand beach uncovered. In front of the gap before mentioned the shore is studded with short stakes driven into the sand at small distances to curb the sea at spring tides or in a landward wind.



and there is a corps of watchers whose duty it is to keep a look out for these chances and in case of danger to set to work immediately to fill up the gaps with sand - turf - trees &c which can be got in the neighbourhood and thus make the bank a complete rampart. . . .

The beach presented an animating scene not fewer than fifty vessels were either lying at the shore or coming to land and the shore was white with fish women which were groups of men and women in the most extraordinary costumes. The vessels are round at bow and stern and all have a float at each side the use of which I have not yet ascertained but suppose to be one of two uses - perhaps both - 1<sup>st</sup> as they are round bottomed it may be used in a stiff side breeze - thrust out like an outrigger.  2<sup>d</sup> it is used as a prop to hold up the vessel when she runs ashore as they have no quay but just beach the vessel as they would a punt. and then wait for the next tide.  These are rigged with sprit sail and jib. though some have the main sail well fast. Boom



Some anchored in the water required to float  
 them and sent ashore the fish in a punt  
 but most were allowed to drift in to shore  
 and strand any way. And the fishermen  
 waded ashore with the fish in baskets - They  
 were just such men as one sees in the  
 old Dutch pictures of sea peices - The fish  
 were principally flat - Skate. flounder  
 Soles, turbot, with eels. Mackerel, dog fish &c  
 I never saw so many fish together before -  
 The women were the most extraordinary  
 sights I ever saw. Their features presented  
 a marked contrast to the majority of other  
 Dutch women - They were coarse, dark  
 ill favoured looking women, And though a  
 very checked lass might here and there be  
 seen the majority were hideous - Nearly  
 as bad as Glasgow herring wives. Their  
 costume was semi-barbarous, altogether  
 there were the worst clad and poorest look-  
 ing females I had seen in Holland. Their  
 dress when entire was a round brown  
 straw or wicker hat the brims of which were  
 about a foot and half broad and hung down  
 at each side.    a small  
 white shawl or handkerchief - a blue or black



bodice and a brown or often scarlet skirt or petticoat reaching down to about the knees their legs were bare to enable them to assist the unloading without cumbrance. The whole scene struck me as being very uncivilised but to be sure it was just the working costume and likely in their holiday dress they would be pretty picturesque. At all events one has just to recall the bloated whiskey-fied female friends at Glasgow bridge at the opening of herring boxes to make the other appear a peaceful fish market.

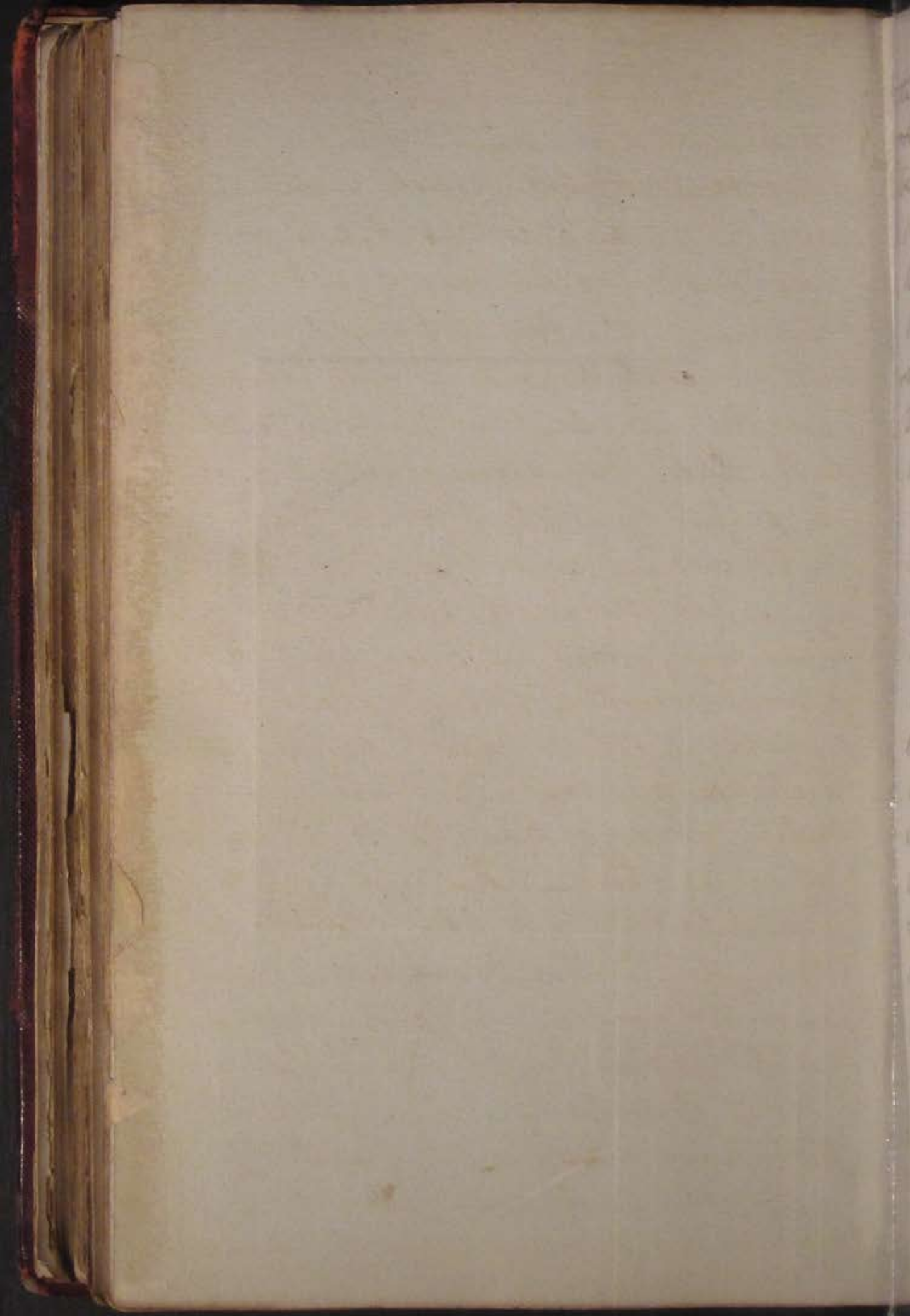
There were plenty of buttering machines but the morning was grey and the wind pretty sharp. As I strolled along the beach inspecting the fish and inhaling the sea breeze I met the two Germans whom I had seen at Amsterdam. They recommended me to a good house for breakfast so as my appetite was sharpened I eat "sole to my coffee". The waiter had been a courier to an English family once and could speak English well. He had some friends in or near Leith. He intelligibly enough explained why travelling living in inns &c was so expensive in Holland. It is on account of





de Schevening.







the high licence that that class of people  
 who pay for their houses - indeed it cannot  
 be wondered at that people should charge  
 pretty highly in a country that is positively  
 kept dry by baling and pumping. In  
 returning to the Hague I saw several  
 military evolutions in a field beside the  
 barracks. The soldiers uniform is entirely  
 dark blue. They seemed active enough.  
 In paying my bill I found the truth of  
 the Scheveing waiter's remark. It was a  
 skin and the more annoying to me as  
 I had my money in a beautiful poise  
 having according to my calculations just  
 enough Dutch money to carry me to  
 Antwerp and ~~not~~ I did not want to take  
 Dutch money out of the country as it does  
 not go in others. - The rail from Hague  
 to Rotterdam is just like other parts of Dutch  
 rail - state - The carriages are much in-  
 ferior to most others - close packed like  
 the old Belgian "Char à banks" At about 2.  
 I got to Rotterdam and adopting the  
 lately discovered plan I bisected the city  
 in a walk of half an hour expecting  
 to emerge somewhere near the quay.



In this way I saw the heart of the town which struck me as being similar to Amsterdam only dirtier. On emerging at the other side of the town I found myself in a country kind of road with fields on one side and a broad canal or creek on the other it contained reeds & led to the sea so I hoped it would be the quay. but on closer inspection I became aware that it was a building and repairing yard so I retraced my steps and enquired for the Dampfboot. but I should likely have got into a mess had it not been for a lad who had been in the train and understood French. He asked and showed me the way. After tacking about for some time & making a vain effort to get into the exchange which I stumbled on, I at length reached the "Düsseldorfsche Gesellschaft - Dampfschiffahrt für den Nieder und Mittelrhein" - where I found no one in. After kicking my heels at the door for some time I came to the conclusion it was no go. and I had better look out for dinner - to the Bath Hotel.



I found the Batte a handsome Hotel and on consulting a list of visitors which hung in the lobby found the names of some Lords and Gents. Told the Landlord I was there for dinner and meant to go per steamer. He gave me the agreeable information that she sails at 3 A.M. I deposited my coat stick & bag and went out to search for my Carpet bag which was in some office belonging to the steamer from Köln. I got it deposited ~~it~~ in the Hotel and went to see about the steamer. The clerk corroborated the Hotel Masters statement 3 A.M. On asking the passage money I found by a nice calculation that after paying for dinner I would have just enough Dutch money left to do one of two things. Either take a Cabin passage in the boat go aboard at evening and sleep as I could in the cabin - or take a bed in the Hotel and sleep till 3 A.M. and be content with a steerage - It was rather a nice point but was decided in favor of the last case by the boat not being there in - the probability of her not coming in till late at night - & the difficulty of disposing of myself till that time.



After resting a bit I made various peregrinations - saw a temporary old clothes market Jew sellers - several parts of Rotterdam are worth seeing but after Amsterdam and other Dutch towns. I should say it was a waste of time to stay long there. We sat down to a very good table d'hôte at 5. Who should come and sit down beside me but my two English friends who had learned me the dissecting mode of town seeing. We had rather an odd band of music at dinner. 3 girls. two played the violin one the harp - a man with a cornet à piston and another a violincello = 5 in all - they played capitally and sung besides - the Row polka or the air from which it is taken, as they sang it is sounding in my ears as I write this. After dinner a cigar and a stroll along the quay completed the evening: having paid my bill I retired to bed at 8pm. leaving myself to be awakened at 2 a.m.

Sept. 18. For a wonder I myself awoke at just 2 a.m. With a dreadful effort I rose illuminated my candle



and proceeded to dress. In half an hour the boat came. I had some difficulty in getting out as the outer door was fast and it took some time to open it.

It was pitch dark and no lamps & not a soul near. However I shouldered my bag and made for the steamer, guided by some lanterns which were moving up and down and by the steam whiffing.

When I got aboard I made for the fore-cabin! I lay down on a hard form with my bag for a pillow and had short snatches of sleep till daylight did appear. When it was fully established I sat up and took a survey of my quarters.

Let no one speak of the dritte platz after that. During dark we had been illuminated by two small oil lamps which had scarcely light enough to show themselves but sufficient smoke to fill the place with a nauseous vapour. The fore-cabin of a steamer I need not describe.

The company were certainly not a choice but several were very respectable. To show the mutability of human affairs I found out that two young women



who travelled in the fore part were the  
servants of a party with whom I dined  
dined at Rotterdam! so that I dined  
with the master and travelled with the  
servant - In the morning I was of course  
sleazy owing to the atmosphere I had passed  
the night in - It was rendered more ~~unpleasant~~  
unbreathable by a sailor, a passenger, who  
divided his time into small allotments  
of sleeping and waking - When he slept  
he snored - when he woke he smoked  
and drank gin - poisoning the air.  
But we could not go on deck it was  
so cold and damp with the fog.  
I was heartily tired of the steamer before  
we got to Antwerp. For a long time  
the fog was so thick that we had to  
move slowly on. The course being directed  
by sounding the depth with a pole. The  
channel we were sailing in was about  
as broad as the Clyde at Fowey and varied  
from 5 to 12 ft at the deepest. It was  
just a mass of sand and mud banks  
that we were quaddling among. Several  
times we ran aground and had a terrible  
time to do with pushing & backing to get off.



unpardonable with the demands of the Belgian Government can be induced to erect a few more landmarks, in the state of the navigation of that river it lies to the project of ascending it at high the short winter days; and that until these steam-packet company have acted wisely in their boat from Harwich, on the arrival of the so as to reach Antwerp early on the following

PARIS.—The *Moniteur* of Tuesday con-  
nisation of the police of Paris on the same  
which the Minister of the Interior, in the  
present police force of Paris consists of only  
om 300 are employed on special service; so  
for the security of the public at large is only  
s, and the decree orders, that the number shall  
hall do duty night and day, by turns, just as it  
annual cost of this new police, which is to be  
s before the opening of the Exhibition in May  
s (about £224,000 sterling); but this (says the  
less than the cost of the police in London.  
London is twice the size of Paris. The new  
hiefs, who are to be called Commissioners; but  
nilar to those of the London Commissioners.  
y in the salaries. The Chief Commissioner is to  
ear, and the second Commissioner 8000 francs.  
subordinates of different grades, with salaries  
ans.

—When the Diet meets in *pleno* there will  
s. There will be Austria, with two or three  
Prussia, with her allies, Anhalt-Cöthen, An-  
Sondershausen, Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt,  
&c.; and lastly, Bavaria, Saxony, and War-  
ites which attended the Bamberg Conference.  
n of 38,000,000, and an army of about 650,000  
the *Plenum*, and Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony,  
x have each as many. Baden, Hesse-Cassel,  
and Luxembourg have three votes each.  
chwerin, and Nassau have two votes; and the  
r Free Cities one each. Austria, whose con-  
s 32 men, with 192 guns, is on the same level  
ies only 12,000 men and no artillery, and she  
y votes as Liechtenstein, whose contingent is

allowed to remain in its present most defective condition. Hitherto  
all the attention of successive Governments has been directed to the  
organisation of a plan of *espionage*—the abuses of which have been be-  
coming daily more and more intolerable; and, while the liberty of  
the subject has been in constant jeopardy, his safety has been wholly  
neglected, as the system of nightly patrols, passing through the streets  
at certain times and long intervals, has afforded every possible facility  
to malefactors of all descriptions to pursue their designs on the unfor-  
tunate passers-by—a facility of which they naturally failed not to avail  
themselves. Now, at least, one abuse is being corrected; when shall we  
see the other done away with?

The *Odeon* is about to bring out a piece adapted by Alexander Dumas,  
from one of his novels, "Conscience"—a work which, notwithstanding  
certain defects of improbability, contains beauties of style and descrip-  
tion, and a tenderness, freshness, and purity of detail that do honour  
to the heart and mind of the author, and cannot fail to strike home to  
those of the reader. This theatre is at present giving an adaptation of  
the "Vicar of Wakefield," with but indifferent success. The *Ambigu*  
has a *mimo-drame*, entitled "La Prise de Bomarsund." Most of the  
principal theatres are opening with *répétitions*, keeping the new pieces for  
the commencement of the season.

#### THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The steamer *Bombay* arrived at Trieste on Wednesday morning at  
eight o'clock, in 111 hours from Alexandria, bringing the following in-  
telligence, dated Alexandria, Sept. 22:—

The India mail leaves this day with advices from Calcutta to the 19th  
August; Madras, 24th August; Bombay, 28th August; Shanghai, 24th July;  
Amoy, 29th July; Canton, 5th August; Hong-Kong, 6th August; Singapore,  
13th August; Sydney, 21st July; Melbourne, 26th July; and Adelaide,  
29th July.

Trade in India was dull. Exchange at Calcutta, 1s. 11½d. Canton was  
in a state of siege. All business was suspended, and in a few days the  
place would be in the hands of the rebels. No tea was brought to market.  
Whampoa and Futshan were still in possession of the rebels. Sir John  
Bowring was still in the north.

The letters by the India mail will not arrive in London before  
Monday.

POLES IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.—Three Poles, brought from  
Bomarsund by the *Fulton* to Havre, are lodged in the Rue Beauverger,

forces would seem to indicate that, as far as Prince  
is concerned, he has abandoned the idea of defending  
the country, and that his base of operations is Seb-  
In this point of view his position on the Alma is  
prehensible, and Burliuk, which is just fifteen miles  
of Sebastopol, may be considered the first outwork of  
at which some resistance may be made. If this be a  
meant by this movement, the Russians will probably be d-  
without much difficulty until they reach the outer lines and  
which they have raised along the heights about Sebastopol  
the real contest will begin. According to this hypothesis, P-  
schikoff is aware that the forces under his command are not s-  
dispute the possession of the country and defend the fortres-  
fore falls back on the latter and more essential part of his  
leaves General Osten-Sacken, who is appointed to the comm-  
forces in the north of the peninsula and the government of C-  
do what he can for the relief of that place.

Various rumours of the complete defeat of the Russian ar-  
Prince Menschikoff, have been circulated; but no reliable in-  
on the subject has been received. A Vienna despatch, of V-  
evening, mentions that the Russian Embassy there had  
despatch of the 22nd from the Crimea, but the contents has  
spered. "All that is known is, that it contains news unfav-  
the Russians."

The embarkation of the reserve at Varna took place on the  
it was thought that the 15,000 men of which it consisted w-  
to join the army in the Crimea on the 20th or 21st, by which  
expected that an engagement would take place.

#### THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT SEBASTOPOL.

Among other wonderful despatches, per telegraph, this w-  
been stated, in one from Berlin, via St. Petersburg, that t-  
fleet had sailed from Sebastopol to intercept the passage of  
from Varna. From such a source, little reliance can be plac-  
intelligence. Should it prove true, the Allied fleets will,  
be able to give a good account of the Russians. The *Mon*  
*Flotte* gives the following account of the Sebastopol fleet:—

Ships of the Line.—The *Twelve Apostles*, 120 guns; the *Par*  
*Three Saints*, 120; the *Grand Duke Constantine*, 120; the *Vla*  
the *Seiostolaw*, 84; the *Kostislav*, 84; the *Selaphol*, 84;  
*Hierarchies*, 84; the *Tro-Sevillatla*, 84; the *Varia*, 84; the  
the *Empress Maria*, 84; and the *Tschernie*, 80.  
Frigates.—The *Cagul*, 60 guns; the *Kowlejsi*, 60; the *Kanar*  
*Medea*, 60.

Corvettes and Brigs.—The *Calypso*, 18 guns; the *Pylas*  
*Ptolemy*, 20; the *Thesus*, 20; the *Eneas*, 20.  
Smaller Vessels.—The *Nerach*, *Strellia*, *Orlando*, *Drolik*, 20



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When the fog cleared off a little nothing  
was to be seen on either side but low  
flat sand banks and puddles of water  
as far as the eye could reach. I was  
glad to reach Antwerp at one o'clock  
After getting the passports visé I drove  
to the railway station and set off for Brussels.  
I knew now the line throughly in fact I  
was in familiar ground, where I could  
speak and understand and indeed was  
able to point out to the other travellers  
some interesting objects as Rubens' Chateau.  
A little more than two hours I was in  
my old quarters behind the Cathedral  
the Hôtel de Tivolemout - I lost no time  
in going out to see M. Margials. He was  
from home and Madame was out but I  
saw M. Groujon and left word I would  
come out next day - I was delighted  
with Brussels - I took the greatest pleasure  
in walking about recognising the various  
interesting objects - There seemed to be  
great preparations for a fête on the  
anniversary of the declaration of freedom -  
I heard the "Prophète" with great  
pleasure - & a vaudreville in the other theatre.



My visit to M. et Madam Mayials - I must  
 pass over - How all the old associations  
 were revived! I left Brussels on Saturday  
 the 20<sup>th</sup> and went to Lille that night.  
 Here again I had a feast for my memory.  
 Called on M. Aublard - Walked out to the Cede  
 Evangelique which is now a cotton store -  
 gave a son to "La pauvre Aveugle"  
 Went and heard and nearly burst out  
 laughing at "Oubte mes freres".  
 Promenaded the Rue Royal & D'Esquimaux  
 It was just the dress of the fair time.  
 There was a great turn out of people.

Next day 23<sup>rd</sup> went to Paris and drove to  
 my old quarters Hotel de l'Univers &c.  
 Dined in the Trois Freres & was skinned.  
 Called on M. Weber & Rue Vivienne with  
 a letter from Dr Steel - He gave me my  
 friend Dr Robertson's address - Next morn-  
 ing I surprised Robertson in bed and we  
 after breakfast went & I took lodgings  
 in 13 Rue des Beaux Arts - near him.  
 I became acquainted with a ~~pleasant~~ young  
 man Mr Coode and we three spent  
 a very happy 3 weeks - We worked  
 hard - to hospital before breakfast.



Breakfast in Café de France - Some objects of interest during day. And a Café or theatre occasionally at night.

But when the weather became broken as it did towards the end we generally went to one or other's lodgings - had a wood fire - grapes and chestnuts - Cognac or wine or Eau de vie. And our pipe - And many a jolly night we spent. We saw many curious scenes which can only be seen in Paris. It would be out of the question to write a journal of our doings in Paris - We saw almost everything worthy of note, Medical and General And such an amount of business combined with pleasure is I am sure, rarely condensed into a space of so short a time.

Robertson and I returned home together. We came by Boulogne & Folkestone & in London put up at the Castle & Falcon. We met our old Hospital colleague Dr Foucart & spent the evening with him. I piloted Robertson to several of the Hospital and places of note. I came away in two days and returned by Liverpool



whence I sailed in the Princess Royal  
for Greenock and arrived in Glasgow  
at 8 pm on Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> October,  
having left on Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> July; a  
period of 13 weeks and having spent  
in all £60.



## Appendix.

### Continental Money.

Hamburg 1 Mark = 16 Schillings  
 $\pounds 1 = 17$  Marks

### Prussia and Saxony

1 Thaler = 30 silver groschen

1 S. groschen = 12 pfennigs  
 $\pounds 1 = 6 \frac{24}{24}$  nearly  $2 \frac{11}{12}$

$\therefore$  1 Thaler =  $3 \frac{1}{2}$  nearly

10 S. groschen =  $1 \frac{1}{2}$

5 do =  $\frac{3}{4}$

10 pfennigs =  $\frac{1}{3}$

### Austria.

1 Florin = 60 Kreuzers

$\pounds 1 = 10$  Florins.  $\therefore 2 \frac{1}{2} = 1$  Florin

This is the nominal currency of Austria but at the present time the only money which is current is Government paper notes, which are stamped = 1 Fl., 50 K., 10 K., 5 K. When any smaller change is wanted these notes are cut into 2 or 4 pieces each of which is current.

Copper Kreuzers are also sometimes seen for small change. I never had a silver piece in my hand the whole time I was at Vienna.



This paper money has not the same value as metal money - And when accounts are made out in the latter as they sometimes are it is confusing a little to find the value in paper, that also depending somewhat on the money market - Usually however accounts are made out and paid in the paper money - except near Salzburg where the Bavarian coins are current.

At Vienna the following was the value of British money in 1810. July.

£ 1 = 11 fl 30 k paper say 12  
 1 florin =  $1/8^3$  nearly 1-8  $\frac{3}{4}$   
 30 Kreuz =  $10^3$   
 3 k = P

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### Bavaria Germany

1 florin = 60 Kreuzers

£ 1 = 12 florins nearly

Variations, as, Munich exchange £ 1 = 11 fl 9 k  
 Heidelberg " £ 1 = 11 fl 50 k

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### Switzerland.

French Prussian and German coins are current in Inns and shops. I used French & German money at Zurich £ 1 = 11 florin 60 Kreuzers.



The accounts are made out in French Money.  
 The small Swiss coins Batzen & Rappen  
 are very troublesome they are so thin and  
 small that one is apt to forget their value—  
 $1 \text{ Batz} = 10 \text{ Rappen} = 1\frac{1}{4}$

### Holland —

1 Guilder or Gulden = 100 Cents

£ 1 = 12 Guilden nearly —  $11\frac{9}{10}$  at Amsterdam — 1850

1 Gulden = 1.8<sup>0</sup>

50 Cents = 10<sup>0</sup>

25 Cents = 5<sup>0</sup>

1 stiver = 5 Cents = 1<sup>0</sup>

### France And Belgium

1 Franc = 100 Centimes

£ 1 = 25 francs & from 10 to 50 centimes

1 " = 10<sup>0</sup> nearly

10 centimes = 1<sup>0</sup> —

From the above it will be seen that the  
 coins of Austria, Germany, Holland  
 France and Belgium are very similar  
 in value and are easily reducible into each  
 other. The Prussian currency is easily reduced into  
 English but not into some of the others —



The following Table I found useful

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1 Florin Austrian paper  
 = 1 Florin Bavarian & other German States  
 = 1 Guilder Dutch  
 =  $1/8^{\text{th}}$  English

$1/2$  Florin Aust. Pap = 30 K  
 =  $1/2$  Fl. - Bav. & Germany = 30 K  
 =  $1/2$  Fl. - Dutch = 50 C  
 = 1 French & Belgian Franc = 100 C<sup>ents</sup>  
 = 10<sup>th</sup> English

3 Kreuzers Aust. Pap  
 = 3 Kreutz - Bav. & Germ.  
 = 5 Cents Dutch = 1 stiver  
 = 10 Centimes Fr. & Bel. = 2 sous  
 = 1 penny English -



## Cost of Travelling -

The post waggon or *Alwagen* or *Diligence* is a government coach travelling day and night. The places are usually numbered and are given by precedence.

The *Stellwagen* is a kind of omnibus - which goes slower.

When the *Diligence* is full a supplementary vehicle is given which however is changed every two or three stages.

In the Railways and Steamers I have endeavored to remember the place and Class.

		thal	gr	=	£	s	d
Hamburg to Berlin	2 <sup>d</sup> class	5	20	=	"	17	
Berlin to Potsdam & return	3 <sup>d</sup> class	"	20	=	"	2	
Berlin to Halle	2 <sup>d</sup> class	4	"	=	"	12	
Halle to Leipzig	2 <sup>d</sup> class	"	10	=	"	1	
Leipzig to Dresden	3 <sup>d</sup> class?	1	15	=	"	4	6
Dresden to Basten & return	Cabin	"	20	=	"	2	
Dresden to Lobositz	Cabin	3	"	=	"	9	
Lobositz to Prag	2 <sup>d</sup> class	2	"	=	"	6	
Prag to Vienna	2 <sup>d</sup> class	8	"	=	1	4	
<hr/>							
		76 Kreuzer					
Vienna to Baden	3 <sup>d</sup> class	"	33	=	"	"	11
Baden to Laxemburg	3 <sup>d</sup> class	"	33	=	"	"	11
Back to Vienna	3 <sup>d</sup> class	"	25	=	"	"	8 1/2



	Fl	Kr	£	s
Kienice to Glognitz 2 <sup>d</sup> class	2	30 =	"	4 2
Glognitz to Murgenschlag - Carriage	1	40 =	"	2 9
Murgenschlag to Gratz 2 <sup>d</sup> class	2	30 =	"	4 2
Gratz to Bruck 2 class		=	"	
Bruck to Gsch Malle-post	10	27 =	"	17 3
Gsch to Salzburg Malle-post	3	30 =	"	5 10
Salzburg to München Malle-post	6	23 =	"	10 7½
München to Innsbruck - Pilwagen	9	" =	"	15
Innsbruck to Landeck Malle-post	4	51 =	"	8 1
Landeck to Sauten - Kettwagen	1	30 =	"	2 6
Landeck to Feldkirch - Stellwagen	3	48 =	"	6 4
Feldkirch to Sülgen - Malle-post	6	28 =	"	10 10
Sülgen to Chur - Postwagen	5	50 =	"	9 9
Chur to Ragatz - Postwagen	1	21 =	"	2 3
Ragatz to Zurich - Postwagen & Steamer	4	36 =	"	8 8
Zurich to Horjen - Steamer	"	30 =	"	10
<del>Weggis</del> to Lucerne - Steamer	"	40 =	"	1 1
Winkel to Alpnach - rowing boat	1	" =	"	1 8
Guide from Lucerne to <sup>Zytzicken</sup> Berne	11	" =	"	18 4
Wetzlar to Thun Steamer & bus	1	30 =	"	2 6
Thun to Berne - Masker boat	1	" =	"	1 8
Berne to Basle - Diligence	6	30 =	"	10 10
French to Cent				
Basle to Strasbourg - rail 3 class	11	" =	"	8 6
Strasbourg to Kehl - Omnibus	1	50 =	"	1 3



		fl	kr	£	s	d
Kehl to Heidelberg	3 <sup>d</sup> class?	3	15	=	"	5 5
Heidelberg to Frankfurt	2 <sup>d</sup> class	2	34	=	"	4 3
payment of carpet bag by rail - above weight.		"	12	=	"	" 4
Frankfurt to Wiesbaden	2 <sup>d</sup> class	1	50	=	"	3 1
Wiesbaden to Bonn by Biebrich. Outside & Cabin		7	"	=	"	11 8
	Prussian	The Prussian				
Bonn to Cologne	3 <sup>d</sup> class	"	10	=	"	1 "
Cologne to Aix La Chapelle & return	3 <sup>d</sup> class	2	16	=	"	7 6½
Cologne to Arnheim - - - - -	Mean Cabin	3	28	=	"	9 9
	Holland	Gd Cents				
Arnheim to Amsterdam	3 <sup>d</sup> class	2	40	=	"	4 "
Amsterdam to Haarlem	2 <sup>d</sup> class	"	80	=	"	1 4
Haarlem to Leyden	2 <sup>d</sup> class	"	75	=	"	1 3
Leaving bag & stick at station for two hours!		"	50	=	"	" 10
Leyden to Hague	3 <sup>d</sup> class	"	50	=	"	" 10
Hague to Rotterdam				=	"	
Rotterdam to Antwerp - Steerage		4	"	=	"	6 8
	French	Fr Centime				
Antwerp to Bruxelles -	2 <sup>d</sup> class			=	"	
Bruxelles to Lille - - -	3 <sup>d</sup> class	6	50	=	"	5 4
Lille to Paris - - - - -	3 <sup>d</sup> class	16	"	=	"	12 6



## Hotel Bills -

**Lodging** - A bedroom large or small, clean or dirty according to the size of the inn and part of the country - Sometimes a simple room with a box bed, a chair & small table with a bowl and Caraff of water for toilet - Sometimes a light & elegant appartement with the little bed in a recess hidden by a screen and fitted up with Sofa, chairs, mirrors and wardrobe, used as a sitting room, and usually as breakfast room of the party.

**Service** - Sometimes included in the Bill frequently left to the Traveller's fancy - in either case much less is expected than the usual charge in England - In Tyrol and out of the way places a few pence to the servant who brings the bill is recieved with a profusion of thanks - I have always added this item in the accounts given - Candles are charged in bill.

**Breakfast** - A light meal taken between 7 and 9 a.m. Usually consists of a little coffee and bread with butter, frequently a piece of crisp spongy bread to soak in the coffee - Sugar and water (Can Lucré Zucker Wasser) is always brought along with it - The Germans consider a Smoke an essential part -



Dinner — Table d'hôte is the public dinner at which all the residents of an hôtel or the passengers of a diligence or steamer sit down. It consists of some kind of soup, then fish, flesh and fowl variously cooked and disguised — Each dish constitutes a course and there are from 4 to 20 courses. These differ in number and excellence according to the class of the inn and district of country. Then follows the "Mehl-Spei" sweetmeats, consisting of some kind of pudding, sometimes ices — Fruit is then put on the table and very generally small cups of coffee and cigars — The price includes half bottle of ordinary wine.

The usual hour is one o'clock — In Holland it is 4 or 5. In Southern Germany when travelling in the diligence it was between 11 & 1 according to the time we arrived at the stage where it was prepared.

In Vienna and some other towns Praga &c there is no table d'hôte — Dinner is served à la carte and you can get a capital dinner without a great variety for 1 fl.

Tea — The only places I ever saw a meal according to our notion of tea were the inns in Switzerland & Holland.



Supper - takes the place of tea - On one or two occasions I saw it served Table d'hôte form but generally according to order, & à la carte. Mine usually consisted of a chop or cutlet or broiled fowl with Salade of some kind and some wine or beer - It was usually taken between 7 and 9 p.m.

	Hamburg	M	N	£	S	D
Hamburg. 2 nights Lodging - 3 Table d'hôte. 1 Breakfast	12 8 =	"	14 6			
	Pres & Sax	The Gr.				
Berlin. 5 night Lod. 5 Breakfast. 1 Table d'hôte	7 15 =	1	2 6			
Lipsig - 2 nt. Lod - 2 Breakfast.	2 10 =	"	7 "			
Dresden. 3. Lodging 3 Bkfst. 1 Supper	2 30 =	"	8 "			
	Bavaria & Austria	K	K			
Prag - 1 Lod - 1 Bkfst - 1 dinner (carte)	1 60 =	"	3 1			
Vienna - 6 Lod - 6 Bkfst - 2 din. &c	20 =	1	13 4			
Graz - 1 Lod - 1 Dinner 1 Supper	2 50 =	<del>2</del>	<del>4</del> 9			
Berchtesgaden 1 Lod. 1 Supper 1 Breakfast	1 30 =	"	2 6			
Salzburg - 1 Lod - 1 Supper 2 Breakfast	3 15 =	"	5 5			
Munich - 3 Lod - 3 Table d'hôte. 1 Sup. 3 Bkfst	8 " =	"	13 4			
Innsbruck - 1 Lod 1 Table d'hôte	2 " =	"	3 4			
Pfunds - 1 Lod - 1 Supper	1 " =	"	1 8			
Landeck - 1 Lod - 1 Table d'hôte 1 Supper	2 " =	"	3 4			
Feldkirch - 1 Lod. 1 Table d'hôte 2 Sup. 2 Bkfst	3 " =	"	5 "			
1 Dinner at Splingen	1 " =	"	1 8			



	F	Kr	£	S	D
Coinc - 1 Lodging 1 Breakfast	1	12 =	2		
French Fr Cents					
Paris 1 Lod. 1 Table d'hôte - 1 Tea 1 Bkft	8	25 =	6	6	
Zurich 1 Lod. 1 Table d'hôte - 1 Supp. 1 Bkft.	10	" =	8		
Zug - 1 Lod. 1 Sup. 1 Bkft.	4	40 =	3	6	
Rigli - 1 Sup Table d'hôte 1 Lod 1 Bkft.	8	75 =	6	9	
Lucerne - 1 Lod. 1 Din. 1 Tea	8	" =	6	4	
Meyringen 1 Lod. 1 Tea. 1 Bkft	7	25 =	5	9	
Interlaken. 1 Lod. 1 Tea - 1 Bkft.	7	" =	5	6	
Berne - 1 Lod. 1 Din. 1 Tea. 1 Bkft	7	" =	5	6	
Basle - 1 Lod. 1 Tea & 1 Bkft	7	50 =	6		
Strasbourg - 1 Lod. 1 Sup. Bkft	7	95 =	6	3	
German Fl Kr					
Heidelberg. 2 Lod. 2 Sup. 2 Bkft 1 Table d'hôte	7	10 =	11	11	
Wiesbaden 1 Lod. 1 Sup 1 Bkft 1 Bathe	3	48 =	6	4	
Prussian Th Gr					
Bonn. 1 Lod 1 Sup 1 Bkft. 1 Tab d'hôte. Walking	3	7 =	9	9	
Cologne. 1 Lod. 1 Tab d'hôte 2 Sup	2	2 1/2 =	6	3	
Holland G 2 Cents					
Amsterdam. 2 Lod. 2 Bkft 2 tea 1 Luncheon	7	" =	11	8	
Haguen. 1 Lod. 1 Din. 1 Tea. 1 Bkft	5	" =	8	4	
Hague - 1 Lod. 1 Table d'hôte	4	25 =	7	1	
Rotterdam - 1 Lod. 1 Table d'hôte	4	15 =	6	11	
French Fr Cents					
Brussels. 3 Lod. 3 Bkft. 2 Supper	11	" =	8	8	



	To	L	L	S	D
Lille - 2 Lod. - 1 Table & 2 Breakfast.	8	"	c	6	3
Paris. Lodging & service 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per day <sup>21 days</sup> to	57	"	=	2	"
England					
London. 3 Lod. - 2 Tea 2 Bkfst. service				"	19

Time occupied in Travelling	Conveyance	Hours
Route		
Glasgow to Lieth	Railway	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lieth to Hamburg	Steamer	63
Hamburg to Berlin	Rail	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Berlin to Halle	Rail	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Halle to Leipzig	Rail	1
Leipzig to Dresden	Rail	4
Dresden to Lobositz	Steamer	11
Lobositz to Prag	Rail	4
Prag to Vienna	Rail	16
Vienna to Gratz	Rail & car	12
Gratz to Bruck	Rail	3
Bruck to Salzburg	Diligence	31
Salzburg to Munich	Diligence	16
Munich to Innsbruck	Diligence	21
Innsbruck to Landeck	Diligence	15
Landeck to Feldkirch	<sup>Walgau</sup> Diligence	15
Feldkirch to Coire	Diligence	6
Coire to Splügen	Diligence	7 $\frac{1}{2}$



Route	Conveyance	Hours
Spuygen to Coire	Diligence	6
Coire to Rajatz	Diligence	2
Rajatz to Zurich	Dilig. & Steamer	10
Zurich to Zoug	Steam. & on foot	4½
Zoug to Arth	Car.	1
Arth to Rigi Culm	on foot	2
Rigi to Lucerne	Steam. & on foot	3½
Lucerne to Meyringen	on foot	12
Meyringen to Faulhorn top	on foot	10
Faulhorn to Interlaken	on foot & Car.	11
Interlaken to Berne	Steamer & boat	7
Berne to Bâle	Diligence	12
Bâle to Strasburg	Rail	7
Strasburg to Heidelberg	Rail	6
Heidelberg to Frankfurt	Rail	3
Frankfurt to Wiesbaden	Rail	2
Wiesbaden to Bonn	Bus & Steamer	8
Bonn to Cologne	Rail	1
Cologne to Arnheim	Steamer	14
Arnheim to Amsterdam	Rail	3
Amsterdam to Haarlem	Rail	
Haarlem to Leyden	Rail	
Leyden to Hague	Rail	
Hague to Rotterdam	Rail	
Rotterdam to Antwerp	Steamer	11



Route	Conveyance	Hours
Antwerp to Brussels	Rail	2
Brussels to Lille	Rail	
Lille to Paris	Rail	
Paris to London	Rail & Steamer	
London to Liverpool	Rail	
Liverpool to Glasgow	Steamer	

The Circuit on the Continent from Hamburgh to Boulogne is as near as may be 2585 miles.

Hamburgh to Gratz	938 miles
Gratz to Basle	858 "
Basle to Boulogne	789 "



